August 12, 1933

Collier's

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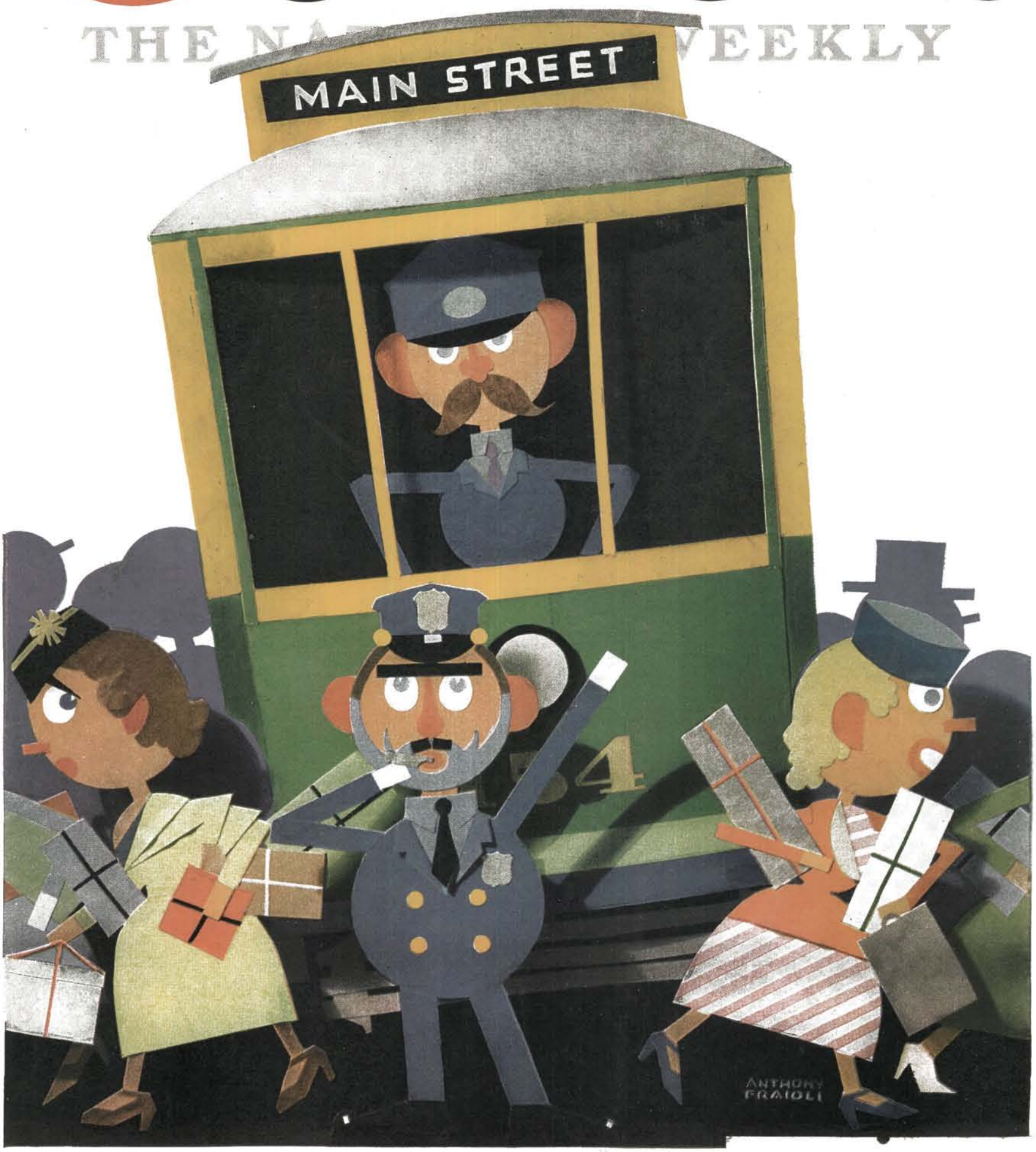
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



America Flies Ahead

By W.B.Courtney

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AUG. 12, 1933

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Again—Leading Air Lines Demand Economy and Safety of this *Tough-Film* Oil

Cut Operating Costs on Your Car—Save Up to 12% on Gas—With the Same Oil the Country's Greatest Engine Experts Choose. **SOLD UNDER BOND EVERYWHERE**

FIRST CHOICE AGAIN! Chosen above all other oils by the country's greatest engine experts! Once more this *Tough-Film* Pennzoil—the same oil that cuts operating costs on your car—has been specified by America's leading air lines—including United Air Lines, which flies more miles daily than any other air transport system in the world, Eastern Air Transport, the popular line between New York City and Miami, Fla., and many others!

Today approximately *half of all the scheduled transport flying in the country is done in Pennzoil-lubricated planes.* As much as with all other brands of oil together! With accurate cost records of millions of miles of flying to guide them, these great engine experts specify Pennzoil for greatest economy, perfect motor protection, and longest motor life!

Think what that means to you, Mr. Motorist! Here are men who know oil—who know motors—men who have watched oil costs and performance for millions of miles. And they specify that nothing but Pennzoil shall be used in the engines of their planes! It's exactly the same regular, everyday Pennzoil your Bonded Pennzoil Dealer sells you for your car. It cuts operating costs for them—it will cut them just as surely for you.

The actual experience of motorists everywhere proves that you, too, will save money three ways with *Tough-Film* Pennzoil. Because it ends the wasteful "drag" of sluggish oil, *it saves up to 12% on gasoline. Its extra toughness and strength cut repair bills. And it saves on oil because every filling lasts longer.*

Special Money-Back Trial Offer

Test Tough-Film Pennzoil in your own car at our risk today! Have your Bonded Pennzoil Dealer fit the correct grade of Pennzoil to your engine, and start getting the savings that many thousands of motorists have proved in their own cars. Your money will be refunded without question if one trial doesn't convince you. Start the test today.

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY
Executive Offices: Oil City, Pa., Los Angeles, Calif.
British-American Oil Co., Ltd.
Sole Distributors in Ontario and Quebec, Canada

30c A QUART PLUS TAX IN U. S. A.

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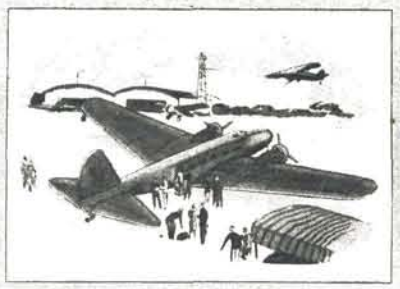

"WE know the tremendous importance of good oil. Our planes have flown more than 55,000,000 miles, averaging 37,000 miles a day while serving principal cities in twenty states. Our oil requirements are severe because we will not risk engine failure or damage. Furthermore, United Air Lines has a particularly fast schedule with the new type high speed planes, with their supercharged motors.

"When our oil contract expired recently, it was renewed for the period ahead with Pennzoil, on the basis of our experience with this particular brand."

Philip G. Johnson,
President, United Air Lines

Famous Air Lines Use Pennzoil Exclusively

UNITED AIR LINES
EASTERN AIR TRANSPORT
RAPID AIR TRANSPORT
WESTERN AIR EXPRESS
NATIONAL PARKS AIRWAYS
NORTHWEST AIRWAYS, INC.
BRANIFF AIRWAYS

FREE! *Large full-color copy of above oil painting! Send name and address to* PENNZOIL COMPANY, OIL CITY, PA.

•

ABOVE: *World's fastest multi-motored transport plane. Carries 10 passengers and crew of 3 at 3 miles a minute. Operated by* UNITED AIR LINES *on 4¾-hour schedule between Chicago and New York, and 20 hours coast to coast.*

•

REFINERY-SEALED CANS *now available in many territories. Both cans and bulk Pennzoil are* SOLD UNDER BOND *to guard you from substitutes.*

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

Permit No. 8—Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n

THERE'S A PENNZOIL LUBRICANT FOR EVERY PART OF YOUR CAR! ASK FOR IT!

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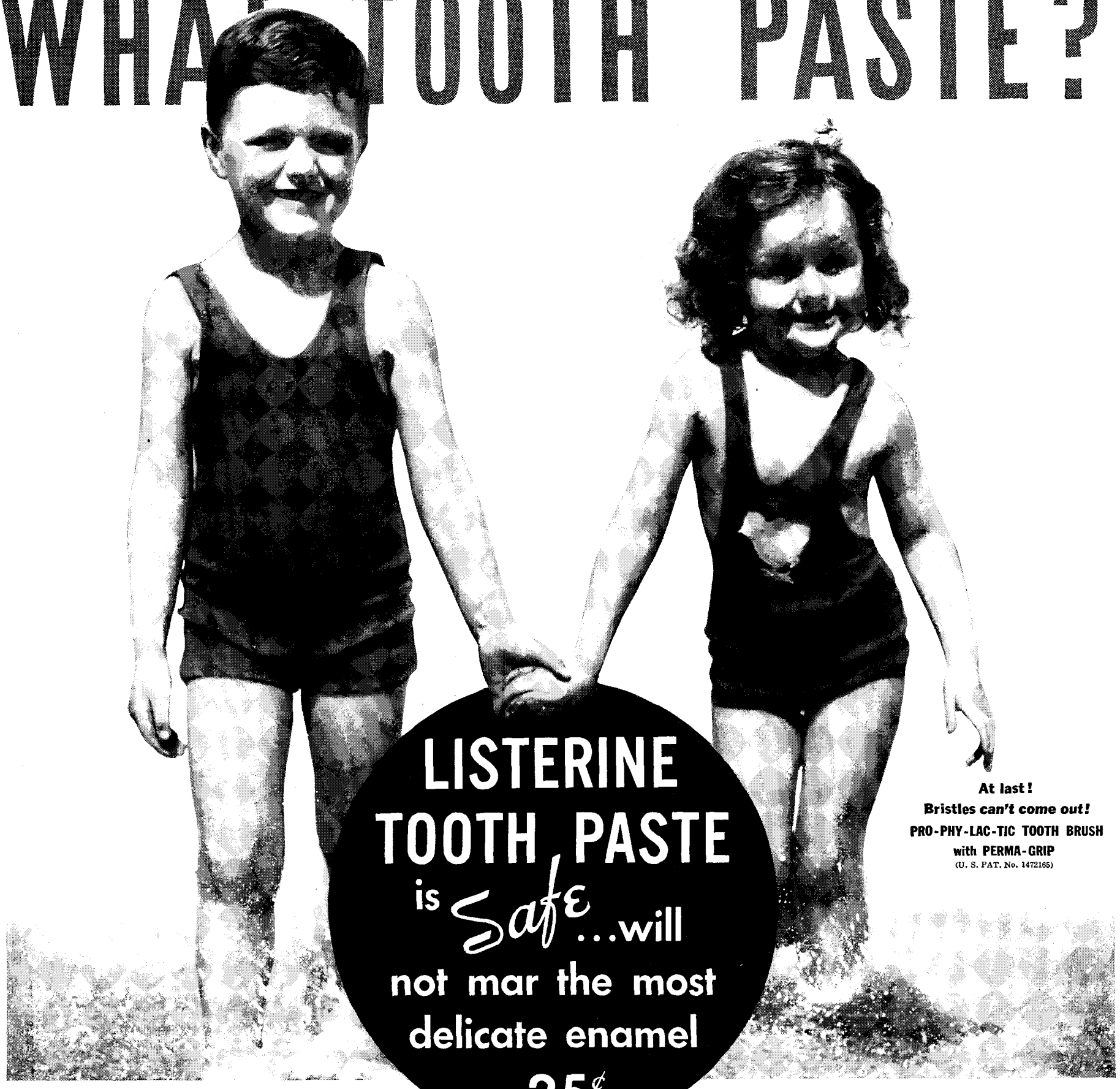
For children

WHAT TOOTH PASTE?



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE is *Safe*...will not mar the most delicate enamel 25¢

At last!
Bristles *can't come out!*
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH
with PERMA-GRIP
(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

Take proper care of baby teeth to insure well-formed permanent teeth

It is a sad truth that frequently children's permanent teeth are faulty simply because the wrong kind of tooth paste was used on "baby teeth."

Harsh, gritty dentifrices start decay in baby teeth. If unchecked this decay leads to extraction. Then the child bites improperly. The natural form of the gums and mouth is changed. As a result, when permanent teeth appear, they are not in the correct position.

How important, then, it is to choose a dentifrice that is absolutely *safe* for baby teeth as well as permanent ones. How important to have a dentist see the children once every three months.

More than a million mothers are now using Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine, the most trustworthy of antiseptics. In this up-to-date tooth paste are cleansing and polishing agents of the finest quality. They are specifically chosen because of their *gentle* action. Being harder than tartar they remove it quickly, without effort. But since they are softer than the enamel, *they do not mar it.*

Start your children on Listerine Tooth Paste now. At the end of a week or two see how much brighter and cleaner their teeth appear. Note how firm and healthy the gums are.

Incidentally, children do not fight Listerine Tooth Paste. They are glad to use it because they love the pleasant flavor and the fresh, clean feeling it leaves in their mouths. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Missouri.*

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE Waddington Byngs were horsy people. They ran with a horsy crowd, a very attractive, quick-witted crowd—and extremely rich. The rule of their house was: Drink, eat, dance and talk—as if for your very life; but in the end back what you say, prove it by ocular demonstration, illustrate or shut up and get out.

That's how it happened that the men of the party were leaping over candelabra, illustrating how to take a fall, when lovely Dana Taylor burst in with the disquieting news that she had just killed a man.

But you can't easily divert a sportsman's attention from horsemanship to homicide. It required a lot of face-slapping to produce a semblance of sobriety. And before the evening was over even Dana discovered that she could "Take It and Like It." George Agnew Chamberlain shows you how that came about.

FOR some time now it has been an open secret that the financial health of our railroads is precarious. They have been running a high temperature of indebtedness, with a resulting strain upon their strength. They have taken very little nourishment and their nights have been restless.

Now the picture is about to change. For the first time in years they have the whole-hearted support of the government and, with hampering restrictions removed, are able to go as far as their initiative will carry them. It may take a pulmotor to get them started, but they're going to start. George Creel shows you the government "Working on the Railroads." Vigorous work, too.

PUT yourself in the position of Webb Francis Haliburton. He was writing a book on "Human Relations" and had come to Chapter Eleven: "Love, a Science." You can see for yourself that would require experimental preparation. "Trial and Error" by Stephen Morehouse Avery is the record of Mr. Haliburton's experiments on a young subject named Linda—a qualified triumph for the scientific spirit.

IN an absorbing article about his experiences during twenty years on the bench Judge Corrigan of New York analyzes the weaknesses of our legal system and suggests some important repairs.

FRANK CONDON, Roark Bradford, Ray Tucker and others display their varied talents, while Kathleen Norris and Ernest Haycox hold you spellbound with their serials. A full measure if we ever saw one.

This Week

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August 12, 1933

Cover by Anthony Fraioli

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EDITORIAL
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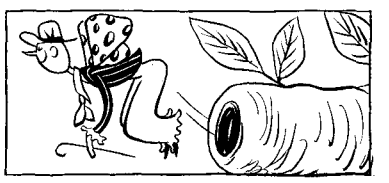
●

Any Week

"YOU may have noticed that Mayor Moore of this lovely city has said that we are going back to normal here," writes Miss Cora L. Hoskins of Philadelphia. "But I assure you that it will not be as bad as that."

MR. F. G. LONNAKER of Kansas City, Missouri, having read W. B. Courtney's "Guy à la Mode," laid aside that copy of Collier's and took pen in hand. "If this guy Courtney," writes he, "is the same guy I think he is, it has only been of recent years that he has taken to wearing anything but a horse-blanket, the big tulip. And if he is the guy I'm thinking of, I will bet a hundred to one he will not dare to appear on the streets of Kansas City wearing any of the slacks, slicks and no-shirt whatnots he writes about. We would strangle him with his own lovely pink nighties, the big begonia."



FROM London, England, Mr. Fred Haworth of Regents Park dissents with dignity from William G. Shepherd's recent recital of the gory days of the Machado régime in Cuba. "I was in Havana when the students began their propaganda," says Mr. Haworth, "and the only question I would ask is: What would the President of the United States do if, let us say, the students of New York University insisted upon parading Fifth Avenue armed with revolvers and breaking shop windows as a protest against his rule? And what would the Chief of Police say if they stoned and beat and shot his policemen when the policemen wished to stop such demonstration?"

WHEN Mr. Richard Nolle of Salt Lake City, Utah, was informed by a Pullman porter that there was no longer any doubt that business was on the upgrade, he made haste to demand proof. And the proof came very near to stretching him out. "I know," said the porter, "by the size of my tips." "Getting bigger, hey?" asked Mr. Nolle. "No, sir, smaller," said the porter. "Just getting back to normal like. When my customers were busted they tipped big to let on they were doing good and business was fine. But now that business is picking up tips is getting back to normal. No use putting up a bluff any more. I been through this a couple of times before."

MR. GEORGE W. HENDRYCKS of Los Angeles, California, is not a Communist. Neither is Mr. Hendrycks a Socialist. He goes further to state that he is not a Conservative nor a Fascist nor a Nationalist. "In fact," writes Mr. Hendrycks, "this New Deal has made so many changes that I am about to run around and see my friends to find out whether I am George W. Hendrycks."

"IN the first place," says Mrs. Mary L. Calhoun of Chicago, "Milwaukee was scarcely the place for the national convention of the W. C. T. U., not that the ladies could have selected a finer, soberer city nor that Milwaukee did not take excellent care of the delegates. But it may have been the hoppish atmosphere that made them declare that prohibition was a boon to the moving-picture industry. If the nickels and dimes that 'prohibition diverted from the beer and whisky traffic' went anywhere except to buy beer and whisky then it is news to us who looked to the movie theaters for dividends."

"PLEASE don't misunderstand me," pleads Mr. Noah Feldman of Louisville, Kentucky. "I am not carrying the banner of Morgan or any other great private banker. But I have noticed that when you read over the list of the banks that failed and of those that have not reopened, you do not find the name of Morgan or Kuhn, Loeb & Company. Not, mind you, that I'm interested in any of those private bankers, darn it. I'm too busy wondering whether I'll ever get a nickel back from the swell national bank I trusted too long."

A LOUD and disdainful sniff from Mr. W. W. Halcomb of Dumas, Texas. It was provoked by Owen White's statement that oil reserves now being wasted are "irreplaceable."

"Seems," sniffs Mr. Halcomb, "that I heard that tale when I was a kid, only it was about coal and timber, and look at both industries today. This nation's oil reserves haven't even been found. And in ten years science will have abolished the use of petroleum. Science is always about four laps ahead of us anyway. I been here too long and I done seen too much."

Which seems to us a good time to quit.

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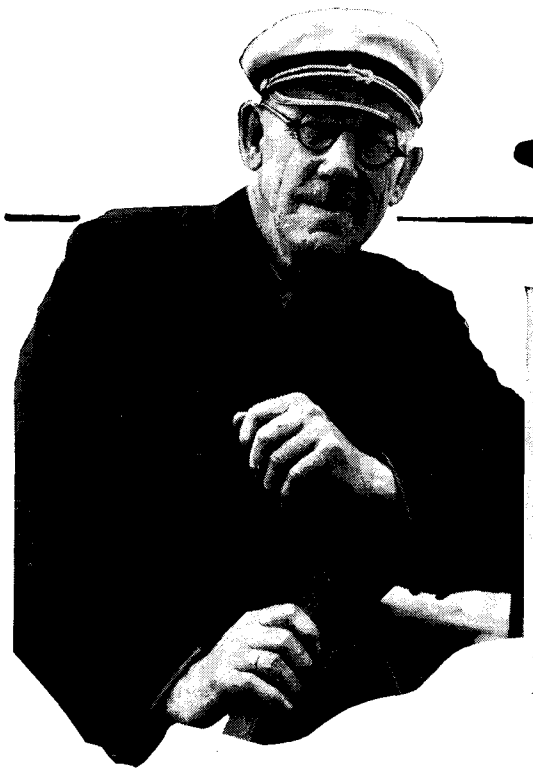
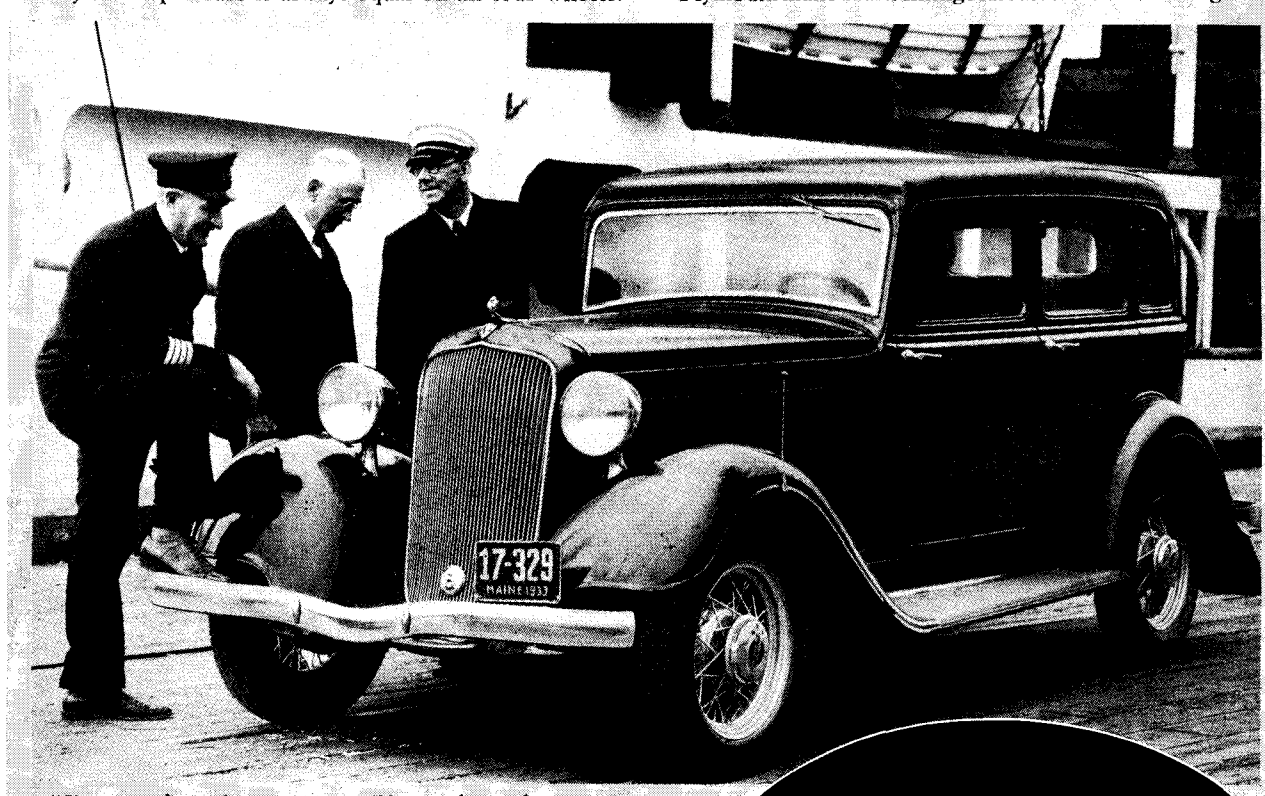
"I WOULDN'T DRIVE A CAR WITHOUT *Hydraulic Brakes!*"



A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH CAPT. FRANK DOUGHTY, 91 VESPER ST., PORTLAND, ME.

"The dealer took off the wheel . . . and showed me just why brake pressure is always equal on all four wheels."

"We looked at the brake drums. Those on a De Luxe Plymouth make brake linings last at least twice as long."



"I'm proud to show my new Plymouth . . . because it's not only trim-looking and shipshape, but sturdy and dependable."

Look at the Difference in Braking—when you "look at All Three"

FOR 17 years, Capt. Doughty has sailed out of Portland harbor. Nowadays, you'll see him sailing around Portland streets in the Plymouth sedan that's pictured at right.

Why did he select a Plymouth? "Out at sea, a man has room to maneuver out of trouble," says the Captain. "On land . . . you have to be able to stop in your tracks whenever you want to!"

So hydraulic brakes win another friend. Because they "stop you on a dime." They are self-equalizing. They are smooth and cushiony as well as sure.

No other low-priced car offers you hydraulic brakes. No other low-priced car offers you a combination of Floating Power engine mountings, safety-steel bodies, rigid-X double-drop frame.

If you'll go to any Plymouth dealer, he will point out twenty places where Plymouth welcomes comparison with other low-priced cars. Places in the engine, in the frame, in the body where Plymouth engineering adds extra value that is making Plymouth the fastest selling car at its price.

In short . . . no other low-priced car offers you the balance of comfort, safety, style and performance that you get in Plymouth . . . and you have only to "look at all three" to find this out. Do that . . . before you buy . . . and you'll get bigger value, more for every dollar you spend for a car.

PRICED AS LOW AS THE *LOWEST*

Standard Models: 2-door sedan $465; 4-door sedan $510; rumble coupe $485; business coupe $445. De Luxe Models: 2-door sedan $525; 4-door sedan $575; convertible coupe $595; rumble coupe $545; business coupe $495. All prices F. O. B. factory, Detroit, and are subject to change without notice. Low delivered prices. Convenient terms.

See PLYMOUTH at Chrysler Motors Bldg., Chicago Century of Progress

$445

AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT

NEW PLYMOUTH SIX *WITH PATENTED FLOATING POWER*

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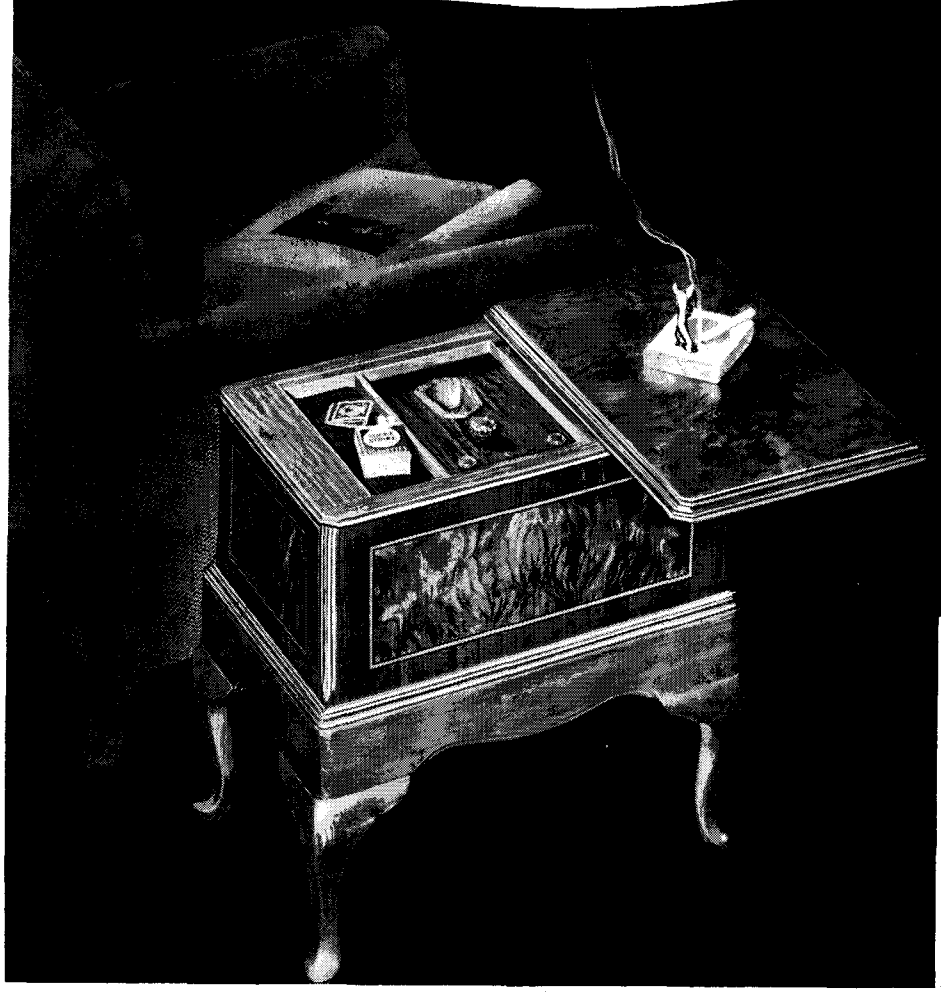
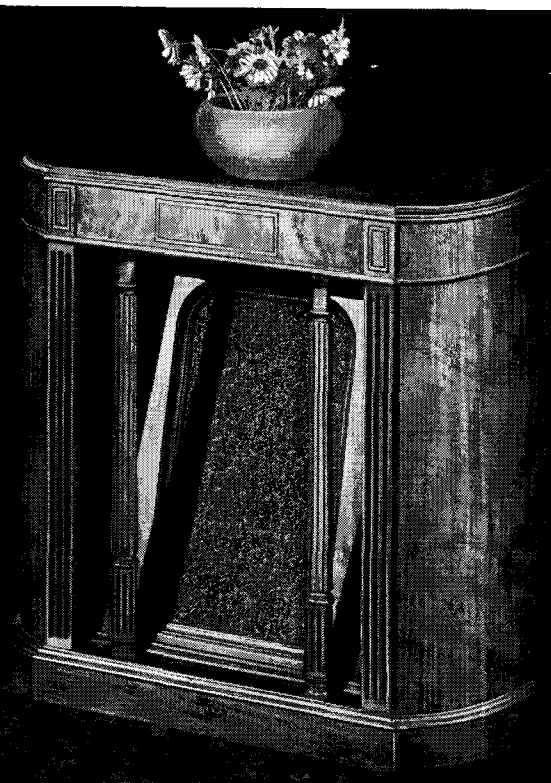
Roam the radio world without moving from your chair!





Enjoy Remote Control of long and short-wave stations with the finest radio PHILCO ever built...

16 RX . . . $175

(Price includes BOTH Cabinets)

THE marvelous tone of the PHILCO 16RX is due in large measure to the PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board—the greatest development in scientific sound reproduction.

1. Its inclination directs all high notes (sparkle and brilliance) some of which you would otherwise miss, up to "ear level."
2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority).
3. RESULT—Reception as if the artists were "present in person."

Unexcelled for regular broadcast reception—plus most efficient reception of short-wave bands including ultra-short waves of British Empire Station broadcasts.

Range from 23 megacycles (23,000 kilocycles) to 520 kilocycles—13 to 575 meters.

Short-wave tuning made easy by exclusive PHILCO Wave Band Switch and Dual Ratio Tuning.

60 to 1 ratio for short-wave tuning in addition to regular 8 to 1 ratio on standard broadcast band.

Exclusive PHILCO "Class A" Audio System gives a range of undistorted volume never before obtainable in any radio—15 watts of highest quality output.

Exclusive PHILCO Bass Compensating Tone Control gives that pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the crispness and clarity only possible through correct balance of bass and treble.

Illuminated Multiple Station Recording Dial with illumination changing according to wave-band tuned.

Shadow Tuning.

Automatic Volume Control.

Auditorium Electro-Dynamic Speaker.

PHILCO High Efficiency Tubes.

Control Cabinet top of four-way matched Butt Walnut. Sides and ends of matched Butt Walnut with inlay of Black and Satinwood.

Separate Sound Cabinet has curved ends of matched Pin-Striped American Walnut, apron of Butt Walnut with inlay of Black and Satinwood.

A new PHILCO—and another great new PHILCO development in Remote Control.

With this marvelous new PHILCO 16RX you can enjoy remote control of both American and foreign stations! Listen to the truest and most perfect reproduction of American, Canadian, Cuban and Mexican broadcasting stations to your heart's content. Then when you're in the mood—go adventuring in the fascinating realm of the short waves—perhaps experience the thrill of picking up Rome, London, Paris, Berlin or Buenos Aires.

PHILCO Remote Control makes the tuning of foreign short-wave stations a pastime you can enjoy while lounging in the depths of an easy chair. Lean back—get comfortable—and let this powerful PHILCO 16RX Remote Control model make radio stations overseas your "next-door neighbors."

Then a twirl of the dials of this PHILCO 16RX brings you back to all that American broadcasting has to offer—the music of world-renowned symphony orchestras and the fast-flying rhythms of "hot" dance bands—comedy, melodrama, news—the never-ending pageant of radio—with every artist coming into your home as if "in person."

Thrill to the super-performance of PHILCO 16RX—without qualification or reservation—the finest radio PHILCO has ever offered! Only PHILCO could offer such a wonderful value and such a wonderful way to enjoy world-wide radio reception without stirring from your chair!

PHILCO 16RX (as illustrated) including BOTH Cabinets—$175. The powerful and versatile 16 chassis is also available in the 16X at $150—in a beautiful Low-boy, the 16L at $125—and in a cabinet of the Baby Grand type—the 16B at $75.

{OTHER PHILCO REMOTE CONTROL MODELS AT $150—$100—$65}

A New PHILCO Automobile Radio at $39.95 (complete and installed) on any make car—any model—any year.

Listen to BOAKE CARTER over key Columbia stations

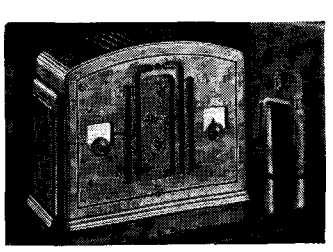
$15 to $600

Prices subject to change without notice

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

PHILCO 54C . . . $25

The first small set built to meet Underwriters' Safety Standards. Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Dial, Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Operates on A. C. or D. C. Tunes not only the regular broadcast stations but also all police—some amateur and airplane short-wave stations up to 3300 kilocycles. Built-in aerial—no ground required. Hand-rubbed butt walnut cabinet $25. PHILCO 57C (for Alternating Current only) $15.



PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

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"So I kept thinking you were just curious about a guy like me—who was born in the gas-house district"

The Pay-Off

The story of a young man who had to wear double-breasted coats—and a girl who had her own ideas about that sort of thing

By Lucian Cary

YOU'D think that the first step between a guy like Johnny Baker and a girl like Ann Maybury would be a long, long step to take. You'd think that they would never meet.

Ann Maybury lived in East Sixty-seventh Street, in a penthouse, when she wasn't in Southampton, or Palm Beach, or Biarritz, or riding to hounds in the Duke of Beaufort's country.

Johnny Baker lived in that welter of towns between Bayonne and Hackensack, and always wore a double-breasted jacket. A double-breasted jacket works out better when you carry a gun and must carry it so it doesn't show. You have the gun in a cross-draw holster on the left side of your belt. You button the lowest button of the jacket and the gun is concealed. But you can reach it in one motion.

Johnny Baker's father was one of those hard and reckless men who work on steel bridges. Sometimes Johnny's father was away for a year at a time. Sometimes he remembered he had a wife and child to take care of and sometimes he didn't. Johnny lived with his mother and did errands for the drug store after school and all day Saturday. When Johnny was twelve his mother fell ill.

The doctor said she had pneumonia. He said she'd die unless she went to a hospital. And all the hospitals were full that winter. Johnny went to Mr. Adams, who had a real estate office. Johnny knew Mr. Adams had money because he always handed out a quarter when Johnny delivered something from the drug store.

Mr. Adams hired two nurses, a night nurse and a day nurse. The doctor came twice a day. Johnny's mother got well. She went out to the coast three years later to join his father in a construction camp. Johnny stayed with Al Adams. He was to go west as soon as he finished his first year in high school. But somebody got careless with dynamite in the camp. Johnny never saw either his mother or his father again. He went through high school. Al Adams said he must. And after that he became Al Adams' right-hand man.

"Johnny," Al Adams would say, "here's a hundred grand that's got to be in Chicago around ten o'clock tomorrow night."

Johnny would nod gravely. "All right, Al."

Johnny had a flair—an eye for the best. And anything he did for Al had to be done right. In the beginning nobody knew what he was doing. But that couldn't last. So Johnny worked out all the details and thoughtfully prepared himself for the day when somebody would try to stop him.

IT WAS no accident that Johnny came to look like one of the spectators in the paddock at a steeplechase for gentlemen riders. The same tailor made Johnny's clothes. It was no accident that Johnny's car was a Crosby eight coupé that looked like all the other Crosby coupés of that year.

But Johnny's car was tuned to the nines. There wasn't a loose nut from the front bumper to the tail lights. The valve lift was set higher. The tires were always new. Most Crosby eight coupés will do about eighty on the speedometer and about seventy against the watch. Johnny's coupé would do a bit better than ninety—against the watch.

The bullet-proof glass all around was special. And so was the quarter inch of alloy steel between the upholstery and the outer shell and hanging down over the gas tank.

It was no accident, either, that Johnny led a lonely life or that the people he did see knew so much less about him than he knew about them.

Johnny drove over to New York every afternoon. Sometimes he took the Holland tunnel. But mostly he took a ferry. He liked to watch the shipping in the harbor and dream of far places, like any other young man. He arrived in the financial district about three o'clock and parked the car in a cross street, not far from Trinity Church, and went into Captain Morgan's pistol gallery.

It was not the kind of place anybody could walk into. You had to have a pistol permit to go downstairs, two flights below the street, where the range was. Mostly you met the same crowd there, day after day.

One was a retired commander from the Navy and one was a corporation lawyer and one was a professor at Columbia and one was a machinist from down the street and several were brokers. All they had in common was that mad passion for guns that seems to ap-

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pear every so often in the kindliest men of the most respectable habits. The maddest of them all was an amiable gentleman of middle age, Nelson W. Maybury, who refused, on the most bloodthirsty grounds, to have a bodyguard as other very rich men did.

"I want," he would say, looking benignly over his glasses, "the satisfaction of getting the man who tries to get me. I don't want somebody to do it for me. I want to drill him full of holes myself."

Johnny always listened, nodding gravely, when they talked about guns. They all agreed that the Sullivan law was a bad joke. They all agreed that the law ought to make it easy for an honest man to carry a gun—as easy as it is for gangsters.

"If they didn't make it so hard to get a pistol permit," Nelson W. Maybury would say, "you'd see what would happen. We'd have more men learning how to shoot. And then where would the gangsters be? Why, one good gun crank is equal to any three gangsters in New York."

But though they all agreed about guns and gangsters they disagreed violently about everything else—about where you ought to carry a gun and what caliber it ought to be.

Mr. Maybury admired the gun that Johnny used. "But, Mr. Baker," he would say, "it's too small a caliber. A .38 isn't enough. You've got to have a .45 if you want to stop them in their tracks."

"Well," Johnny would say, "maybe you're right about that."

"Of course," Mr. Maybury would say, "it may be you're justified—the way you shoot. But I want a bigger gun. I want to stop them even if I haven't centered them."

YOU would have thought, to hear him talk, that Mr. Maybury lived in the hope that some misguided gangster would try to hold him up.

Johnny would shoot ten shots at the target with his right hand and ten shots with his left hand. He would take great pains. Captain Morgan said the slow fire was the foundation of it all. And now, after about a year and a half of taking great pains, Johnny could almost always keep ten shots in the black on the standard target at twenty yards.

When he had done his slow fire Johnny would look around for the captain. The captain would sing out, "Ready on the firing line!" as he picked up his watch and his whistle. Johnny would fire ten shots of timed fire in two strings of five shots. They give you fifteen seconds for that, fifteen seconds for each string of five shots. Then Johnny would shoot ten shots rapid fire. They give you ten seconds for five shots rapid fire.

It was one of those days in August when Johnny equaled the world's record for the national match course at this sort of thing—one of those days when the heat story is on the front page of all the New York papers and anybody who can get away from town is in the country. There was only one man in the gallery that afternoon besides Johnny and the captain. There was only Nelson W. Maybury.

"Mr. Baker," Mr. Maybury said to Johnny when he had signed Johnny's targets as a witness, "could I persuade you to come up to the house with me? I'd like to show you my collection of pistols."

"Why—why," Johnny said. He didn't know anything about Mr. Maybury except that he was very rich. Johnny's impulse was to steer clear of people like that.

"There won't be anybody but me," Mr. Maybury said. "The family is in the country. We'll have dinner on the veranda. It's quite a cool place."

"Why," Johnny said, "I—I'd like to."

So Johnny drove Nelson W. Maybury uptown in his practically bullet-proof coupé that beastly hot afternoon in August.

The elevator took them up twenty stories. Mr. Maybury showed Johnny out on the veranda. A girl in a cool frock got up from a chaise longue.

"Hello, Ann," Mr. Maybury said, "I thought you were in Southampton."

"I was," she said. "I came to town to do some shopping."

"You're mad to pick a day like this," he said. "Perfectly mad."

MR. MAYBURY introduced Johnny to his daughter.

Johnny Baker stood there. He remembered afterward that there was a grand breeze up there on that roof—a breeze that kept the awning in a steady flutter. And there were flowers. And it was like a garden in a picture. But he couldn't remember what he had said, or whether he had shaken hands with her, or what. Because he knew in that first minute that here was the girl, and that she was absolutely unattainable, and that the quicker he got away from that place and back to Newark the less painful the memory of meeting her would be.

The butler brought things on a tray, long and cool. And Johnny lit her cigarette for her. And her father talked steadily about Johnny's shooting and how he had equaled the world's record that day over the national match course and she asked questions and led her father on to explain that the national match course consisted of ten shots slow fire, ten shots timed fire and ten shots rapid fire. And Johnny just sat there looking at her, and wishing she were a telephone operator in a hotel lobby. Because she would have been the same girl and he might get a break. But there was no use wishing for a break the way things were. You'd have to be the Prince of Wales or something. You couldn't be Al Adams' pay-off man.

They dined there on the terrace high above the city and Johnny hardly exchanged a word with her.

After dinner they went into the gun room and Mr. Maybury showed Johnny his collection of pistols, beginning with a priceless specimen by Lazarino Comminazo. Ann Maybury sat there and listened as if she were interested, though she must have been through it all before, and kidded Johnny and her father about their interest in guns. Toward the end of the evening, Mr. Maybury went into another room for the pet target revolver he'd brought home with him from the gallery and Johnny was alone with her for two minutes.

Johnny had the feeling he had to say something. He said, "You aren't in town for long?"

"No," she said. "I'm going back to Southampton tomorrow or next day."

And then Johnny made the break. Johnny said what was on his mind—the way a man will sometimes when it's the last thing in the world he intends to say.

"I'd like to call you up," he said.

The moment he had spoken he knew it wasn't the kind of thing you said to a girl like that.

"I—I—I," he began. But there really wasn't anything he could say that would excuse the enormity of his offense.

"Why don't you?" she said.

Her father came back just then and Johnny knew how nice she had been. She knew that he knew he'd made a break. And she had let him down by pretending it wasn't a break at all.

He got away somehow. He got back to his car and drove up Riverside and across the new bridge and down the Jersey shore toward Newark, remembering how magical the city was from that penthouse veranda as the dark came on. Only it wasn't the city that was magical. It was the girl. But how could he so far have forgotten himself as to tell her he'd like to call her up?

He awoke with a start the next morning at ten o'clock and picked up the telephone and realized what he was doing and set the telephone down again. He got up and lit a cigarette. The telephone book was lying open on the table. He'd looked up the number before he went to sleep. He'd memorized it.

What if she had meant what she said? What if she hadn't been letting him down easy? What if she took it for granted he was one of her own sort? Her father had introduced them. But of course it would only be a question of an hour or a day or a week before she found out he wasn't her sort.

He picked up the telephone. He knew he shouldn't. But he did. He called the number.

"Oh, hello," she said.

"I was wondering," Johnny said, "about lunch."

"Yes," she said.

"I—I," he said. Where did you meet a girl like that? You couldn't tell her to wait for you in a hotel lobby.

"Why don't you pick me up here?" she said.

"About one?" Johnny asked.

"About one," she said.

Johnny called up Al then. "Listen, Al," he said, "do you need me tonight?"

"No, Johnny," Al said. "Later in the week maybe. But not tonight. I'll let you know."

JOHNNY lunched with Ann Maybury at Pierre's and they talked. They discovered they liked all the same things. Which was odd, considering how differently they had been brought up.

When Johnny took her back to East Sixty-seventh Street, toward five o'clock, he was thinking he would have to dance with her. Just once. But he realized her father would be startled to discover they were going places together. And he didn't know her well enough to mention that aspect of it.

They paused at the front door.

"Goodby, Mr. Baker," she said.

"I was thinking," Johnny said. "I mean it's awfully hot to dance. But isn't there some roof where it would be cool?"

"I like to dance," she said. "Why don't you pick me up after dinner?"

"About nine?" Johnny said.

"No," she said, "not before ten."

Johnny drove back to Newark and got out his dinner jacket and things and sat there thinking. Her father would be surprised and curious. He'd ask questions. And once he really started asking questions it would be the end. He wouldn't find out that Johnny was Al Adams' pay-off man. But he'd find out that Johnny wasn't his sort.

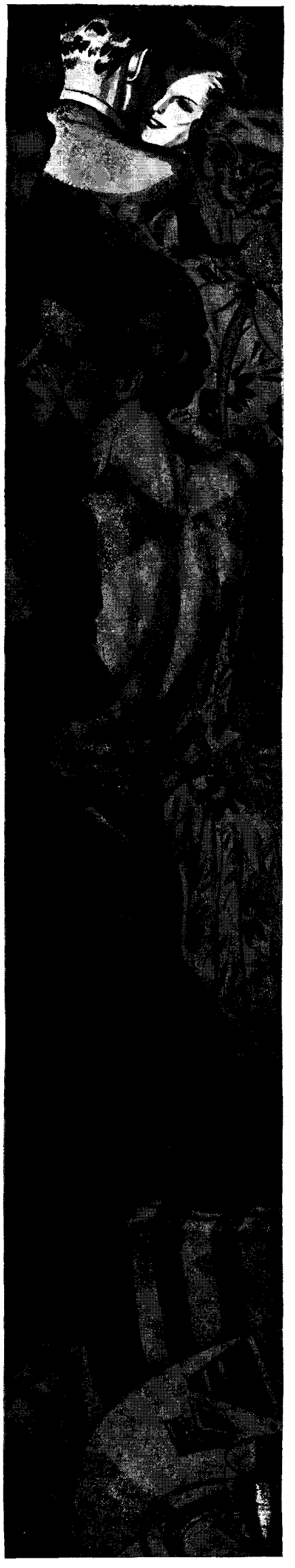
Johnny got back to East Sixty-seventh Street at one minute after ten. She was dressed and ready. She was dressed in something cool and fluttery.

"Father's gone to Chicago," she said. "He hated going—it's so hot. But he caught the ten o'clock."

She suggested the St. Francis roof. She said the St. Francis was the perfect place in summer. She said that was where everybody went who didn't want to meet anybody. Of course they did meet. But it was practically a law that you pretended you didn't.

She didn't imply that she didn't wish to introduce him to her friends. She implied that they'd have a better time dancing together—with nobody crashing in.

They danced together until the roof closed. Afterward they drove out across the new bridge and up the Jersey shore.



She implied that they'd

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Illustrated by Mario Cooper

have a better time dancing together with nobody crashing in

But it was almost a week before he kissed her.

They had driven a hundred miles out into the country and had a picnic lunch under a tree on the top of a hill. Johnny kissed her and she kissed him back.

He couldn't say anything at first. He was too happy and too scared. He just sat there with his arm around her and her cheek against his cheek.

"Gee," he said, "I've waited a long time for this."

SHE took her cheek away so she could look at him. "Oh," she said, teasing and tender, "did you think of it before?"

"Practically all the time—ever since the first minute I saw you," Johnny said. "And that first time I danced with you—on the St. Francis roof—and afterward—when we drove up the Jersey shore—it was all I could do—not to. But it was too serious. I was too much in love."

"And now you aren't in love," she said in loving mockery.

"And now I'm more in love than ever," Johnny said. "But it mattered too much from the beginning. I mean I kept thinking what if you didn't like me?"

"Oh, Johnny!" she said.

"Well," he said, "you must know I'm not your sort—I mean I don't belong."

"But you're absolutely my sort," Ann Maybury said. "You're—"

"You know what I mean," Johnny said.

"Yes," she said gravely, "I know what you mean."

"So I kept thinking maybe you were just curious—about a guy like me—who was born in the gas-house district and never saw a dinner jacket—or—"

"Nobody would ever know it now, Johnny."

"There must be things I say—or don't say—things I do—or don't do—that show I don't belong."

Ann shook her head. "You're more polite than most of the men I know. And you don't use as many four-letter words. And you don't get tight. Otherwise you belong."

She kissed him then.

"Oh, Johnny," she said, "there isn't any smallest thing I don't like about you except— I mean you're the first man who ever made me feel that love was serious. And how can it be glorious if it isn't serious?"

"What is it you don't like about me?" Johnny asked. He had to know that.

"Nothing," she said.

"You'd better tell me," Johnny said.

"It's too silly."

"Tell me," Johnny said.

"Well," she said, "I wish you didn't always wear a double-breasted jacket."

"You know why I wear double-breasted jackets," Johnny said. "They are better when you carry a gun."

"Yes," she said. "And it seems so out of character. In you. It's as if you were afraid of somebody. And I can't imagine your being afraid."

"I have been afraid—often," Johnny said. "I want to tell you about it."

He told her about Al. She listened, her hand in his.

"So," he finished, "Al has to have somebody he can trust with a hundred grand in cash—somebody who won't go south with it or come back with the story he has been hijacked out of it."

"And somebody who won't be hijacked out of it," Ann said.

"Yes," Johnny said. "Somebody who'll fight."

"And that's all you do—just take large sums of money around in cash and deliver them to the right people?"

"That's all," Johnny said.

"Don't you ever get into trouble?"

"I had some trouble—at first. But I didn't have to kill anybody. And now they know about my car. They know they can't run alongside and spray me with a Tommy gun. The bullets won't go through. And they know about my shooting. They haven't bothered me for a long time."

"You aren't really a gunman," Ann said.

"Of course I'm not a gunman. I'm not a member of any gang. I don't associate with gangsters."

"You don't even do anything illegal."

"Well," Johnny said, "it may not be illegal to take a sack of money and deliver it to somebody on some lonely beach. But there's no use pretending it's the regular routine of a real estate business."

"No," Ann said.

"So," Johnny said, "I'm quitting it as soon as I can fix it up with Al."

"Will Al object?"

"Al," Johnny said, "is a friend of mine."

"Even if he is a bootlegger."

"Even if he does stand between the bankers who put up the money and the gang that does the work."

Ann held his hand tightly. "I'm glad you're quitting it," she said. "I'm afraid I couldn't stand it if you kept on. Because I think it's dangerous. Even if you do drive a bullet-proof car and even if you can shoot, it's dangerous. I'd be worried—every minute you were away. I'd be scared until you came back and then I wouldn't ever want you to go away again."

"You mean," Johnny said, "you mean you'll marry me?"

"Yes," she said, "of course."

"Knowing," he said, "where I came from and what I've been doing for a living?"

"You'll find something else."

"Yes," Johnny said, "I will. I've got some lines out. Al's been telling me the business is as good as finished. Al's about ready to quit. But what I'll find to do won't be anything marvelous at first. I won't be earning the kind of living you're used to."

"But I don't like what I've been used to, Johnny. I don't like people who are bored. They think they're cynical and sophisticated and perhaps they are. But really they're bored. You're not bored with life—are you, Johnny?"

Johnny smiled happily at her. "No," he said, "I'm not bored."

THEY fell to discussing then what they would do about her father and her mother. They would have to accept her marrying Johnny. But she wanted to be decent about it and give them a chance to yield gracefully.

When Johnny took her home he drove to Newark and told Al all about it.

"I'm glad, Johnny," Al said. "I never saw you so happy."

"I am happy," Johnny said. "And I owe it all to you. If it hadn't been for you I'd have been a bum."

Al shook his head. "No, Johnny," Al said. "You've got too much brains. You've got something else, too. Maybe it's taste. It's as if you always knew the right thing when you saw it. You were looking for the best from the beginning."

Johnny went back to his hotel room in Newark and called up Ann.

"Well," he said, "it's done."

"I won't ever need to worry about you any more?"

"No," Johnny said, "you won't need to worry."

He meant it. He believed it.

He moved over to New York the next morning. He left his car in East Sixty-seventh Street and he and Ann walked down to Pierre's. They stayed at lunch until four. They walked slowly back to Johnny's car. Al Adams was sitting on the running board, waiting.

(Continued on page 47)

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America Flies Ahead

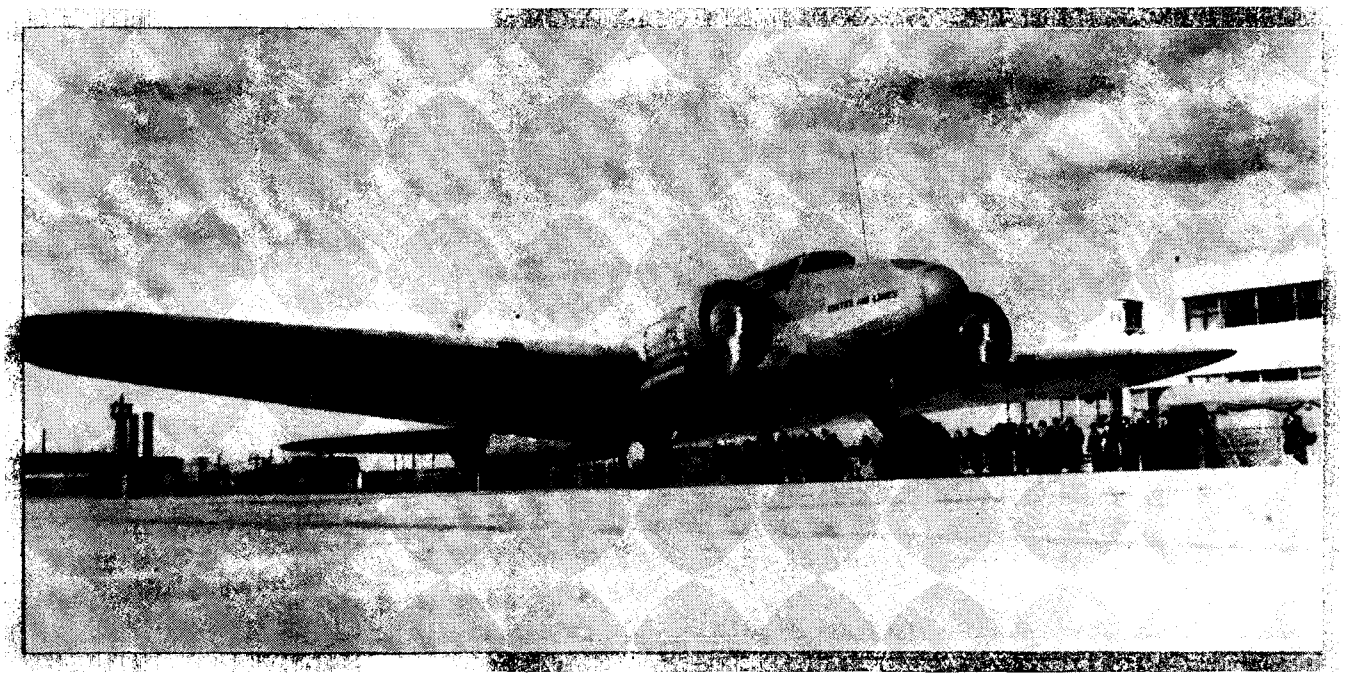
By W. B. Courtney

"I always use the French lines," said the schoolmarm, "because their pilots stay so nice and close to the ground." Other Americans fly when abroad because it is a sporting thing to do. They don't know that the airways of America have caught up with and passed our foreign rivals. They are now the most efficient and reliable in the world. Here Collier's flying reporter, from the height of his experience, shows you the planes of all countries in flight

Below, a Lufthansa plane at Berlin takes on cargo for London. Right, the Kansas City airport; it is the equal of the best in Europe

McLaughlin

Hansa Luftbild



United Air Lines

Above, the new Boeing low-wing monoplane, speed three miles a minute, now in regular passenger and mail service across this country

BETWEEN its well-advertised round-trip dashes to South America the paunchy Graf Zeppelin comes out of his cocoon at Friedrichshafen and makes joy hops over the Alps whenever there are on hand enough tourists willing to shell out two hundred reichsmarks apiece. Some of us watched the beginning of one such local flight and then repaired to a beer garden beside the lovely Boden See, whence we gazed after the cloudy bubble of the dirigible until it suddenly expired, a victim of distance, in the haze above the Swiss peaks southward beyond the water.

Our group was a fair cross-section of informed, tolerant, intelligent America: a doctor from Detroit, a business man from Boston, a California artist, and two Rochester, New York, schoolmarms. We all had been impressed by the expert ground and air coördination, the smart dispatch, which attended the take-off of the Graf; but my compatriots went on talking up their enthusiasm until it turned into a wholesale comparative deprecation of aviation in the United States. "Why is it," the doctor asked, "that we are so far behind Europe in aviation?"

A new sound attracted us. Out of the East, where the headwaters of the Rhine drain from the Austrian Alps, came a tri-motor Junkers. It made your reporter uneasy, for it was a landplane, yet flown so low along the lake and so far from shore that in case of motor trouble it could not have glided to safety. I mentioned this, in answer to the doctor, as a risk that passengers on scheduled air-liners at home would be spared because of our Air Commerce Regulations, which are unique in the aviation world.

Playful Pilots

One of the teachers sniffed: "I flew once, at home," she said, "from Chicago to New York. But it was so uninteresting I never did it again. Why, the pilot flew so high that I couldn't see a thing. But I like to fly in Europe, where the pilots are more considerate. I always use the French lines, whenever I can, because their pilots stay so close to the ground that you get an intimate idea of the country. Last week I flew from London to Paris for the seventh time, and the pilot was lots of fun. Every time he saw a cloud he would turn aside and fly through it."

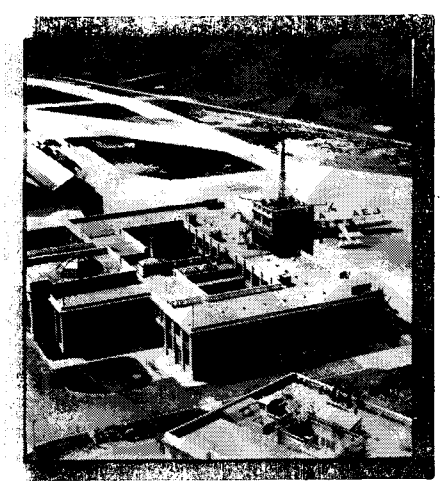
It would not have been much fun, I remarked, if another pilot on the other side of the cloud had got the same playful idea at the same time, and scheduled flight practice in America, less quaint, puts safety above amusement of the passengers. The Vienna plane, meanwhile, had landed at the airport behind Friedrichshafen. Now it was off again, proudly above the dark trees. One picture is worth ten thousand words, say the Chinese. The business man from Boston gestured towards the receding Junkers. "It's more businesslike over here," he declared. "Everybody says so!"

If by everybody he meant only the Americans who comprise the chief patronage of the major air lines in Europe he was precise enough. A count on the crack English line between London and Paris revealed sixty per cent of its customers to be Americans. I found these figures typical, in the course of a ten-weeks survey of Old World skyways.

Everywhere I encountered fellow-Americans flying with faith that they were the fortunate and pampered beneficiaries of a superior utility. Perhaps because of the romantic backgrounds of their tales, these fly-abroad Americans seem to have reached more actively than the fly-at-home Americans the imagination of the average man, whose knowledge of commercial aviation is based upon hearsay rather than on experience.

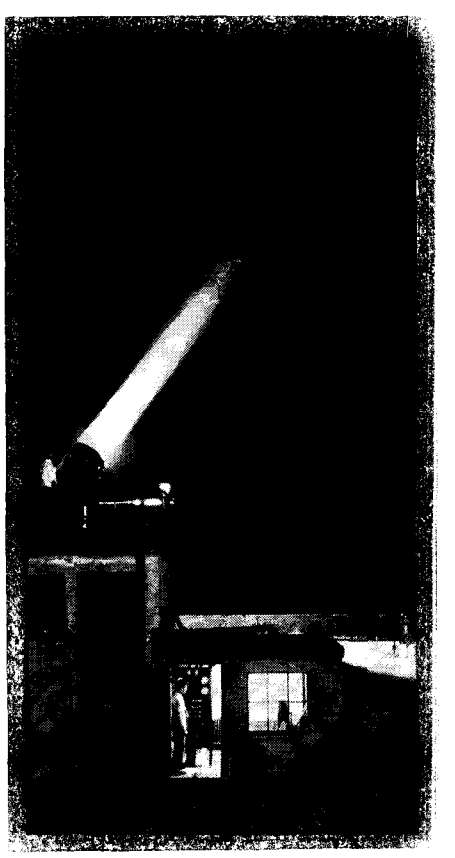
He is, in consequence, ready with a list of concrete reasons for his belief that Europe has us whipped in the air. It is more businesslike over there. Europe has better airports. Its services are more reliable, and move with railroad precision; its ships are faster, more comfortable, smarter. As a clincher, Europeans are more air-minded than Americans; in some countries, notably Germany, people who travel take to the air more naturally, with much less fuss and bother and meditation about it, than we do.

This is a fair summary of the popu-



Imperial Airways, Ltd.

Above, Croydon airport, from which the London-Paris planes take off



United Air Lines

Right, 36- and 24-inch revolving beacons spot our airways at ten-mile intervals from coast to coast

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Left, floodlights in action at Newark, the world's busiest airport

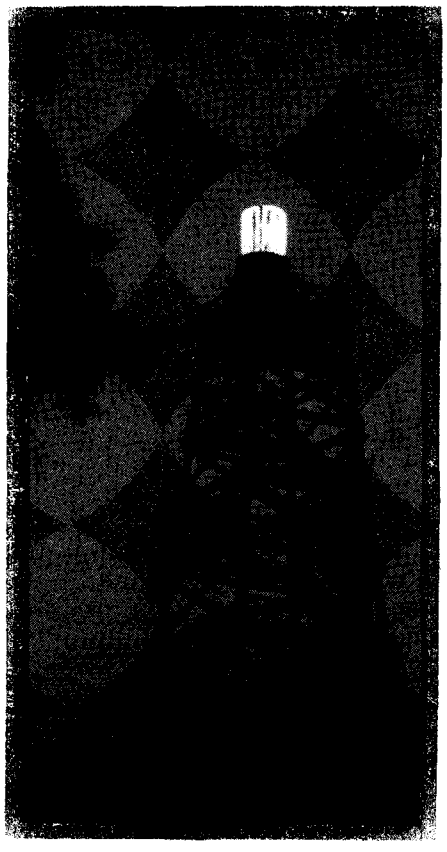
Keystone

U. S. mail being put aboard a transcontinental plane at Chicago

Acme

Soyuzfoto

Above, as a result of this landing of an ANT-14 at Kotelva, Russia, the peasants decided to build an airport



The lighthouse at Omsk, Siberia, is typical of the inadequacy of foreign beacons

Imperial Airways, Ltd.

Above, a thirty-eight-passenger Heracles poised for the London-Paris hop

lar American opinion, and Collier's sent me to get at the truth behind each point of it through a comparison, under daily working conditions, of European and American commercial aviation.

The virtues that make a utility businesslike involve more than smartness and dispatch and saying, "No, ma'am," as politely the twentieth time as you did the first to the old lady who keeps asking, "Are we all going to fall into the Zuider Zee and be drowned?"

Not for Business Men

Your reporter, who is a living antonym for businesslike and has to wear around his neck a tag with the telephone number, street address and office hours of your favorite magazine written thereon, sought first-hand advice from a prosperous burgher in the fine restaurant on Schiphol Airdrome, Amsterdam. He was a Hollander, and an exporter of bulbs. "A flight service is businesslike," he explained, "when you can coördinate your trips with your business hours. Otherwise it is no better than any other method of travel. When I go for a holiday, I fly. When I go for business, I cannot spare the time to fly, so I take the train.

"I will explain myself. I am in London, and so busy, and should come to my Amsterdam office. I can leave London at eight-thirty to fly and be in my office to begin the afternoon. Half a day is gone which I cannot spare from my desk. But I can work all day in London and take a train at night and I am in Amsterdam to begin the next whole day of business. Or I am in Paris and must go to Berlin. By air there is one local and one express. For the latter I must leave Paris a little after nine o'clock, before the business day has well begun, and I do not get to Berlin until four thirty-five, after the business day has ended. So I take the fine Nord Express at night, and lose no business time. All over the Continent it is like that. Flying is not for the business man unless he wants to make the very long journeys, as to Batavia or nearer by to Constantinople. Otherwise, flying is for the military. It is for the tourist; for the American, who has little time but wants to see much, it is the boon."

A little experience with the European air lines made my good burgher's points very clear. Virtually all the flying between Europe's political and business capitals is by day. Seldom is there more than one trip. You want to go from Copenhagen, Denmark, to Paris. You must wallow through the air all day, 8.30 to 4:30; and for the first half of the trip over water much of the time, often out of sight of land, in a landplane.

If you are having a cheese breakfast in Rotterdam, and want to pick edelweiss in the Alpine twilight, you must fly before lunch. If you awake in Paris and get to thinking about the buxom little fräulein who served Münchner to you in the Spatenbrau hall in Munich, you will have to hurry for the 8:30 plane if you want to have her set a stein down in front of you late that afternoon.

American air schedule makers, after a faltering start several years ago, have developed their cards solely with an eye to a part in the average business man's daily scheme. There is a pat comparison, in the importance of the cities served and their distance apart, between the London-Berlin and the New York-Chicago lines. K. L. M., the Dutch line, and Lufthansa, of Germany, cooperate on a twice-daily schedule; both trips leave in the early morning, and arrive in the late afternoon. T. W. A., American Airways, and United Air Lines in this country offer among them about fifteen daily round trips between New York and Chicago. United, the fastest long-haul air line in the world, alone now has eleven round trips in addition to four daily transcontinental round trips. The most convenient trip between London and Berlin takes seven hours; the New York to Chicago trip is about 100 miles longer, yet United flies it in four and three quarters hours eastbound, five and a half westbound; and four of its trips are *between business hours so that no time need be lost from your desk.* I could give you a dozen samples of this accommodation of flights to office hours in this country, and the total lack of it on comparable routes in Europe.

High Fares a Deterrent

There is another reason flying in Europe is not for business men; it adds too much to their overhead. The price of 525 francs from London to Paris is as staggering to a Frenchman as the 5 pound 5 shillings he has to fork over is distressing to a middle-class English merchant. To an American tourist, the $25 seems worth while. European air travel, in general, costs more than first-class rail fares; and everybody knows that first-class rail travel in Europe is only for American novices and the mistresses of the envoys to various World Conferences. In the United States, currently with the acceptance of air transportation into business life, fares have fallen from an average of 12 cents per mile in 1928 to less than 7 cents this year.

In 1919 the first commercial airplane line of importance in Europe was established—Paris to London. The flying time was two hours. In 1933 the flying time required for the same trip is the same. In 1926 our first transcontinental air route was flown in 60 hours. Today United flies from San Francisco to New York in 20 hours. You may fly from Berlin to Moscow, one of the long hauls within Europe, a distance of 1,113 miles, in a little more than 13 hours. A slightly longer distance in the United States, 1,163 miles from New York to Kansas City, will take you about 9 hours. Malmö, Sweden, to Hamburg, Germany, a distance of 190 miles, requires flying time of 2 hours and 35 minutes. American Airways will take you from New York

(Continued on page 37)

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They will Never Die

By S. B. H. Hurst

Captain Prideau and his crew take their places among the immortals of the deep

IT WILL never be seen again. The romance, the majestic glamour of it belonged to the heroic age—an age that has gone from the sea as the soul passes from the face of a dead friend.

One hundred and fifty sailing ships in the harbor of Iquique, Chile. . . . There to load nitrate. . . . Night and the twinkling riding lights. Dark over the sea. The loom of the great mountains to the east. The wide, sleeping Pacific to the west.

Two ships, the Kenyon and the Copley, sailing next morning. And these two ships saying goodby to all the other ships in the harbor—a knightly gesture of farewell of which the world has hardly heard.

On the Kenyon's forecastle head a stout sailor rang the bell vigorously. Then, while the men of all ships listened, he sent his voice far out—shouting to the ship farthest from the Kenyon:

"Three cheers for the John B. Wolf!"

The crew of the Kenyon gave the cheers. Every sailor in the harbor listened. Then in the calm air the bell of the Wolf answered, and her crew gave three cheers for the Kenyon. And this hail and farewell, with the voices of bells that had braved every sort of sea and wind, was given and answered from every ship in the harbor. Fate and the things that were, chance or the will of the cosmos would never, through all eternity, bring them all together in that harbor again.

The Kenyon ended her greetings, then the Copley had her turn, and the strangely moving ritual went on. It was after midnight when the bells and the cheering ended.

In the cabin of the Kenyon sat many captains—captains who had come to say goodby and drink a final glass with the veteran of them all—Captain Prideau. They talked of many things—grizzled seamen, old and younger men; and among these Captain James, master of the Copley, youngest captain of them all. They talked of many things, but mostly of smart passages—rapid sailings from port to port. How much, they argued, depended on the ship, how much upon the experience of her captain? And they noted, as Captain Prideau's steward served them deftly, that the Kenyon and the Copley had made exactly the same time from Cardiff to Iquique. The Kenyon, commanded by the most famous veteran of the seas, and the Copley, commanded by the youngest captain in the harbor.

THEY talked of wind and weather and luck, and the chances of these, like the chances of cards—and of knowing how to play them.

A huge man drained his glass, and laughed.

"I'll bet twenty quid that Prideau will beat James into the English Channel!"

"You may lose your money, Captain," drawled Prideau. "My old barque is regarded as slow. In some winds the Copley is a knot and a half the faster. She is a beautiful build."

"May be," shouted the huge captain. "I respect your judgment, Captain Prideau, whether it's about rigs or ships or wind—that's why I'm betting on you." He stood up unsteadily, looking like an old Viking under the cabin lamp. "Let's make a race of it: Kenyon against the Copley! Come on, captains, all put up your money!"

"Why talk *race?*" Prideau smiled. "Both Captain James and myself will sail our best—race or no race."

"For the sport of it," roared the big man. "And to prove that experience in a slow ship can beat a faster ship. . . . And you've had years and miles more experience than any of us."

"One of us may be lucky and get a slant of wind the other misses," said Prideau. "Anyway, I am not interested in racing. I will sail as usual. But if you gentlemen want to gamble—well, it's your money."

Through the open skylight came the voices of the men of the Kenyon and the Copley cheering one another—those among them still able to stand up and shout!

So the party broke up.

IT WAS different in the morning. Stern discipline turned all hands to at six o'clock. The mates of the Kenyon and the Copley vied with one another chasing their men into action. The pride of being the first ship to get under way. Neither tried to take advantage of the other. Not a rope was touched before the stroke of the bell. Then—setting all sail, heaving up the anchor. . . . Shouts, singing out, and the grand old chantey Rolling Home on both windlasses. . . . And old Captain Prideau began to feel different about racing as he acknowledged a cordial greeting from Captain James across the water.

"Of course racing is silly," he muttered in his beard. "But I'd like to beat that clipper Copley. I have had forty times around the Horn more than he has. . . ."

He lifted his voice to the mate on the forecastle head.

"Anchor near apeak yet, mister?"

"Nearly, sir," shouted the mate.

The second mate at Prideau's elbow spoke gleefully:

"The men are working their heads off, sir. They're crazy to beat the Copley. They have all bet a month's pay that we'll win!"

"Eh?" asked Prideau, a bit startled.

"Yes, sir. . . . Like the captains—they bet. Every man bet another man. Every one of our men bet a man on the Copley that we'd beat them—beat her to the Channel. So did the cook and steward."

"And you, you eighteen-year-old child—have you been betting, too?" Prideau spoke with mock severity.

"Yes, sir. I bet five pounds with the second mate of the Copley!"

Prideau laughed.

"Go to your duty, sir!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The sun had risen over the mountains. The harbor was a bath of beauty. The songs of the sailors echoed like some strange rebirth of an ancient civilization invoking the sunrise.

"I'll beat the Copley to the Lizard," muttered Prideau. "Seems silly at my age to bother about such boyish ideas as racing. But I can't allow my people to lose their money!"

COURTNEY ALLEN

Not for years had the captain handled a wheel spoke.

"Anchor's aweigh, sir!" shouted the mate.

"Thank you. Set everything," answered the captain.

He motioned to the man at the wheel. The race had started. The wind was little more than up and down the mast, but the Kenyon answered to her helm. . . . The bull voice of one of her sailors shouted exultingly: "We got the start of 'em. Copley ain't got her mud hook out of the ground yet!"

THE Kenyon curtsied gravely as she steadied to her helm, and with that grace known only to the fine old ships of the sea she took the gentle swell of the Pacific and went towards her long voyage, while the crews of the ships she passed lined their rails and cheered her. Then the Copley, her men damning the world and all, got her anchor up and started after her rival on the port tack.

The wind increased slightly, coming abeam. The crews went to breakfast. Slowly the Copley crept up, her great spread of sail bellowing in the tricky air. She came up to windward of the Kenyon. She continued to gain. She passed the Kenyon to windward. On her poop her second mate stood and waved a derisive "tow rope" at the second mate of the Kenyon.

"I'll spend that five quid on the girls in Hamburg," he yelled, cupping his hands. "Want a tow?"

The second mate of the Kenyon put a thumb to his nose in that ancient insult of the cave age.

"You're not there yet," he shouted.

But he felt somewhat hopeless as he watched that magnificent clipper, the full-rigged ship Copley, footing it ahead and to windward like a great yacht. He turned with a loyalty to the captain.

"You can beat her, sir," he said boyishly.

"We'll keep on trying, mister," answered Captain Prideau.

Iquique faded astern. Soon nothing could be seen but the hills, looming like clouds of lilac. The wind held. By four in the afternoon the Copley was leading by six miles. Night closed down, warm with an idle wind. A night of stars, and the lazy ripple of the waves against the Kenyon's side. At dawn eager eyes on the Kenyon's lookout sought the Copley. She was nowhere in sight.

And then the Kenyon nosed into an area of the ocean that lay like a wide

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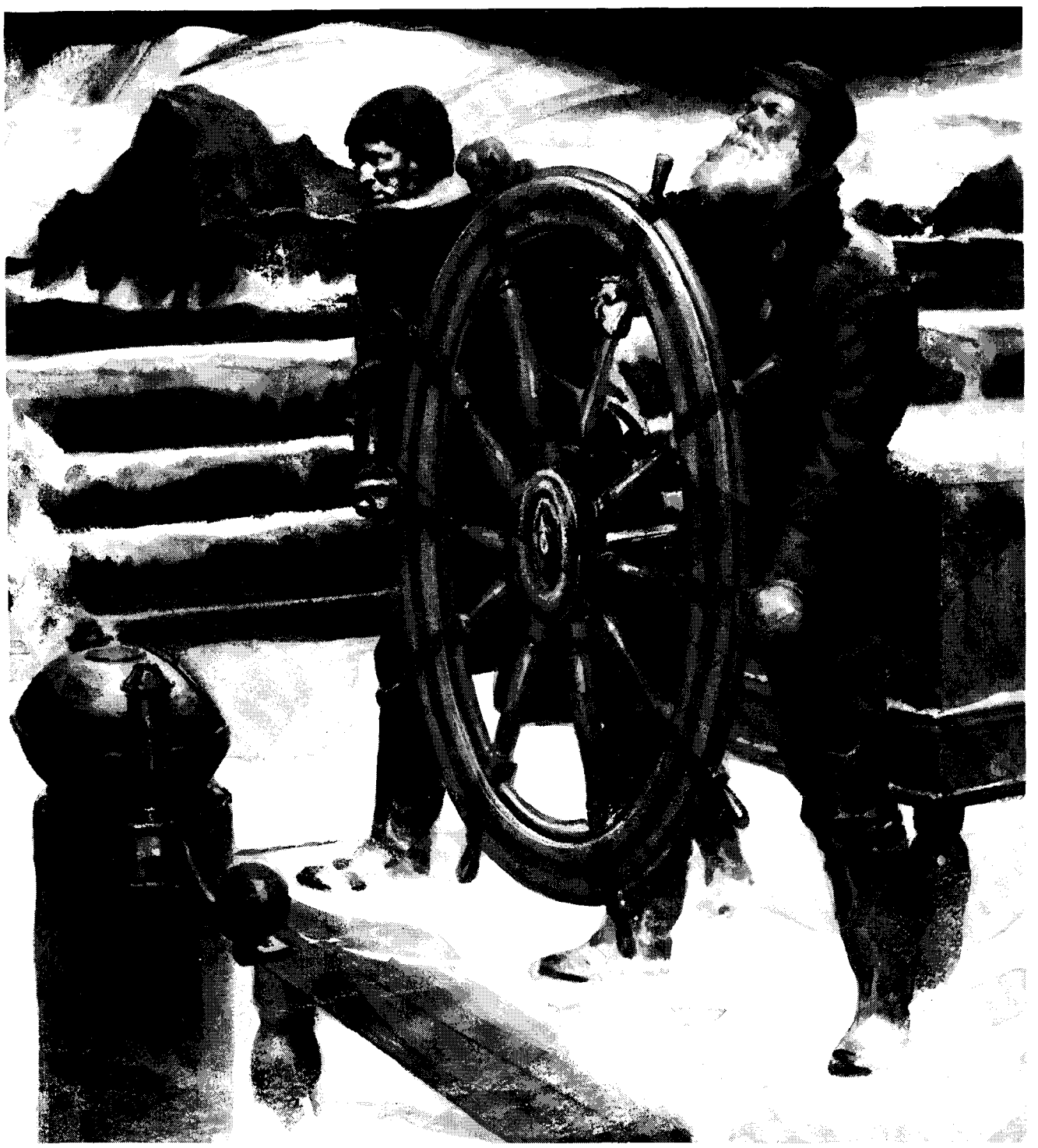

Now he took his ship and worked her—as a master musician takes the bow of a violin

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

mill pond under the sun—a flat calm.

The men cursed. They threw their caps on the deck and jumped upon them. They shook their fists at the sky and "dared" the Lord to come down and fight them for a breeze! Which strange challenge was not unusual in those days, and which mad anxiety for wind only sailors could appreciate.

They had three days of this calm, and then they got all the wind they wanted. It came suddenly, in the first dog watch.

Captain Prideau "cracked on"—that is, he held on to every inch of sail the Kenyon could stagger under. The wind came in a squall. Prideau and the mate were having supper in the cabin when they heard the second mate, who had the deck, shout: "Stand by your royal halyards!"

THERE was the usual noise of sailors running to the gear. In the quiet before the storm came the sound of halyards being thrown upon the deck, clear for running. Then the tense waiting.

Big spots of rain slapped the young second mate's anxious eyes.

"Lower away royal halyards," he shouted. "Clew up the sails, but don't go aloft to furl them yet!"

Still in the quiet, beginning to be broken by the mutter of the coming rain, the royals were lowered and clewed up. Then the anxious second mate, looking into the mess coming down upon the barque, shouted:

"Stand by topgallant halyards!"

The Kenyon carried the old-style, heavy, single topgallant sails. At this moment Captain Prideau came up the companionway to the poop, and took charge. Wiping his mouth with his table napkin, he spoke to the second mate: "Have your watch furl the royals, mister."

The wind came free and the Kenyon raged through the sea, which had not had time to get rough. From the forecastle, where the watch below was having supper, a bull voice sang: *"Oh, the times is hard, and the wages low!"*

Then the other men of the watch below roared the chorus of that chantey:

"Drive her, Captain! Drive her!"

Prideau turned his head.

"Never heard the like," he laughed. "Men singing chanteys in their watch below! Asking me to drive her! It's the bets they made—and the race they want to win. . . . Well, I'll drive her—that I will! I was wrong in the cabin that last night in port. Racing *is* different! If the men hadn't made bets I would take in the topgallant sails. As it is—I'll let 'em blow away before I'll start a rope!"

SO THE Kenyon roared south in a rising sea, straining. The night closed down upon her, wet and dark. At eight the mate took her and Captain Prideau went below. From under his bed he dragged out an old trunk. It contained his diaries, his private log books of nearly sixty years at sea.

"They're all here," he muttered. "I am seventy-three, and I went to sea before I was thirteen. Started these entries before I was at sea a year. Let's see. . . . East winds. . . . East winds. . . . She is my own ship. . . . I carry no insurance. . . . I have always wanted to try it. . . . East winds. . . . Drake and Magellan. . . . If the men are willing. . . . East winds!"

He turned his lamp higher. The old entries were faded in places with the damp of so many years at sea.

"I'll figure out the chances. These entries will say *yes* or *no*. It's a matter of calculating easterly winds about the Horn. Westerly winds are prevailing—we all know that—but there are weeks of east winds. . . . Here is an entry. . . . August . . . mid-winter . . . and I came round the Horn, bound west, with a fair wind all the way from the morning I sighted Staten Island . . . all I had to do was trim my sails and yards. . . . Hum! . . . Now, here—where's my pencil? . . . Here is a gale from S. S. E. Three weeks of it. . . . Same time of the year. . . . More east wind. . . . Just the time the Copley will be going around the Horn. Here—light breezes, still from the east. . . . Lord, this is my log the first voyage I made as captain!"

THE Kenyon heeled to the wind and drove through it. He sat there in his cabin, that white-bearded old gentleman.

"Racing *is* different. Gets into the blood. I have always wanted to try it. Like the old men—Drake. . . . And no *iron* sailing ship ever did it. Neither did any sailing ship of my tonnage."

He studied and figured. He was interrupted by a loud noise. The main topgallant sail had blown away. He went on deck. The mate's watch had the yard down and was busy with the fragments of the sail.

"Blowing pretty hard, sir," said the mate. "Shall I take the fore topgallant sail off her now the main has gone?"

"No, sir," answered Captain Prideau. "Get the other main topgallant sail out of the sail locker, and bend and set it. Remember—we're racing!"

Prideau turned away, swearing at himself. "Gosh, fancy me talking to the men this way!"

Down the wind came the voices of the men bending the main topgallant sail. It was a rare thing to bend sail at night, but the men were toiling happily. Racing is different!

"Sir Francis Drake did it in sixteen days," Prideau was thinking. "He was steering west, with no chart. I have always wanted to try it . . . the Strait of Magellan. I won't live many years more. I will save hundreds of miles and lots of time—if I'm lucky. . . . It's taking chances, of course. But a man must take chances in this world—and more of them in the next!"

THROUGH the night the Kenyon continued to sweep southward. The wind held but the rain took off. She was still booming through it at dawn, the topgallant sails still set.

At five, as usual, the cook lit the galley fire. The mate sniffed the smell of the smoke appreciatively. In a few minutes he would get a cup of coffee. . . . The dark lifted from the sea, like a cover from a picture. The creaming white of the waves scudded from horizon to horizon. Both the mate and the man on the lookout saw the other ship at the same moment.

"Sail on the lee beam, sir," yelled the man on the forecastle head.

"I see her," answered the mate.

He went to the companion and got the glasses, just as the old steward brought the coffee. The mate steadied himself against the lee mizzen shrouds, and focussed the glass.

"It's the Copley!" he explained.

The ship woke up.

"It's the Copley," voiced Captain Prideau. "Run up our numbers, mister."

The "numbers," the four flags giving the Kenyon's name as laid down in the signal book, fluttered from the spanker gaff. The men of the barque argued happily, after the manner of their kind.

"She's to leeward of us!"

"We outfooted her!"

"She ain't ahead!"

And so on—with that month's pay and the caresses of the girls in Hamburg bringing them a mental welcome which would not have shamed a Mohammedan's heaven.

Then the Copley ran up her numbers.

(Continued on page 41)

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The way of the Girl

By Harold Lamb

Alan, Sieur de Kerak, fights for his life: A romance of a time when maids preferred stout hearts—as it's rumored they do today

NADRA left the trail and curled up in the thin shadow of some date palms. She was not tired, but for appearance's sake she drew the sandal from a slim, dusty foot and looked at it earnestly. Out of the corners of her dark eyes she watched the tribe go by.

They went swiftly, the camels pacing under their loads, the donkeys urged on by children with sticks. Her father rode by with the older men, carrying shields and bamboo lances, because the tribe, the Banu 's Safa, was passing near the land of an enemy.

They were not rich, the Banu 's Safa. Drought in the lowlands had forced them to seek new pastures for their animals at risk of their own lives. The camel packs and the donkey loads carried all their possessions—sacks of precious grain and wool, scraped hides, brass bowls and water jars, the chests of the women and weapons captured in battle by the men.

Dust hung over the trail like a mist, dust in which flashed the horns of the cattle. Beside the trail the horse herd roamed, searching out the dry grass, and Nadra stared at it until she recognized the color of Yarouk's cloak. Yarouk, as usual, was taking more care of his gray mare than of her!

While the dust still hung about her like a veil, Nadra slipped down into a wadi and began to run back, beside the trail. Avoiding thorn bush and devil rocks, she sped away, the silk head veil, caught by a silver pin, flapping in the wind gusts. Nadra was proud of that silk, and of the embroidery she had worked laboriously upon the breast of her gown. Other girls might embroider more skillfully but they had not her beauty.

She was going back for the two kids —those playful little goats without a mother; goats with brown, silky hair. Nadra had taken them for her own, tying a collar of scarlet thread about the neck of each one. They used to follow her, and sleep in the shade of her father's black tent. Now they were missing and Nadra felt certain they had been left behind at the last halting place.

NONE of the men, of course, would turn back for a girl's goats. Yarouk especially would mock her if she begged him. Nor would they let her take out a horse. It was the duty of the nomad girls to care for the animals, not to use them—nor to speak boldly to the men, who could ride to hunt or to war as the whim struck them. They would not even let her go back while the tribe was within a day's ride of Sultan Ibrahim's castle. But no one in the tribe had seen her go.

When she was tired of running, the Arab girl walked swiftly until she came to the last halting place, a patch of gray, trodden grass. For a moment she searched the spot with her eyes. If enemies had been following the Banu 's Safa, they would be nosing about this place now. But nothing moved except the tips of the brush on a rocky knoll. Nadra thought she saw a glint of brown, and she hastened forward.

In a gully behind the rocks she found the two bleating kids.

"Foolish ones!" she scolded in delight as they bounded up unsteadily and rubbed their heads against her hands. When she stooped to pick them up, she paused, listening. There was a rushing sound, not made by the wind in the brush.

"*Ai!*" The girl crouched, clutching her pets.

A black shape bounded into the gully, turned with a scattering of gravel, and vanished between swaying bushes with a rending snarl. It was a black panther, and Nadra breathed a prayer of relief, until she heard a thudding of hoofs and a crashing of brush.

SHE had not time to hide before the horse burst into the open space. Reined in, it went back on its haunches and its rider flung himself from the saddle. Nadra prepared to run desperately, when she discovered that the man was paying no attention to her. His eyes questing along the ground, he went after the panther among the overgrown rocks. And Nadra stared, amazed.

Even Yarouk, she thought, would not go after a fleeing black panther on foot. And this man was not like an Arab. For one thing he carried an iron shield as if it were straw; and on his head he had no more than a light steel cap, from which hair the hue of gold fell to his broad shoulders. True, his face was darkened by the sun-glare, but the eyes that flickered over Nadra were the blue of deep water. He carried thrust before him a light lance, and from his hip hung a long, straight sword. Nadra had never seen anything quite like him before.

When the stranger had vanished among the rocks, she inspected his horse, a powerful bay stallion. It was a fine horse and the girl moved toward it eagerly. It would be a prize to delight her father—but, more than that, it would be safety for Nadra, who had no illusions about the fate of young women found in the desert without armed men to protect them.

The stallion, however, was on edge, with the scent of the panther and the sight of a robed woman carrying two goats. It wheeled away, snorting, when Nadra reached for the rein. And then a second man galloped up on a laboring pony, an armed servant of the first, apparently. Nadra dropped her goats and turned to flee, only to find the warrior of the tawny hair striding back toward her.

Nadra darted to one side and fell heavily. The stranger had thrown his light lance, butt end first, in front of her. And before she could gain her feet he had lifted her bodily. Feeling the clasp of steel-like fingers under her knee, the girl lay passive, panting.

"Look, Hassan," he laughed. "I have lost a panther and caught a girl."

"Eh, master"—the attendant shook his head—"the panther would be less dangerous."

They both spoke Arabic, but the one, noble-born, who held her, did not speak it as her own people.

"O man," she besought him softly, "do not dishonor me."

ALAN, Sieur de Kerak and baron of the marches, had little mercy in him. He rode with a loose rein to hunt or to war. They who followed him had more wounds to lick than gold to count. It was said of him that never had he turned his back upon quest or quarrel.

He had grown up on the border, where were the outposts of the Crusaders, who held Jerusalem. It was the land of Outremer—Beyond the Sea. Sir Alan had never set foot within hall or hamlet of Christendom in Europe—all his days he had lived here, in Beyond the Sea. Many a night had he watched for the gleam of moonlight upon helmets. And so in time he had been sent to hold Kerak, the easternmost castle of the Crusaders, the farthest watch post beyond the Jordan—a tower and a walled courtyard on a rocky height that the Arabs called the Stone of the Desert. It was his duty now to watch the caravan track to Mecca, to send word of any rising of the foe, and to hold Kerak safe if he could. If an attack came, he need expect no aid. Meanwhile, he amused himself with hawk and hound and riding after antelope.

In spite of the protest of Hassan ibn Mokhtar, his sword-bearer, an Arab of the Hauran who had eaten his salt, Sir Alan had gone out that morning without other guard, along the southern trail.

Now he looked down at the frightened girl in his arms, scrutinizing the smooth forehead under its tangle of dark hair and the quivering lashes of the closed eyes.

"And why not?" he laughed.

"Because," she whispered, straining her head away from him, "I am daughter of a *rais* of the Banu 's Safa. If harm comes to me, my father will hold blood feud against thee until the shame be finally ended with thy life."

"O girl, have I no enemies? Yea, Sultan Ibrahim and others have sworn to take my life, yet I live."

"Then, by Allah, take ransom for me."

"What talk is this?" Sir Alan smiled. A strange girl who, found wandering in the desert afoot, spoke of ransom like a baron taken in battle.

"True talk." Nadra made up a tale without any hesitation. "Wait, and in an hour or so will come a *kaid* of the tribe who will bring a gray mare. A swift mare, worth more than that charger of thine. The mare he will give thee for me."

"And what name will he have, this noble squire?"

"Yarouk, son of Yahiya."

"And what robe will he wear?"

"A white robe, with a blue cloak."

"Now I see well that I have caught a true houri of Fairyland, who knoweth the secret of what is to be!" Laughing, he unclasped the silk veil and drew it from her face.

Among her own people, Nadra was not particular to keep her face covered.

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The tribe had never visited a strange city, and in the desert the better-looking girls liked to be admired. But never had a man snatched the veil from her. Swiftly her hand dropped, closed upon the hilt of the hunting knife in Sir Alan's girdle.

Before either of the men could move to prevent, she struck with the knife, beneath her captor's arm. And she cried out angrily. The knife blade jarred against chain mail under the knight's surcoat. The next moment he gripped her wrist and took the weapon from her.

"O SHE-PANTHER! O witch, destroyer of men!" Hassan exclaimed furiously. "Set her loose, lord, or give permission that I slay her. If you keep her captive, we shall eat nothing but trouble."

"Nay," replied Sir Alan, "first we will drink."

They led the horses down the gully to a second clearing. Here, hemmed in by rock nests and brush, were a well and the shade of a few poplars. When the horses had drunk, Hassan loosed their girths and tethered them among the trees. But he tied Nadra firmly about the knees with a long rope.

It was past the middle of the day—the shadows told her that—and the hot air quivered above the baked ground. By now, Nadra thought, the caravan of her people would be hours away. And Yarouk would be searching out grazing for the swift gray mare that was like the very blood of his heart to him. Once on a moonlit night Yarouk, the *kaid*, the young warrior, had sung outside her tent—"O heart of my heart"—Nadra knew every word of that song. But she had waited for his wooing, so that every man of the tribe should see the warrior sitting at her feet, beseeching her. She had waited. . . .

And now this infidel lord with the lion's mane sat by her, eating barley cake and drinking thirstily. She had turned aside from the goblet they offered her . . . this Lord A-lan was a man of steel—steel-like the clasp of his fingers, and steel-bound his body. He was like the sword he bore, unyielding.

The brown kids leaped over her feet and thrust their heads against her. Nadra caressed them absently, and refastened the veil about her head.

THEN down the gully came Yarouk, leading the gray mare with a saddled pony.

"*Salaam aleikum*," he said, lifting his right hand to forehead and breast, so that even Nadra could see, when the blue cloak fell back about his shoulders, that he carried no other weapon than the ivory hilted dagger in his girdle. "I am Yarouk, son of Yahiya."

"Upon thee also be peace," responded Sir Alan courteously, taking note of the white headcloth and the graceful horse that followed the Arab. "Sit, eat."

"May Allah lengthen thy days." Yarouk seated himself carelessly a lance length from the knight. "Nay, I have no hunger, O lord, thou art far from thy tower."

"As thou art from thy *kafila*."

"By Allah, that is true. Yet this is not safe ground." Apparently he seemed not at all surprised to find Nadra lying under the trees; certainly he paid no attention to her. "I came back to look for some stray goats and a girl."

Illustrated by Franz Felix

Nadra darted to one side and fell heavily. The stranger had thrown his lance in front of her

Toward the end of the morning he had noticed that Nadra had left the caravan. Hearing that she had been seen under the date palms, he took out a saddled pony and, riding the mare, he had picked up her tracks in the wadi and followed them into the gully. Seeing the three at the well, he had pondered for a moment . . . the caravan hours away, and Sir Alan clearly making only a brief halt at the well . . . Nadra bound, and impossible to reach without alarming the infidels. . . . Sir Alan he knew as the devil of the Stone of the Desert; no other Crusader would be within three days' ride of this place.

So he waited, his dark eyes impassive, while Nadra's blood hummed in her ears.

"Here are the goats," said the knight. "Take them. But the girl is mine."

FOR an instant the Arab's lips twitched and the breath caught in his nostrils. "I say she is mine!"

Hassan, who had satisfied himself that no other tribesmen were coming after the lone rider down the gully, moved forward and put his hand on his sword hilt, waiting expectantly for new trouble to come. Sir Alan's blue eyes gleamed. "*Inshallah*, if God please. But now she is mine, and how will you alter that? Will you give that mare for the girl?"

For a moment the Arab warrior glanced at the mare's lifted head, with the long mane combed clean of thorns. "Yes," he said suddenly.

Sir Alan seemed not to hear. He thought of his bare room in the tower top, of the hours spent gazing into the fire while his men-at-arms jested over their cups and the hunting dogs crunched bones. . . . Nothing more than that to go back to, and at the end of it all in any case the slash of an arrow in his throat, or torture under the knives of his foes. . . . He had held her in his arms for a moment—in time she would forget her people. "And I also," he said slowly, "prize the girl more than the horse."

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Manhattan Love Song

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

JUST out of Stanford University, four close friends—Fanny Furness, Madge Rountree, Mack Wise and Chris Thring—go to New York City. Young, fearless, they all find jobs—Mack, with a great broadcasting company; Chris, with a law firm; Madge, a clever actress, with a group of players in Greenwich Village; Fanny, with a noted theatrical producer—in the wardrobe department.

Then comes tragedy. Fanny, in love with Chris, is well aware that he is interested in Madge. And presently, rooming with Madge, she learns, too, that Mack has fallen under the spell of the little actress. Miserable, restless, she decides to take a tiny room, where she can suffer unobserved. She does so; and, burying herself in her work, tries to forget her troubles.

Two agonizing weeks drag by. Then, just before Christmas, Chris calls. He is strangely excited, unhappy. "Fanny," he bursts forth, "I saw Madge this morning. She and Mack are going to California. They're going to be married out there!" He pauses. And Fanny, watching him closely, can see that he is suffering keenly. "I've resigned," he goes on. "I'm going to ship somewhere—*anywhere*." He takes Fanny's hand, presses it. "That leaves you alone, poor kid. But I've got to go. Goodby, Fan."

He leaves. Fanny bursts into tears. . . .

Robert Kreutzmann, the producer for whom Fanny works, needs an actress for a minor rôle (thirty-five dollars a week!) in a new play: No Parking Day or Night. Fanny applies for the job, gets it. Rehearsals begin. The opening is set for Thursday night. In a fever of excitement, Fanny looks forward to that glorious event—one which, she is well aware, may change the course of her entire life.

The great day comes. And suddenly Fanny finds herself thinking not of the play but of Chris Thring. He is, she has learned, back in New York—alone, ill, without money. She does not hesitate—she goes to him, in a dingy tenement room. When she arrives, he is delirious—raving. She sends for a physician, who presently appears, examines the patient, and gives his verdict. "I don't think he'll get through the night," he says slowly. "You'll stay with him? Very well. Take good care of him. My wife and I are going to the opening of a new play—No Parking Day or Night. I'll drop by afterward."

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DURING the slow, quiet hours of the night she remembered the play. Sure enough, it was to have opened this evening—last evening. It seemed something infinitely removed from her own life already; her life was here, only here. This attic room, with its gabled windows and its bare floor, its unutterable poverty, its young strong tenant lying dying on his ugly bed—this was her world.

Fanny hung over the window sill and drew in great breaths of the sweet spring dark. She felt infinitely strong, capable, sure of herself. This was the place where she belonged; caring for Chris was the work she had to do. She would have tonight with Chris, if never any other.

Once she ran downstairs; telephoned. Half an hour later Mamma Behrmann panted up the stairs, with a suitcase. Otto had been out, Rudy had been out; only Mamma could come, and so she came.

Fanny kissed her, thanked her, clung to the square, strong old form when at eleven Mamma had to go away. But she made no explanation; she asked no sanction. Chris was desperately ill; he could not be moved. She had to take care of him.

At half past eleven the doctor came in to say that Chris was better, seemed cooler. Chris' brown thin hand hung limp in the doctor's fat white one; Chris muttered, "Fanny!"

"Are you Fanny?" the doctor asked.

"I'm Fanny."

"Well, Fanny, he's still a terribly sick boy. But he's cooler—he's resting easier. Are you going to get any sleep?"

"I've fixed up this chair for myself. I'll be comfortable enough."

"Had dinner?"

"I forgot it."

"I'll be in in the morning. He may—well, I don't know!"

Doctor Murray went away, and presently, just at midnight, Mrs. Varsi came up with a bowl of minestrone and bread and butter. Fanny thought she had never tasted such food. When the old woman had gone, and she was alone again, she gave a deep, satisfied sigh. This was where she wanted to be—where any woman would want to be, taking care of her man.

The hours began to go by. Chris fretted, muttered, was quieter, was asleep. This was not death; he was breathing heavily still, he was sleeping. Fanny watched him; shut her eyes; started up to find that only a few minutes had gone by. It was twenty minutes to two; ten minutes past three; quarter to four.

"Madge liked Mack, do you see—" Chris babbled, rousing. "Madge liked Mack—and Mack loved Fanny—and Fanny—Fanny—Fanny knew I loved Madge—excuse me, but there is no air—excuse me, but will you break that window—"

He rose up on his elbow, shouting. Fanny tightened arms about his shoulders. "Lie down, Chris, lie down!"

After a while the squares of black at the window were gray—were pearl—were rose. A big clock had been booming the hours across the city all through the night; now it boomed five.

IT WAS just one week later when Fanny, busy about the room, became aware that Chris was awake and lying quietly watching her. His temperature had been normal for lengthening intervals for three days now, but he had been sleeping heavily, constantly; drinking obediently when she put a cup to his lips, relapsing immediately into his stupor of sleep again. Now he was awake.

She paid no attention to him; she went on with her work. It was simple enough work; it concerned only this one room, and yet it seemed never to be done.

White curtains of dotted net were at the two wide-opened windows and gave a pleasant summery effect to the place. The little table wore a red-checked cloth, and there were pale blue glasses and two blue cups upon it. On another smaller table was a two-burner gas-stove, with a small oven, some small blue saucepans and a glittering coffeepot. Above the table a shelf was covered with blue and white paper and loaded with plates, jars, bowls. There was one comfortable big shabby chair in the room; some of Fanny's books were there; she had improvised from a big and a small box a desk in one of the window angles, and had set it with pens and paper.

She was preparing a meal now: applesauce was smacking on the little stove; there was brown bread cut, and a bowl of something hot was smoking. Fanny disposed of the empty soup can; swept the crumbs from the table and went to fling them out into sunshiny space. And through the opened windows came the heavy, sweet cry of mourning doves.

"Fanny!" Chris said. His voice came only in a whisper, but she heard it, and came swiftly across the room, and sank on her knees at his side.

"Well, you're awake! How d'you feel?"

HIS feeble, cool, thin hands clutched at her strong young wrists. He was trying to speak.

"Fanny, have you been—?"

Weakness stopped him, and he shut his eyes and let the tears run unchecked down his face.

"Have you been taking care of me?" he asked in a whisper.

"A little," Fanny said, in a whisper, too, for his tears had made her own eyelids prick.

The gray eyes were Chris' eyes again now; they were alive with his own keenness, his own kindly smile. But he was very weak. She saw him try to speak again, but he gave it up, faintly shaking his head, his fingers still holding tight to her hand.

"I'm having my lunch, and then you'll have yours," Fanny said, pleasantly busy. She went back to the table, settled down to her tomato soup, her bread and fruit. Before propping her book up on the clock she glanced at him encouragingly, and found him watching her steadily with eyes like those of a dog or a baby—unsmiling, interested eyes, wide and content.

They watched her all that day; watched her into the night. She brought her folding cot in from the hall, took the thin mattress from a closet, spread sheets and flung blankets wide. While she was eating her supper he awakened from a light sleep again. The room was dark except for the candlelight that made an aureole of Fanny's fair hair, and the exquisite May moonlight streaming in at the window. Quite naturally she began to talk to him about herself; Chris, in the exquisite relaxation of new convalescence, lay comfortable and warm and fed, and listened.

"Do you know where I was today, Chris? I mean from three to six? No, you don't, for you were asleep when I went out, and asleep when I came in. I was at a rehearsal," said Fanny.

"DON'T try to talk," she went on, after a pause in which she drank off her tea and set down her cup. "Yes, I'm in a play, Chris. It's called No Parking Day or Night. It's not a very good play. It was to have opened ten days ago, but Gordon Kenelm—an old man who had an important part, you know—dropped dead at just eight o'clock the opening night. He was President of the Lambs, so we had to close the show."

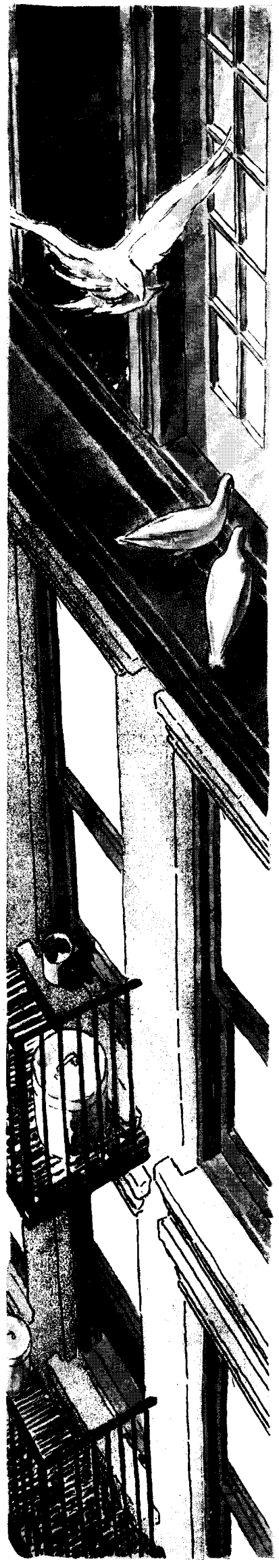
"Ha!" Chris said, not caring much, but blissfully content.

"Imagine—so they had to redeem the tickets," Fanny went on, pouring more tea.

"And were you—" His voice was tired, but it was beginning to get the old cadences back. "You were all there ready to begin?"

"Well, no, I wasn't," Fanny said truthfully, with her mouth full. "I'd forgotten it."

"Forgotten the opening night! Oh,



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Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

"Think what you like," Chris said. "I'm running things now"

Fan, how like you!" For the first time she heard his weak, his remembered laugh.

"It was Dr. Murray who told me—on the first day I was here. He and his wife had been going, and they found the theater dark. So they went to see Sand Man."

"I remember seeing Sand Man advertised on the fences, the day we got in."

"Chris, were you sick then?"

"I think so. I don't remember it very well. Yes, I had a fever, I think—everything was noisy and cold and heavy—sounds were terribly loud—

"I stayed a day or two at a place down there on the waterfront, trying to get something to do—"

Fanny was clearing the remains of her meal away; she moved the candle to the sink.

"Wonderful moon tonight."

"AND last night, too. After tonight," said Fanny, "I'll go back to sleep at Mamma Behrmann's again; you're well enough to manage yourself now. But I'll be in to have breakfast with you every day about nine. And when there's no matinée I can be here all day."

"I feel like a baby about having you go."

"You'll be getting stronger all the time."

"I'm all right now. I lie here thinking about a job, Fan."

"I wouldn't worry about that yet. It won't seem half so hard, once you're out in the good, fresh air."

"Things are pretty depressed, aren't they, still?"

"Well, I don't know. You hear a lot about people out of jobs; all I can say is that there are forty-five million *in* jobs. A good deal of it's like this Varsi situation, I imagine."

"What's the Varsi situation?"

"Oh, the old man had intermittent work on the waterfront for years; I don't know just what he did, but he got six dollars a day for it. Six dollars a day! Back in his native Palermo he wouldn't have made that in a week! They laid him off, and they laid Carmen off at the soda fountain where she used to work Saturdays and Sundays, and consequently the whole family talks depression. But from what the old lady says, he never brought any money home anyway; the boys and the lodgers support the family; and Carmen spent all her money for permanents and movies and clothes. I can't—" Fanny was at the window sill looking out; now she turned to laugh over her shoulder. "I can't take this depression seriously, Chris," she said. "I mean—I'm not a fool; I read headlines about the dole and communism and bank collapses and depression, but—whatever it is, it hasn't touched *me*—I just don't *get* it!"

Chris laughed feebly, and she turned and came to the bedside.

"I WISH you could have seen yourself then, Fan, in this dreadful room, in a tenement in New York's east side, saying that the depression hadn't got you."

"Well, it hasn't. Look at that paper now," Fanny said, jerking her head toward the Sunday sheets they had been discussing all day, "plenty of 'Men Wanted.'"

"Most of it's for 'Salesmen.'"

"Well, my goodness! Things—articles, books or whatever it may be—have got to be sold! The people who are producing 'em, the manufacturers, wholesalers, believe in their goods or they wouldn't spend their money advertising for 'Salesmen.'"

"At eleven and twelve a week."

"Well, you can live on that."

"Yes, but you can't raise a family of kids on it."

(Continued on page 30)

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Leave Me Alone

By Hilda Mauck

The next time you hear a girl say: "I wouldn't marry that man if he was the last man on earth!" don't argue with her. Just tell her this story—and go elsewhere, quickly

I—I think I ought to tell you something, Bobby," Camilla quavered, and cast her hundredth nervous glance through the rear window of the car. "Clem has a revolver."

"Well, but after all, Camilla darling," said Bobby, sounding very grown-up, "we're all civilized, you know. . . ."

"Clem isn't!" she said darkly. She hadn't been engaged to Clem Ross for a year for nothing! She knew, with a shiver of artistic triumph, that to be supplanted by young Bobby Mason would put Clem into such a state that heaven alone could guess at the consequences.

"But, Camilla honey, he won't even know where we're going!" Bobby protested. "We'll be married before he even finds out which way we went!"

"Oh, I told him we were going to Des Moines," she said absently. "I sent him a note, you know."

"You *told* him!" said young Bobby, aghast—and cast a backward glance or two of his own. "What for?"

Her eyes widened a little in plaintive self-defense. "Why, I always leave word with Clem when I'm going out of town. In case of emergencies, or anything like that."

Bobby was hurt. "Don't you think I can take care of you?" he demanded, and squeezed her hand.

Penitently, she squeezed back. Bobby might be young, but he was sweet, terribly sweet. He was a blue-eyed cherub, with curly, sunny hair and a no less sunny disposition. She was in a mood, after yesterday's quarrel with Clem, to appreciate that sunny disposition of Bobby's to the fullest.

Life would be very different, she thought pensively, if only Clem would let her go on with Bobby. But she knew sadly, with eyes that misted a little at the tragedy of it all, that this elopement was really but a gallant gesture. Clem would hold her to her promise. He would follow them, find them. He would rudely snatch her back from this pitiful reaching out after happiness. At any moment now he might come swooping down upon them, crazed with grief and rage.

Remembering Clem's red hair and his vile temper, remembering fearfully his revolver, Camilla blew her nose and shuddered.

Not that the hair had anything to do with it. Her own hair was redder than Clem's, yet she, Camilla, had always been sweet and submissive and forbearing, throughout this whole tempestuous year of their engagement. She could suffer in silence with the best of martyrs—up to a certain point. It was always Clem—*always* Clem—who pushed her past that certain point.

"BOBBY," she begged, with a tense, beseeching hand on his arm, "I want you to promise me something."

"Anything in the world," said Bobby, cheerfully.

"We'll never, never quarrel, will we, darling?"

"Us? Me quarrel with you? Gosh, Camilla, I couldn't!"

"Another thing, Bobby. Whatever Clem does, we mustn't blame him too much. He—he loves me, you know—terribly, in his own way."

Bobby's solemnity matched hers. "Gee, it'll be tough on him, all right," he agreed.

Camilla's chin quivered. "But he's so brutal, Bobby. I couldn't marry anybody like that. I—I have to have peace," she said piteously. "Bobby, do you know what he called me last night?"

"Maybe you'd better not talk about it, honey. He's out of your life forever, and you'll just get yourself all worked up."

"He called me a—a r-red-headed w-wildcat!"

Bobby's wide blue eyes were dark with horror. "You poor little thing! You ought to have broken the engagement a long time ago."

They stopped for a hasty lunch at a filling station restaurant. When they had finished and Bobby paused at the counter to pay the check, Camilla stepped outside to reconnoiter. She saw instantly—with the grim satisfaction of one whose worst fears are confirmed—that Clem's car was drawn up immediately behind theirs. Clem himself was standing beside it, with a crisp green bill in his hand—she supposed, at the time, that he was paying for gas and oil—holding an earnest, persuasive conversation with the station attendant. The boy was grinning, and shaking his head. Then his eyes fell upon Camilla, glaring aggressively from the doorway. His grin widened, and he said something to Clem.

Clem turned and saw her. Glad recognition broke over his face. "Hello, there!" he called. He thrust the crisp, green bill into the station attendant's hand, and came amiably toward her.

CAMILLA girded herself for the fray—with, it must be admitted, a certain relish. She was wearing, suddenly, as if Clem's very presence had ignited it, a fiery aura of rage that lent her eyes and cheeks and carroty hair a becoming brilliance.

"I thought that car looked familiar!" said Clem. "How's everything going?"

The blaze in her eyes snapped and crackled. "What's it to you?" she said fiercely. "You keep out of this, Clem Ross! What do you mean by following me?"

Clem looked blank. "Following you! How should I know which way you were going?"

"I told you . . . " She stopped uncertainly.

"Did you, really? In your note?" Clem lifted a rueful eyebrow. "That abominable habit of mine of never reading a letter all the way through!"

She gaped at him—incredulously, suspiciously. Then Bobby brushed past and stood in front of her, looking grim and protective—and very young.

"Hello, there, Bobby!" Clem seized his surprised hand and wrung it cordially. "Congratulations, old man, and all that rot!"

Bobby remained stiff and uncompromising. "You needn't try to get funny! If you think you're going to gain anything, Clem, by following us and trying to make trouble . . ."

Clem was a little hurt, a little amused. "Now, look here, Bobby, you've got me all wrong. I swear I only ran onto you by accident. As a matter of fact, I think I told Camilla last week that I had to make this trip to Des Moines."

"On business?" said Camilla sharply.

His eyebrow echoed, "What's it to you?" But he only said, with bland politeness, "Not entirely."

Camilla's eyes were mere slits. "As if any of these trips of yours were on business! I suppose you think you've been fooling me all this time!"

"Haven't I, really? You never knew about that last girl, though—that little blonde, Sarah."

Then he *had. . . !* "I know every time you were with her," she said stoically.

He shouted with laughter. "There never was any Sarah."

"Oh . . ."

"HER name was Lucy, and she was dark." Still grinning amiably, he turned back to Bobby. "You didn't really think I was an outraged fiancé in pursuit, did you? As a matter of fact, Bobby, I'm downright proud of Camilla for having nerve enough to make the break! One of us ought to have done this a long time ago."

Camilla, incredulous no longer, stood rooted horribly to the spot—brightly ablaze, like a pillar of fire, with humiliation. All the masterly repartee she had prepared against this meeting with Clem had scorched to death, still-born, in her throat.

"Oh, I don't mind admitting," Clem was going on confidentially to Bobby, "that I had a moment or two of wanting to yank her back home. Perfectly normal reaction, you know. Suppose you've got a kitten. You may have been trying for weeks to get up the nerve to drown it, but if somebody else walks off with it, you'll raise the devil of a fuss—just because it happens to be yours, you know. . . . And then you begin remembering how the darned thing used to scratch!"

Embarrassment, honest bewilderment, and relief were chasing one another across Bobby's candid face.

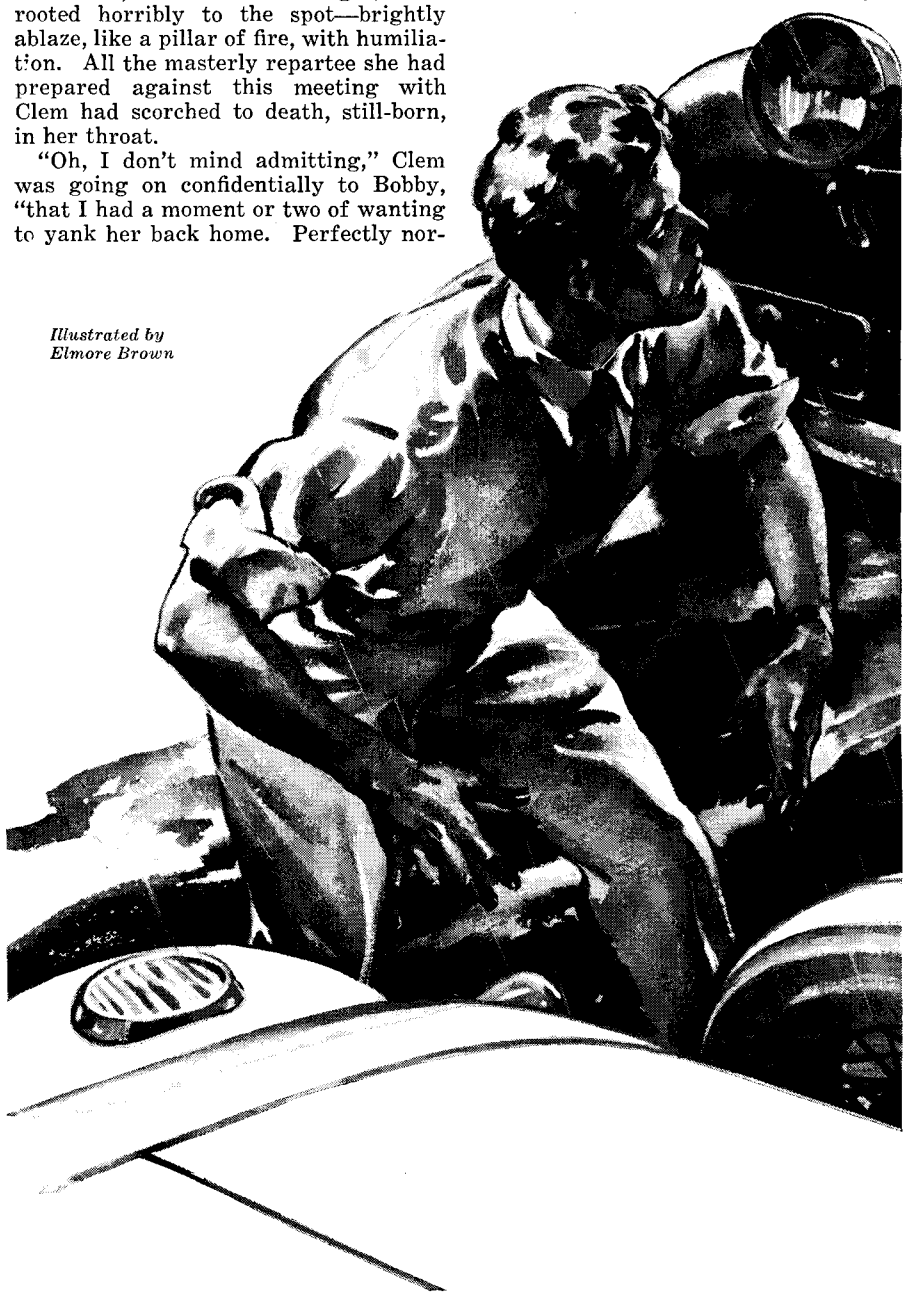
"You—you really mean—well, no hard feelings, or anything?"

"Take her with my blessing, my dear chap, and make her happy. . . . God help you if you don't!"

"Gee, I sure will, Clem," said Bobby earnestly. "I really did feel pretty slimy in a way, you know, to be running away with somebody else's girl. . . ."

"Think nothing of it!" said Clem magnificently. "If there's ever any little thing I can do for you don't hesitate to let me know. By the way, Camilla, I got the ring all right. Sure you don't want it?"—dangling it in the sunlight. ". . . Well, much obliged. How about you, Bobby? Don't want to take it off my hands, do you? No use being sentimental about those things. . . . Up to you, of course. . . . Well, goodby, Camilla—Bobby. Nice to have seen you again. Have yourselves a time."

Briskly he shook their limp hands. Briskly he climbed into his car and started the engine. He slowed down, as



Illustrated by Elmore Brown

Clem said benignly, "Well, bless

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my soul, if it isn't the young folks again. Having trouble?"

he passed them, and leaned out the window.

"Carry on, Bobby!" he called with a grin and a half-salute. "'To you from failing hands we throw the torch. . . !'"

Camilla found her voice at last. Like a miniature brown-and-scarlet fury—fists clenched, eyes giving off glittering sparks of rage, face crimson as a poppy—she opened her mouth and yelled back at him. The pity of it was that Clem could yell louder than she could.

"Hey, Bobby!" he was bellowing. "You might try dyeing her hair!"

The car gathered speed, and departed blithely down the highway.

LATE that afternoon Camilla squatted in the middle of a winding ribbon of plowed brown mud, tearing mud out from the car wheels with her finger nails. Now and then the sullen sky overhead released a dismal drizzle of rain.

Her nose was gleaming—she could see it herself, by looking cross-eyed—and she was hungry and cold, and tired in every bone. Mud covered her shoes, and was daubed liberally over her stockings. Mud was smeared here and there on her brown tweed suit, and muddy water speckled her beige blouse. Her right eyebrow felt queer, and she supposed there was mud on that.

Hours ago, the mud had begun to "roll," as a passing farmer had warned them it would. The chains which Bobby had insisted upon putting on caught it up in great, sticky blobs the size of cabbage heads that sometimes were thrown back to the road with a heavy thud—and sometimes stuck.

This was the third time they had had to stop and dig themselves out. Camilla tried a screwdriver for a few moments, but that made about as much progress as a knife slashing through dough. So she set her teeth and went back to her former weapons—using both bare hands and all ten fingers, tearing mud out in fistfuls.

Presently Bobby finished his wheel and came around to help her with hers.

"Gosh, Camilla," he said worshipfully, for the dozenth time, "you're a grand sport."

Her face literally ached with artificial good cheer. Her mouth felt as if it were in front of a camera, dutifully grimacing for a photographer who kept saying, "Look pleasant, please," for hours on end, and never got around to taking the picture. She felt with fortitude that she might grit her teeth and go on being a good sport, might go on digging out mud with her finger nails, through eternity. But five more minutes of being polite would reduce her to a jittering pulp.

BUT you couldn't swear—could you?—in front of a child whose vilest profanity, no matter what happened, was a cheerful "Holy smoke!" You couldn't, could you, snarl, "I told you so"—she had told him not to put chains on!—at anyone who was so blissfully unaware of disaster that he could whistle—actually whistle?

It helped a little to play a bloodthirsty game of pretending that the mud into which she sank her finger nails was the face of that boy at the filling station. Idiot! Recommending a short-cut like this just after a heavy rain! Imbecile! Lightly mentioning a few miles of dirt! Few miles, your grandmother! Devil! . . . Camilla clawed mud with ghoulish ardor.

Presently Bobby stopped whistling, and laughed. "Did you notice what I've been whistling? 'It Ain't Gonna Rain No More!' Isn't that good?"

Camilla eyed him grimly. "Almost too good," she said.

"Love's funny, isn't it?" said Bobby happily. "If all this had happened to me when I was alone, or with somebody else, I'd have thought it was an awful mess. But just because I'm with you it seems fun."

"Yes," said Camilla, and definitely gave up looking pleasant. "Such good, clean fun!"

It was nearly dark, yet this ghastly day of theirs was apparently just getting into its stride. Disaster had followed disaster with such a relentless, inevitable rhythm that she wasn't even surprised when Clem's car crawled up and stopped behind them.

Clem poked his head out the window and said benignly, "Well, bless my soul, if it isn't the young folks again. Having trouble?"

"Not at all," said Camilla through gritted teeth. "We're just parking."

"I thought you were ahead of us, Clem," said Bobby.

"No, I stopped to chat with a farmer this afternoon. By the way, Bobby, he told me to leave off my chains, and I believe he's right. I've been rolling right along. . . . Too late to get yours off now, isn't it?"

The road was very narrow, with an alarming ditch on each side.

"Too bad there isn't room for me to get around you, or I could take you and Camilla on into the next town with me."

"I'd rather ride on a garbage wagon,"

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Starlight Rider

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

TWO rival cattle outfits—the TS owned by Tade Shadrow, and the Double-Ought, owned by Morgan and Bat Testervis—are struggling for control of the vast Powder desert region. Ambushed by one of Shadrow's killers, Hugh Tracy, hitherto neutral, casts in his lot with the Testervises. Whereupon, he receives a shock. In love with a girl of mystery—Lynn Isherwood, of whom he knows almost nothing—he learns that she is *Shadrow's niece and ward!* . . . A battle between the rival outfits follows. With Willy Bones (whom he has saved from TS killers) and Bill Vivian, an old friend, Tracy arrives too late to fight. He learns, though, that Morgan Testervis has been killed, and his followers routed. . . .

At TS headquarters, following the fight, Shadrow, Sid Maunders, one of his killers, and Lake Tolbert, his foreman, discuss the situation. In an adjoining room, Lynn Isherwood (who, knowing her uncle for the scoundrel he is, hates him) listens. "Well," says Shadrow at last, "we've licked 'em. It's up to you, Maunders, to get Tracy. Start *now!*" Lynn listens no longer. She rides away—to warn Hugh Tracy. Tolbert sees her go, knows what her plans are. A secret enemy of Maunders, he deliberately holds the gunman in conversation for several minutes; then—"Move out, Sid. You won't have no trouble. Tracy won't be expecting you."

But, as Tolbert had foreseen, Tracy (warned by the girl) *is* expecting the raiders. With Vivian and Bones, he beats them off. . . . At "home" again, Lynn finds herself under suspicion. To her amazement, Tolbert comes to her defense. She leaves the room. "You'd better do something about that girl," says Maunders presently. And Lynn, listening again, shudders at Shadrow's answer: "I aim to—*I'm going to marry her!*" This time, there is another eavesdropper—Hugh Tracy. Shocked by what he overhears, he slips to the girl's room, tells her she must go away with him. Outside, in the dark, they mount their horses. Instantly, a rider gallops up, tears Lynn from her saddle, rides away with her. Tracy follows to a small cabin in the woods. The abductor is *Bat Testervis!* Getting the draw on him, Tracy disarms him. Then—"Come on—I won't use my gun." And Testervis, snarling, hurls himself at the man Lynn Isherwood loves.

VII

AGAINST that swelling spread of shoulder and that thickness of torso, Hugh Tracy's own rugged body seemed slender and ineffectual by comparison — without a chance of stopping the rushing attack. For Testervis came on as if the savage momentum of his heavy body would beat Hugh Tracy to earth and leave him there senseless; his blond head was lowered like a battering ram, his two club-like arms stretched outward.

Hugh, cold and clear of mind, took a single pace to the rear, balanced himself and shot ahead. Between those destructive arms was an opening into which he drove a sledging blow, straight for the pit of Bat's stomach. The wind spilled out of Testervis. He lost control of his assaulting bulk and hit Hugh as so much dead weight, the point of a shoulder crushing Hugh's chest. Yet, even bereft of the full driving power, it was a numbing impact and Hugh went staggering away from it, shivered to the bone.

Bat's face lifted in contorted satisfaction; he sucked in air with a retching effort and he lunged on once more to land a blow against Hugh's temple. Hugh, all the world gone black, ran in and gripped the big fellow desperately about the chest. Bat's hot breath burned his neck and he felt himself being lifted and whirled and shaken ferociously while something kept grinding on his instep and hammering at his groin. Yet he hung on for what seemed an interminable length of time and was dimly surprised when the dense mists cleared and he found himself still weathering through, still pinning Bat's arms. The big man, raging, was making great and staggering lunges across the dirt with this leech-like burden.

Hugh let go abruptly and struck for Bat's chin—a direct hit that sent the man back on his heels. It threw him off guard as well, spread his arms apart, unbalanced him for a moment; and in that moment Hugh smashed the bold face left and right and stood idle while Testervis went spinning to earth. Sweat streamed down Hugh's jaws and worked like fire on a bruise made by some blow he didn't remember. He was reaching deeply for wind and all the while standing over Testervis, who lifted himself on one elbow and glared out of eyes gone pale violet.

"You're not through!" cried Testervis. "You'll fight till your heart breaks! I'll smash you to pulp!"

"Come on—come on up," said Tracy.

TESTERVIS rolled away, got on all fours, crouching. He flashed a glance slyly back; he sprang up and away like a runner, and wheeled instantly afterwards, defenses risen. Hugh threw himself at the swinging Testervis and was checked by stiff-armed jabs that went wild and sank into his neck and chest. He never felt them. His own blows beat down those barrier-like assaults until Bat's face was a clear target in front of him, round and swollen and white. He smashed it; he flung one blasting jab after another at it until he saw nothing there. And when the tempest cleared from his brain, he looked down and saw Testervis silent on the ground. The big prone shoulders shook as if Testervis were crying.

"Get up and come at me," said Tracy.

Testervis slowly put his hands beneath him and fell back.

"Get up," snapped Tracy. "You're not through."

But Testervis rolled his head slowly on the earth and brought his palms up to cover it. Hugh Tracy stared, speechless. The livid temper subsided and the bruises on his own body began to throb. He was finished. The fury that had carried him so far went away—and left him filled with disgust, as always. Turning toward the girl standing by the cabin, he spoke slowly:

"I'm sorry you had to see it. You've seen me as Powder sees me—and it is not a pretty sight. I'm no better a savage than they say."

She watched him, wide-eyed, whispering. "Nothing—nothing could stand against you, Hugh. Not when you're roused."

"Bat," grunted Hugh, "you're licked all ways. Best you can do now is get up and travel till the sun finds you in another country. I'm keepin' your horse for Lynn. I'm keepin' your gun. If I gave it to you, you'd shoot me in the back—and I don't blame you for wantin' to do it. Get up and go."

Testervis reared back on his knees, shaking his head stupidly. He got to his feet and pressed his fingers across his eyes. When he cleared them and looked at Tracy once more, they were blank of feeling.

"You're settin' me afoot and harmless—in the Powder? Look here, Tracy, Shadrow's got me marked."

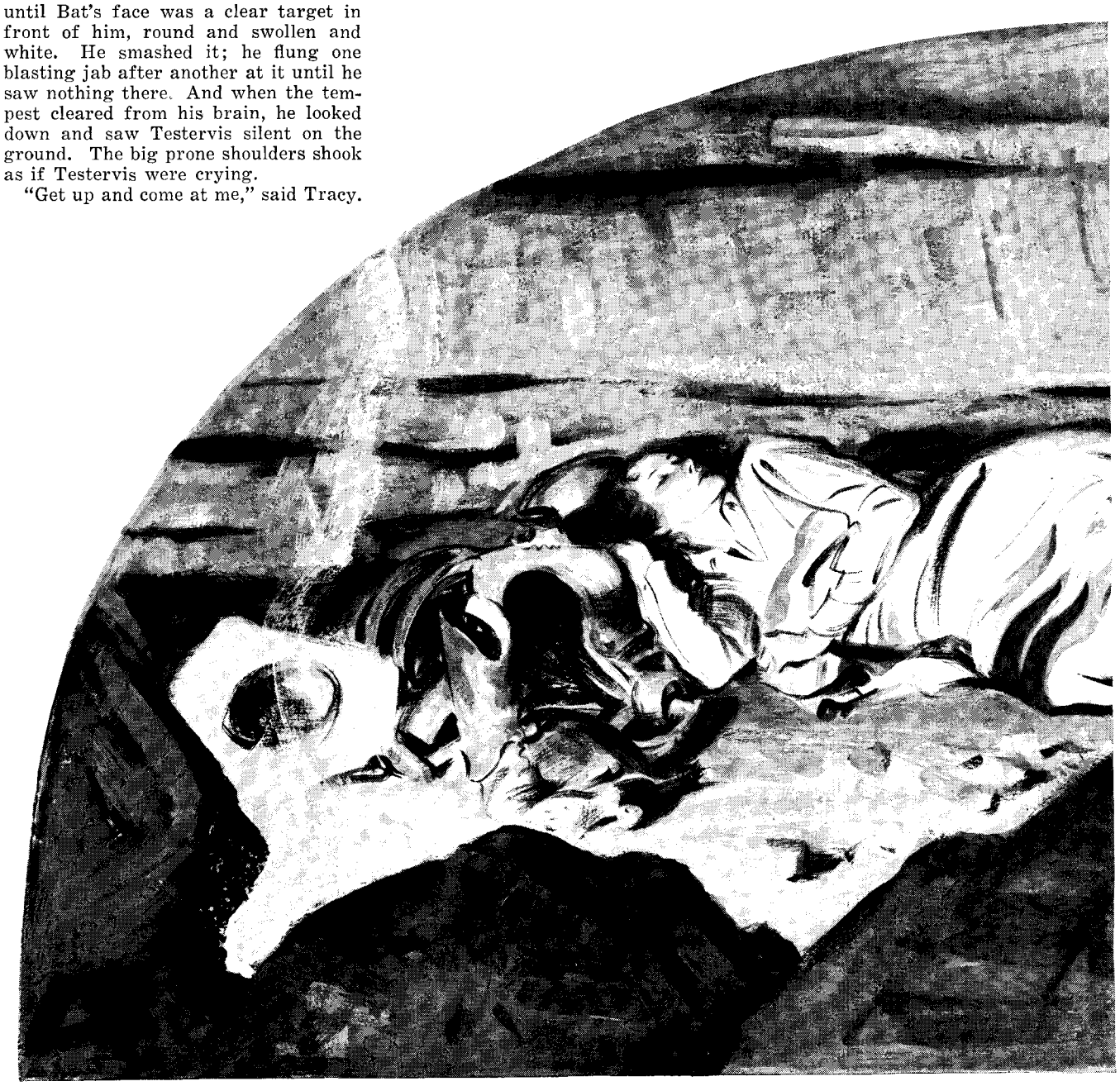
"Then stay out of sight and travel by dark," returned Tracy.

"I MAY get clear at that," said Testervis, displaying no heat. "But you and the girl won't. They'll hound you and they'll catch you. I only wish I could be around to see them do it. It's me that put them on the scent, and it's you they'll find. I've been sick of this mighty man Tracy stuff for years. Wherever I went I bumped into it. Well, let's see the mighty man get clear of this. You're finished."

"Travel," ordered Tracy. "You never did learn to lose without cryin'."

"You're finished!" cried out Testervis wildly, and started off. Standing in his tracks, Tracy watched the man go limping across the flat ground and up the side of the ridge. He disappeared in timber and came to view once more on the ridge's crest; then, without looking back, he passed down the other side.

"He's got a long course to the south," mused Tracy. "But he loves his skin and he'll make it."



Over the dying fire, Tracy watched the faintly

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He was mistaken in Testervis. Well as he knew the man, he had no conception of the subterranean fires that worked through Bat. Once over the hill, Testervis turned north, back around the peak, instead of south. He traveled steadily up the long grade and out to a slight promontory from which he could view part of that broken land falling into TS range; and, pausing there, he saw a single rider curling around the trail something more than a mile distant. He stood still a long interval, then at last went on fashioning his own route to fall eventually into that trail. The rider came on, growing to definite shape in the saddle—long-legged, abnormally tall of upper parts, and strangely immobile. It was, Testervis presently saw, Lake Tolbert.

"Always one trick left in the deck," he muttered, and held his ground.

Tolbert, he realized, must have identified him before now. Sure and unbending, the foreman arrived within ten yards before he halted and stared at the battered figure blocking the trail.

"A surprise to you?" asked Testervis.

"Nothin' ever surprises me," said the foreman laconically. "Where's the girl?"

"How do you know—?"

"I know," said Tolbert.

"Well, I'm through," muttered Testervis. "I'm licked and I realize it. But I've got a dicker to make with Shadrow."

"Dicker?"

"He wants the girl, don't he? He wants Tracy?"

Tolbert's narrowed eyes remained inscrutably on the man. "How is it," he mused, "that a Testervis would come about like this?"

"That's my business," retorted Bat. "But if I'm licked, I'm licked. Willing to admit it. Shadrow will find his hand considerably strengthened by a little legality in this mess. I'll sign over the ranch for any sort of figure and I'll do him some good to boot. More's the point right now, I can take him direct to Hugh Tracy."

"Seems odd," reflected Tolbert, with a faint sing-song in the words.

Testervis moved uneasily. "Never mind. You're no hand to inquire into a man's reasons."

"Not inquirin'," said Tolbert. "Already know."

"You don't know a damned thing," snapped Testervis.

"Where are they?"

"Behind me, not far off," said Testervis. "Is Shadrow around?"

TOLBERT elected to say nothing but Testervis found his answer in the lower distance. Over on the distant flats of the Mogul a long gray column advanced beneath a rolling cloud of dust. Shifting in the saddle, Tolbert spoke with the same colorless inflection:

"Wouldn't be too sure of Tade's friendliness. Keep away from him. Leave the country. Don't you know what sort of a reception you'll get from the man?"

"I ain't worryin'," countered Bat, irritably. "So why should you?"

"Friendly suggestion."

"Friendly—hell!"

"Tracy ran into you," reflected Tolbert. "And like to addled your brains. That's why you're sellin' out. He took your gun and told you to scatter. To get even with him you'd risk your neck, traffic with the outfit that killed your brother and ruined your own fortune. It's more than odd, Testervis. It's a weaselly shift."

"Why, you scoundrel!" yelled Testervis. "What kind of a fellow are you to preach at me?"

Tolbert's eyes bored into the other and the flat words fell one by one. "Supposin' that girl might want to get away from TS?"

"She had her chance with me," muttered Testervis. "She turned it down. Why should I care what happens to her?"

Tolbert fell silent, turning back for a short look at the cavalcade swinging up through the lower draws. Again facing Testervis, he said: "Better not try it. Tade's won his battle and he'll need no help from you. You're liable to get in a jam."

"I'll see Shadrow about that," growled Testervis.

"Nothing will change your mind?"

"I'll see Shadrow," insisted Testervis. "Look here, I don't savvy what you're trying to do. You work for TS, don't you?"

"I see," said Tolbert. "Nothing will change your mind." The stiffness of his body increased and the thin mouth became bloodless. "Some things, Testervis, are plumb unnatural in a man. Even in a weak and bad one. You fool!" The long arm whipped down against the exposed, blackened gun butt. Testervis cried out his alarm:

"Tolbert—!"

There was one sharp and rolling explosion. The snout of the gun kicked in Tolbert's fist. Bat Testervis, horrified astonishment on his cheeks, pitched to the earth and died face down.

"Never had a lick of sense in him," said Tolbert.

Looping along the mountainside, he met the cavalcade some twenty minutes later on a lower level. Shadrow was leading.

"What was that shot?" asked the TS boss.

Tolbert silently pointed in the general direction of southeast—a good forty-five degrees off that peak behind which Tracy and the girl were hidden. Then, when Shadrow's inspection grew insistent, the foreman said laconically: "I saw nothing over toward the west. We better follow that echo."

"Seemed to come more out of the due south to me," objected Shadrow.

"I was nearest it," replied Tolbert impatiently.

"Go ahead, then. Aim for it."

Accepting the lead, Tolbert led the party on into the deeper ruggedness of Mogul, but wide of the peak.

HUGH TRACY watched Testervis until the latter disappeared from the ridge. Then he swung abruptly on the girl. "Lynn—"

She interrupted. "No. Nothing happened." A fine color crept across her cheeks but her eyes clung to him without embarrassment. "You are a direct man, Hugh."

"I know Bat," said Tracy. "Sooner or later he'd cross the line."

She nodded slowly. "I realized that."

"Where," drawled Hugh, "did you learn to be so cool under fire?"

"I grew up amongst all kinds of men, Hugh. My father ran a ferry, a hotel and a saloon. I could swear before I could read."

"I'm glad I'm here," he grumbled.

"You don't know how glad *I* am."

"Now we've got to dust along."

"Hugh, I'm not so sure about that."

He shook his head. "Shadrow and his boys will be somewhere right over that peak. This is broken country and good shelter, but it is dangerous to be in. If he works it right he can bottle us up. Sooner we're out of it, the better."

She was watching the first broad yellow bands of sunlight break across the peak's sharp tip. A frown lay lightly penciled on her forehead and her lips were thoughtfully pursed. "Wait a minute, Hugh. What Bat Testervis said was really true. He brought my uncle on the trail. And you'll be the one to suffer for it. If it is as risky as you say, I'd better ride back while you ride on."

"What do you suppose I came to TS last night for?"

"I know. But isn't there always another day and another chance? I can't allow the thought of you being caught by Tade. I know even better than you do what would happen."

"You have spoken your piece," drawled Hugh. "Now we'll get out of here."

THE lurking smile broke through. "At least I had the chance to say what I should say, Hugh. Now I'll say no more. You don't realize how wonderful it is to put the burden on your shoulders." The smile disappeared before a deep, deep gravity. "You don't really know."

Tracy went around the house, got his horse and led it by Bat's tethered mount. When he brought them both into the clearing the girl was coming out of the cabin with her coat. "Which way, Hugh?"

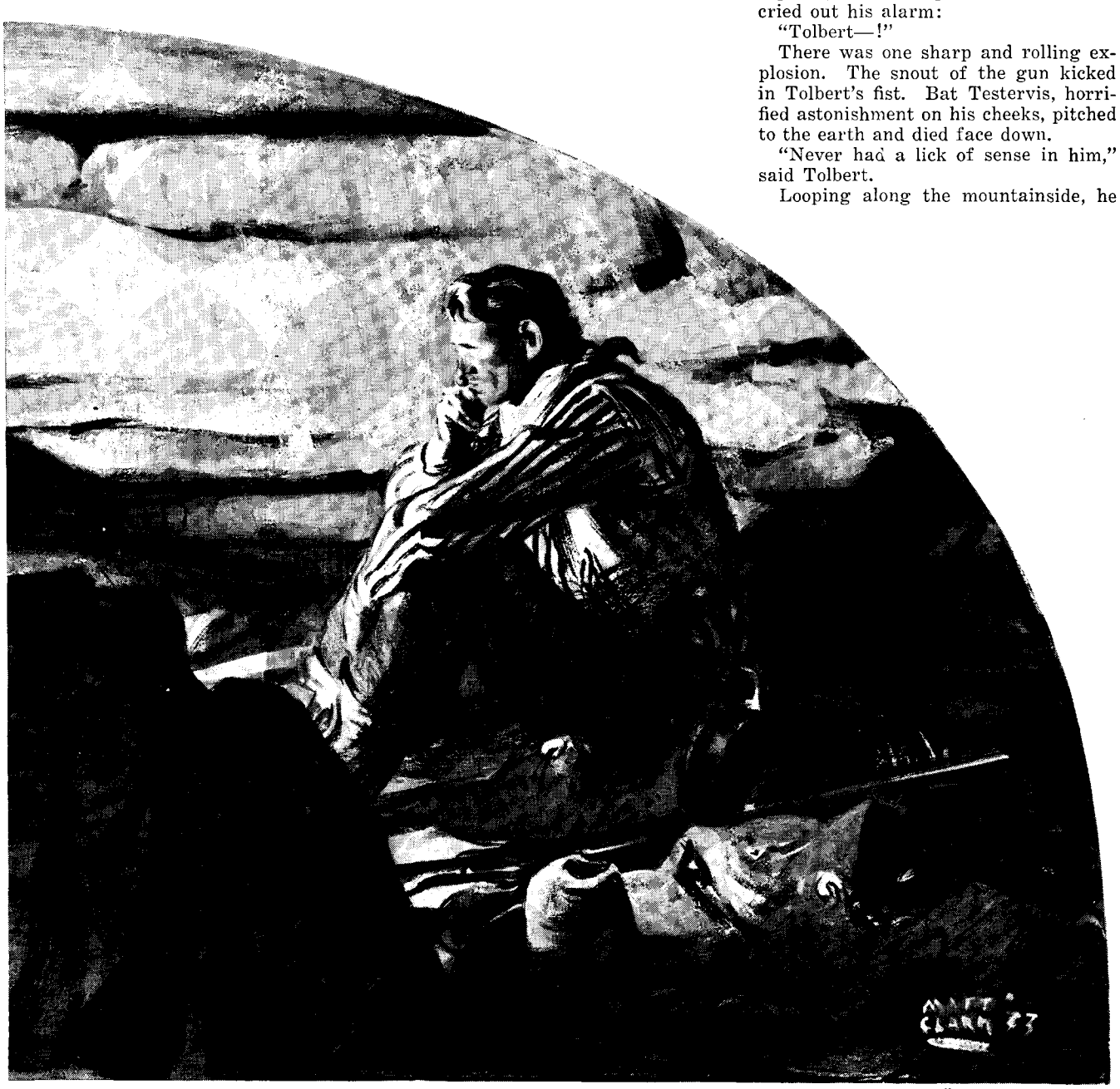
"South—due south." He held his own horse while she stepped into the saddle.

"Where does it lead?"

"Out of Powder," said Hugh, mounting and swinging about. "Out of the country just as fast as we can get out."

"And then where?" murmured the girl, more to herself than to him. Of a sudden the cloud was across her eyes again.

(Continued on page 34)



Illustrated by Matt Clark

smiling face until the light grew dim

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Feet First

By Dorothy Ducas and Adele Brown

Feet play an important part in any beauty treatment. Put them in the wrong shoes and your face will suffer. Exercise them and shoe them well and you're bound to look better. Here's how to go about it

Miss Barbara Newberry, musical comedy star with the famous million-dollar legs, twinkles in shoes size 6½B

RUSH hour. The twentieth story of a skyscraper. Look down the sweep of straight stone wall to the pavement. How the people swarm toward the open funnels of the subway! Striding, pushing, wriggling. . . .

Too far away to see their clothes, except as a blur of color, you nevertheless can tell the sex of those human blobs below. Something in their motion as they walk proclaims: "Masculine!" "Feminine!" The men move with a pendulum-like swing and regularity. Most of the women walk jerkily.

Yes, in that sea of human beings the women are the eddies. The little feminine figures, shoulders and heads thrust forward, jerk as they go along, as if from their waists upward they obey one law, from their waists down quite another. Why? What makes them have that twisted, jumpy look, viewed from on high?

Shoes.

Sixty-five per cent of the women who take care in being fitted and think they are quite comfortable buy unbalanced footgear.

Unbalanced shoes, mind you, are something very different from too short or too long, too wide or too narrow, too bumpy or too smooth, too clinging or too bulging shoes. Women today are educated to buy shoes that fit them; the number who insist on 5A when the clerk says 6B is small and daily diminishing.

But balance is another thing. If you and your shoes are mutually balanced, you walk erect, your shoulders relaxed, your hips tightened in and your chin on a direct line with your heel as your foot swings forward. If the top of you moves faster than the bottom, giving you the appearance of being pulled along by your head (America's commonest posture defect), ten to one your shoes are unbalanced.

The test of balance, says a well-known shoe expert, is in walking.

"Even if your foot looks and feels well in a shoe, if you can't take a good stance in it you are lost," he declares.

"We must strike our own balance and swing along as smoothly as the pendulum of a grandfather's clock," explains Nancy Haggerty, who has shod New York's smart set for a quarter of a century.

Balance, they agree, is all a matter of heels, which must be broad enough at the bottom to support the weight of the whole body. After all, every step we take brings some one hundred to two hundred pounds crashing down on two little pieces of leather and wood! Yet most women take less trouble fitting heels to their bodies than fabric to their fingers, or straw to their heads.

It is no longer a question of French or flat heels. Shaped heels are as good for the body as solid, square ones. A too flat heel can be as injurious as a spiked heel. But, as with cocktails, we have to know how much we can stand without losing our balance.

Nancy Haggerty makes shoes for women who are foot-wise—Mrs. Vincent Astor, Rosamond Pinchot, Blanche Yurka, Mrs. William Rockefeller, to mention a few. The protagonist of balance has taught them her secret, which is simply this: the bottom of the heel should never be smaller than an inch square.

"Women might carry tape measures with them to their shoe shops," she suggests, "and test heels by mathematics as well as bright reflections in a mirror."

Even the inch-square heel is not a real walking-shoe heel. There are not many walking shoes sold today. Street shoes are used for all but hiking. Real walking shoes, oxford ties giving support over the instep, have been cast into the discard, although those in the know sense their imminent return to popularity.

Greta Garbo, the glamorous, always has wanted

(Continued on page 46)

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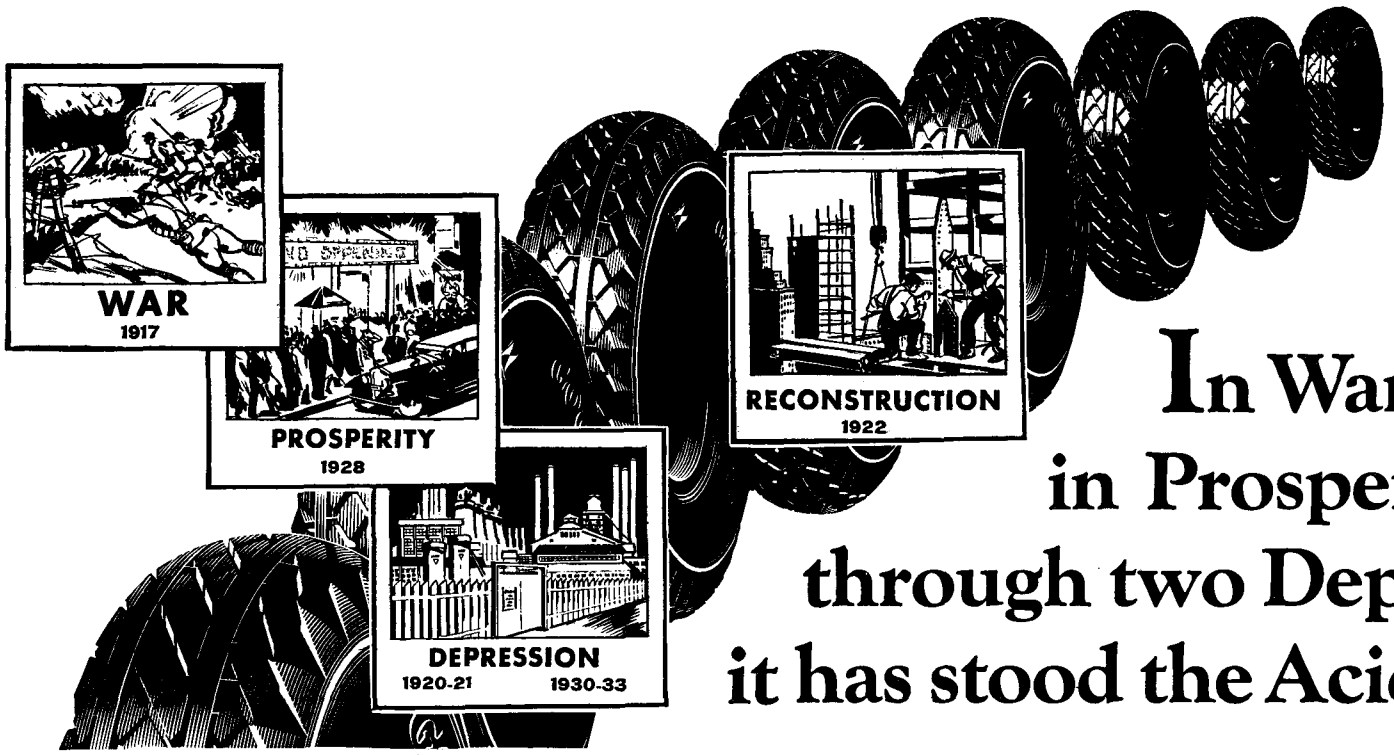

In War, in Prosperity, and through two Depressions it has stood the Acid Test of

VALUE

This is the Goodyear All-Weather, which outsells any other tire in the world. Even throughout the times of stress, Goodyear has kept faith with the public by lifting its quality steadily higher, but today you can still buy this tire—the best tire we have ever made—for prices still 40% below the 1928 level.

HERE is pictured a tire which needs no introduction to any car owner in America.

You will recognize the massive, sharp-edged blocks of its sure-footed tread that has symbolized *safety* since the early days of the automobile.

You will identify it as the Goodyear All-Weather—the tire that has *outsold* and *outserviced* any other tire for more than half a generation—in war, in prosperity, and through two depressions.

Even during the past three years it has topped *any* other tire, at *any* price—in sales.

Let us examine what this means.

First of all, it means that shrewd car owners want *quality* and *safety* more than they want false savings.

It means they have clearly seen it takes *more* than low price to make a bargain.

While hysterical competition in every field of business has pounded down quality to pound down price, and when a hard-pressed public has been bombarded from every side with "bargains"—so many millions have put *goodness,* and *safety,* and honest *value* above price that more people have bought this one tire than any other tire in the world.

WE believe there is one simple reason for this loyalty to Goodyear—and that is, Goodyear has *kept on* keeping faith with the public.

Straight through the recent years when all tire prices were forced lower and lower by competition, Goodyear has consistently *raised quality higher.* The rubber in the tread has been made *tougher.* The non-skid life of the tread has been *increased* year by year. This has meant more thousands of miles of safety — *longer wear,* greater value from the whole tire.

When you ride on this tire, it tells the world *you* are one of the people who recognize sheer *value.*

It evidences your judgment of *safety,* in choosing the only tire with All-Weather tread *center-traction* which puts *grip* where the tire contacts the road—and the genuine *protection from blow-outs* built in *every* ply of the tire with the patented cord material Supertwist.

It proves you're alert to the new spirit of the times which puts *the most for the money* above *cheapness* at a price—and it proves your foresight, in buying *quality* now while tire prices are still low.

Considering how magnificently this tire has stood every acid test of value, isn't it well to ask yourself—do you wish to, can you *afford* to, buy any other tire?

P. W. Litchfield

PRESIDENT
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

GOODYEAR

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Steady in Confidence

Acme

Billy Evans, during his many years as a big-league umpire and later as a scout and buyer of players, has learned what distinguishes a real star from a flash in the pan. The difference is often small, but always important. Mental courage can fill the gap

By Billy Evans

General Manager of the Cleveland Baseball Club

Chalmer Cissell, who came from Chicago to star at second base for Cleveland

TY COBB, greatest ball player of all time, was doing the talking. I, then an American League umpire, was doing the listening. We were sitting on the Detroit bench and it was about fifteen minutes prior to game time. Warming up in front of the Tiger dugout was Harry Coveleskie, a tall, well-built southpaw. He was the subject of our conversation.

About three years previously, Coveleskie had made his big-league début as a member of the Philadelphia Nationals. He startled the baseball world by beating the New York Giants three games in a week, practically killing that club's chances to win the National League pennant.

The next spring Coveleskie, instead of being a sensation, was just run-of-the-mine. Those three victories over the Giants must have been a mistake; he was merely a flash in the pan. Within a few months he was back in the minors. Immediately he began to star. Cincinnati brought him back on the strength of his minor-league showing and those three wins over the Giants. If my memory serves me correctly, he lost his first game 16-0, couldn't win as a member of the Cincinnati Reds and was again shunted to the minors. His third chance in the majors was to be as a member of the Detroit Tigers of the American League. Maybe a change of scenery would do him good.

"That fellow has everything to be a star big-league pitcher," said Cobb, referring to Coveleskie, who was getting ready to start his first game. "Everything but courage, I guess," added Cobb.

"Courage is a funny thing," continued Cobb. "I am firm in the belief that there are two kinds of courage, mental and physical. In baseball, I am convinced mental courage is far more important than physical.

"Coveleskie, for example, is a big, strong fellow and probably in better shape physically than any other player on our club. He can perform feats of strength that make the rest of us look like weaklings. While never looking for trouble, he wouldn't run away from a fight. He has all the assets a big-league pitcher needs to star, yet, with the exception of those three unexpected wins over the Giants some years back, he has been a complete flop in the majors.

"The Detroit club needs a good southpaw. If Coveleskie can deliver for us we will be a pennant winner. The players feel that Coveleskie has both the mental and physical courage to be just that sort of a pitcher, if properly handled. We have mapped out a campaign that we hope will supply Coveleskie with the mental courage now seemingly lacking.

The Man Who Was Infallible

"It has been agreed among our players that Coveleskie can do no wrong. No matter how he pitches, he did the right thing. In other words, we have decided to pat Covie on the back, slip him sugar-coated words of praise, rather than those of criticism mixed with tabasco. Praise always, criticism never, is the motto we have adopted relative to Coveleskie's pitching. We want him to get the right mental attitude, to believe in himself, to enter the box feeling he will win rather than wondering how long he will last before being knocked out of the box."

Some years later Cobb told me the sequel.

"Never was a ball club put to a harder test than were the Tigers," said Ty. "For weeks, Coveleskie did things that under ordinary conditions would have had the entire club on his back. Yet, through it all, the players continued to use nothing but kind words on him. I believe it was harder for me than any of the others. It wasn't my disposition to keep quiet when I felt the wrong thing was being done. Often, at the close of the inning, I would go from my position in the field to where the warm-up pitchers of the Detroit club were stationed, rather than go back to the bench. I knew there was safety for Coveleskie from my verbal attacks in distance.

"How well our plan succeeded is proved by the fact that for years Coveleskie was a valued member of the Detroit pitching staff. Not only was he a great starting pitcher, but equally valuable in relief rôles. When our club needed some twirler to rescue a faltering pitcher, Coveleskie was the first to volunteer his services. The pitcher who had been dubbed a 'yellow' liked nothing better than to ascend the mound with the bases filled, a situation where a hit meant the ball game for the opposition.

"By proper handling we had supplied the husky Coveleskie with the one thing that he lacked—mental courage. We made him believe in himself. He had always had great natural ability, physical courage, but he had never believed in himself. Our sugar-coated methods had supplied the proper mental attitude. I firmly believe such methods would make over many an athlete who has been branded 'yellow' and passed up as a big-league possibility."

These words of wisdom uttered by the great Ty Cobb, perhaps a score of years back, are still fresh in my memory. I always think of them when, in discussing certain players, the term "yellow" is used to explain why they haven't made the grade. There are a lot of players in baseball and other sports like Harry Coveleskie, who have been unjustly called yellow and, for that reason, given little or no consideration. True, there are some athletes, with apparently every physical asset and with more than average intelligence, who fail because they have neither physical nor mental courage. But, on the other hand, many athletes who are called yellow can be made over by proper handling, thereby developing in them the proper mental attitude for success.

There are many angles to the proper mental attitude. Each is equally important to the success of the player. In this respect I recall several incidents in the career of Earl Averill, star outfielder of the Cleveland Indians, selected by the critics as the outstanding centerfielder in the major leagues.

The Deceptive Mr. Averill

I purchased Averill from the San Francisco club of the Pacific Coast League, at the close of the 1928 season. Averill cost the Cleveland club $45,000. That was quite a gamble to take on a minor leaguer. Performing in the Coast League, he appeared to have stuff out of which big-league stars are made. However, there is a difference in the pitching between the majors and the minors, even those of the highest classification. Would Averill be able to bridge over that difference? A lot of minor-league stars are often just that much short. And always, there is the matter of courage. One can get an idea of the physical courage by close study, but the mental courage is another thing. You can't look into the brain or heart of the player and determine his reactions under fire in the crisis.

(Continued on page 43)

Left, Billy Evans. Below, Earl Averill, Cleveland outfielder, who ranks with baseball's "Big Four" in slugging

Keystone

Acme

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

PAINTING THIS YEAR?

"...How soon will you have to do it again?" the DUTCH BOY asks...

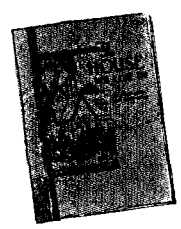
"CHEAP" PAINT
after 1 year
DUTCH BOY
after 5 years
This job one year ago cost $165. Today it will cost $30 more . . . for burning and scraping before it can be repainted. Total $195 for one year, without figuring in the cost of new priming coat needed.
This job five years ago cost $216. Same midwestern town . . . same conditions of weather and exposure. Paint is still in good condition . . . still protecting the wood. Yearly paint cost to date, only $43.

Exposed to sun and rain, sleet and snow, "cheap" paint *quickly* shows up for what it is. It breaks down. It cracks. It scales away. Too soon you have to paint again.

See the measured-in-years contrast between that kind of paint and Dutch Boy White-Lead paint, illustrated in the two photographs at the right.

The property-owner who put on "cheap" paint made a small saving *at first.* But within a year his paint job went to pieces. Already he must repaint. And that's not all. The old paint must be burned and scraped off — always an expensive job. Furthermore, a new priming coat will be needed — another extra cost. Truly, "cheap" paint costs too much.

. . .

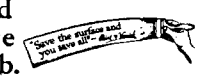


"The House We Live In" shows painting mistakes and how to avoid them. Helps you save money. Sent free on request to Dept. 12, care of nearest branch.

What a difference with the Dutch Boy job. It cost a little more, at first, it's true. But even after five years, it's still in good condition. It has already lasted five times as long as the "cheap" paint job. And it won't need burning, scraping or a new priming coat at repaint time. Dutch Boy does not crack or scale—it wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking, leaving a perfect surface for repainting.

To make *sure* of a long time paint job, choose a painter who has built a reputation for good work . . . and who uses Dutch Boy White-Lead to uphold that reputation. He mixes it specially to suit the condition of your house. He tints it to the exact color you specify. And he gives you a paint job that lasts for years, and saves you real money.

Send for booklet illustrated at left. It will help you save money on your next painting job.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 West Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Company of Pennsylvania, 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10 *USE*

DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

. . . AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

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See Firestone GUM-DIPPED TIRES MADE

At A Century of Progress

WE INVITE you to visit the Firestone Factory and Exhibition Building at "A Century of Progress," to see the interesting processes in tire manufacturing—crude rubber being prepared in the huge massing machine—cotton cords absorbing eight pounds of pure

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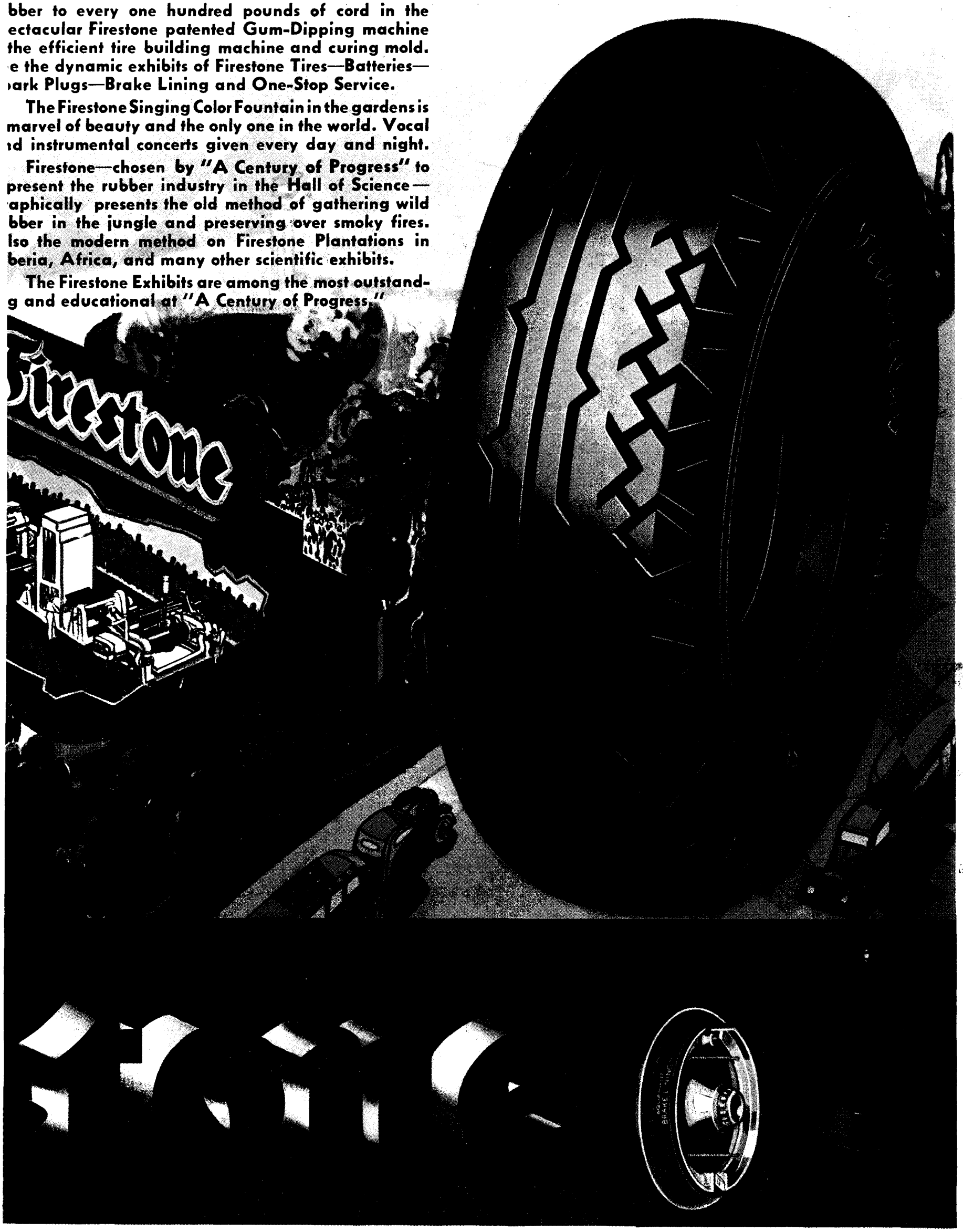
bber to every one hundred pounds of cord in the ectacular Firestone patented Gum-Dipping machine the efficient tire building machine and curing mold. e the dynamic exhibits of Firestone Tires—Batteries— ark Plugs—Brake Lining and One-Stop Service.

The Firestone Singing Color Fountain in the gardens is marvel of beauty and the only one in the world. Vocal id instrumental concerts given every day and night.

Firestone—chosen by "A Century of Progress" to present the rubber industry in the Hall of Science—aphically presents the old method of gathering wild bber in the jungle and preserving over smoky fires. lso the modern method on Firestone Plantations in beria, Africa, and many other scientific exhibits.

The Firestone Exhibits are among the most outstand-g and educational at "A Century of Progress."



Copyright, 1933, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

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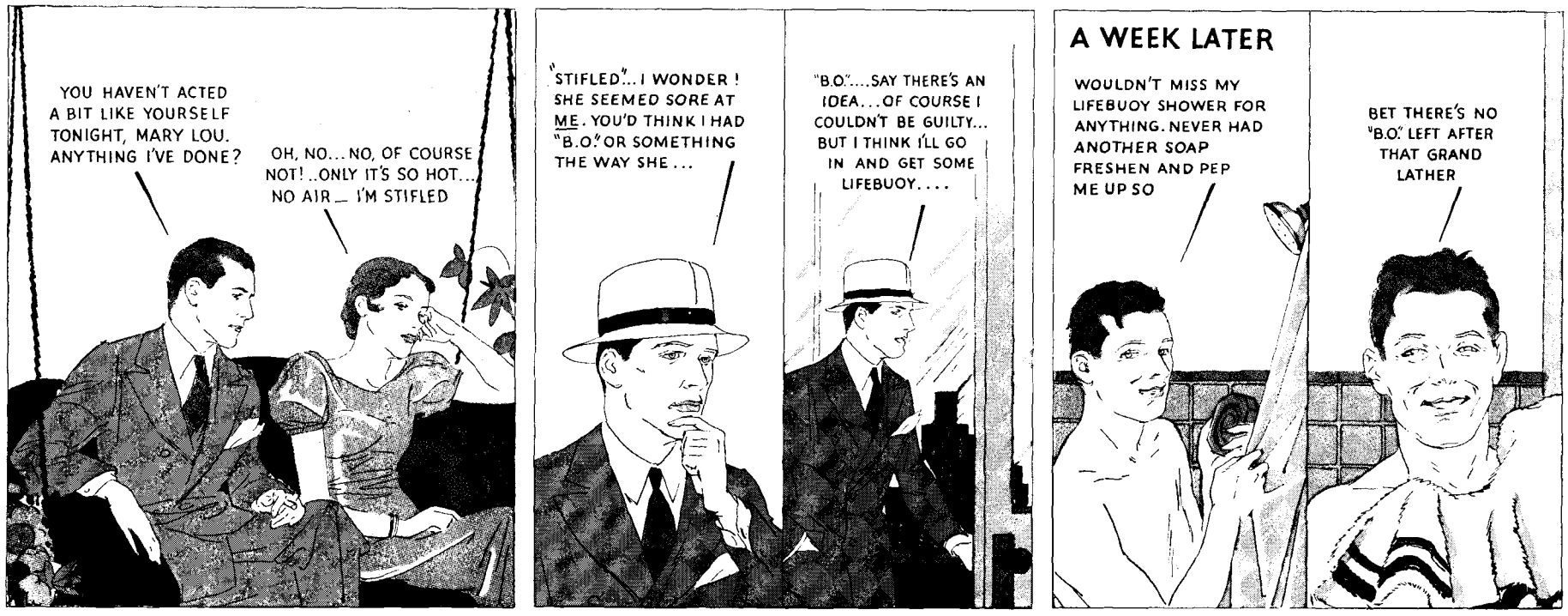
THEN A BIG IDEA HIT HIM — IDEA


YOU HAVEN'T ACTED A BIT LIKE YOURSELF TONIGHT, MARY LOU. ANYTHING I'VE DONE?
OH, NO... NO, OF COURSE NOT! ..ONLY IT'S SO HOT... NO AIR — I'M STIFLED
"STIFLED"... I WONDER! SHE SEEMED SORE AT ME. YOU'D THINK I HAD "B.O." OR SOMETHING THE WAY SHE...
"B.O."....SAY THERE'S AN IDEA...OF COURSE I COULDN'T BE GUILTY... BUT I THINK I'LL GO IN AND GET SOME LIFEBUOY....
A WEEK LATER
WOULDN'T MISS MY LIFEBUOY SHOWER FOR ANYTHING. NEVER HAD ANOTHER SOAP FRESHEN AND PEP ME UP SO
BET THERE'S NO "B.O." LEFT AFTER THAT GRAND LATHER

"B.O." GONE—*no more snubs from Mary Lou*

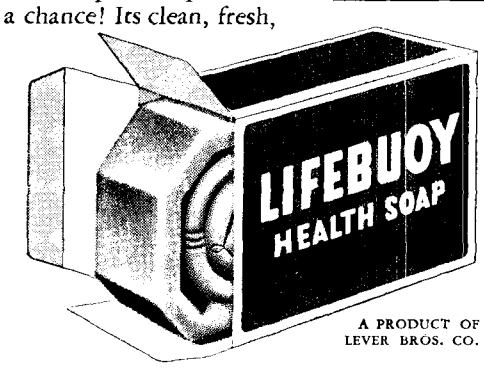
HOW ABOUT GOING SOMEWHERE TONIGHT FOR A LITTLE DANCING, MARY LOU? OR IS IT TOO HOT?
IT'S NEVER TOO HOT TO DANCE WITH THE RIGHT PERSON. SURE I'LL GO!

IT KEEPS ME DAINTY ON THE HOTTEST DAY

ON HOT, sultry, "perspiry" days, particular men and women are more careful than ever to avoid "B.O." (*body odor*). And they find it so easy to play safe by bathing regularly with Lifebuoy. Its lavish lather purifies pores to their very depths—"B.O." hasn't a chance! Its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent tells you better than words that Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection.

Tones up "tired" skins

Every night, massage Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather well into the face; then rinse. It *deep-cleanses* pores of clogged impurities that dull the skin—clears and freshens complexions to new radiance.



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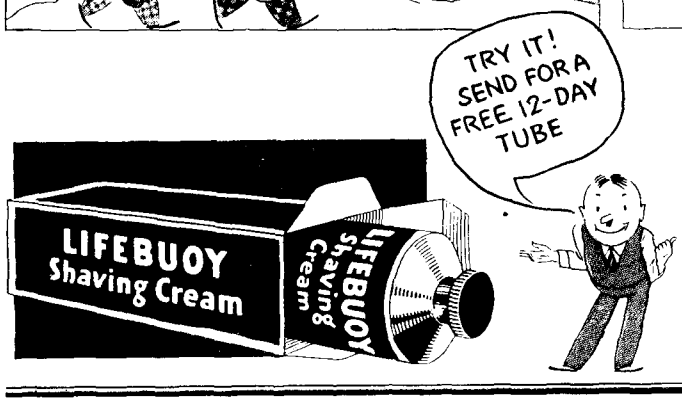
A REAL SHAVING TREAT

WHY THE BEARD, JOHN— WORKING UP A DISGUISE?
NO, JUST MY USUAL WEEK-END REST FROM SHAVING. MY BEARD'S SO TOUGH THAT CLEAN SHAVING RAISES NED WITH MY TENDER SKIN
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER SOAKS WHISKERS SOFT— MAKES CLOSE SHAVES EASY, COMFORTABLE KIND TO THE SKIN, TOO
BOY, THAT'S THE CREAM FOR ME!
I'LL SAY IT SOAKS 'EM SOFT! I CAN'T FEEL MY WHISKERS COMING OFF AND MY FACE NEVER FELT SO GOOD! SOME SHAVE!



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New lather holds 52% more moisture—gives clean, lasting, soothing shaves

TRY a Lifebuoy shave tomorrow morning—see what a difference this extra-moist lather makes. No more ordinary, thin, quick-drying lathers for you! Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather holds 52% more moisture. *Soaks whiskers soft—extra soft.* The razor mows them down clean—without bite or sting—for quick, close, 24-hour shaves. Lifebuoy soothes the skin—leaves it soft, satin-smooth and relaxed. Get the giant, cheerful red tube at your druggist's today. Or write to Lever Bros. Co., Dept. A-118, Cambridge, Mass. for a free trial tube. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

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Teamster for the Iron Horse

By George Creel

JOSEPH B. EASTMAN, Federal coordinator of the railways of the United States, comes close to being the kind of government official that people dream about. Believing implicitly that public office is really a public trust, he sleeps with one eye open and bursts into deep-mouthed bays when anybody tries to tap the till. Able, too, and the sort that regards it as a rare privilege to work overtime. Others may waste precious hours on golf and getting married, but not Joe Eastman.

Moreover, his new job fits him as skin fits the hand. For fourteen years a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, he knows the railroads down to their least sins of commission and omission. His dissenting opinions, if laid end to end, would make a five-mile shelf, for there are many things about the carriers that Mr. Eastman views with profound distaste. Particularly their financial practices.

Dummy corporations and holding companies cause him to break forth in a rash, and grandiose schemes of consolidation affect him to a point where doctors have to be called in. He doesn't like banker control, and makes no bones about declaring that the steam lines have dissipated millions in duplicative service, separate terminals and other forms of competitive waste. He's a prize nuisance, in fact, to gentlemen accustomed to having things their own way.

In spite of all this, the magnates were virtually a unit in approving the appointment. Not that they love him, but simply that they trust him and respect him, for aside from his specialized knowledge, the man happens to be the last word in absolute fairness. Joe Eastman may fight tooth and nail to keep the railroads from getting the best of it, but he is just as insistent that they shall not get the worst of it.

A Specialist in Facts

It is also the case that the magnates make excuses for Mr. Eastman on the ground that he never had a fair chance in his youth. The boy, they point out, was only twenty-two when he escaped from Amherst back in 1904, and on reaching Boston he fell into the hands of Louis D. Brandeis, Roscoe Pound, E. A. Filene, George W. Anderson and others like them. These "wild-eyed radicals" were running the Public Franchise League, a civic body organized to fight the monopolistic aggressions of the various gas, electric light and street car companies and, to quote an eminent conservative, the group soon inoculated young Eastman with their "poison."

For seven years he was their secretary, collecting the data on which to base battles for lower rates. Facts were his specialty, and still are. Others might deliver brilliant philippics from the platform, emphasizing personalities and inciting man hunts, but Joe found excitement in ledgers and balance sheets, and took his pleasure in digging up figures that would support his contentions beyond the cavil of a doubt. To this day he sits down before an annual report as though it were a slab of blueberry pie or some other favorite New England breakfast dish.

A big chap with a big round head and big round blue eyes, his shoulders humped from study, and breathing a most deceptive air of invincible mildness. No one has ever known him to indulge in abuse or engage in an acrimonious debate, yet when he ambles forward with a bunch of papers in his hand, the opposition always lets out a low moan, and looks around for the nearest storm cellar.

What Joe Eastman knows he *knows*, and until he does know he stands stock-still and all the clamor in the world cannot drive him forward. It is this quality that saves railroad presidents from the jitters, for while fearful of his "crazy ideas," they are soothed by the certainty that his "radicalism" has nothing of the hair-trigger and crack-brained about it. Like an elephant, he tests every bridge before putting his weight on it, for, as he himself sadly admits, "it's one thing to suggest general ideas, and quite another thing to work them out."

He is, for instance, a firm believer in the government ownership of the railroads, and thinks it bound to come. At the same time he resolutely refuses to push his advocacy until some authoritative agency makes a careful study of the whole transportation problem from every angle, and then puts forward a plan that is demonstrably workable. No leaping before looking, for Joseph B. Eastman! He wants to know exactly where he is going before he lifts either of his large feet.

Young Joe stood side by side with Brandeis in the fight to free New England from monopoly, and after the victory guessed as how he would take time off to finish his legal studies. Just as he was about to swing out his shingle, however, along came the street car employees of Boston, asking him to represent them in a very important arbitration proceeding.

By way of throwing light on both his industry and conscientiousness, Mr. Eastman was his own one-man staff. He gathered the evidence, argued the case, conducted the cross-examinations, and now and then took the witness stand himself to furnish figures on the cost of living, company earnings and other related facts. The chairman of the arbitration board happened to be Boston's leading banker, but such was the weight of Eastman's facts that he backed the employees at every point.

In 1914, Governor Walsh appointed the diligent Amherster a member of the Massachusetts Public Service Commission and three years later he received reappointment at the hands of Governor McCall. By 1919 his abilities were so widely recognized that President Wilson named him to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and at the expiration of the term in 1922, President Harding refused to oust him. He was again reappointed by President Hoover.

There need be no conjecture as to the use that Mr. Eastman will make of his new power, for his views are a matter of record. He believes that the railroads have done many things they should not have done, and failed to do many things they should have done. No man, however, was ever less the corporation baiter or demagogue, for while implacable where waste, pillage and inefficiencies are concerned, he has never failed to show helpful, sympathetic understanding.

The Job's What Counts

Holding to the belief that the steam lines constitute the backbone of the transportation industry, it has always been his steadfast insistence that the handicap of unfair restrictions should be removed, particularly with reference to laws that have compelled a destructive and cutthroat competition. Coöperation, as he sees it, is the one way out for the railroads, and he can be depended on to do his best to bring it about. He has said repeatedly that if they could get together without fear of anti-trust prosecutions, tremendous economies could be effected by the elimination of competitive waste.

Doing the job is the only thing that counts with Joe Eastman. Money means little to him, and he is utterly without the vanity that finds satisfaction in applause and position. Some years ago he was addressing a trade association of some kind, and by way of conclusion fixed the hard-boiled auditors with a calm, blue eye and remarked:

"It is a common belief that the desire for financial gain is the only motive which will impel men to their best endeavors. I challenge that tenet wholeheartedly. I was brought up in a minister's family; I have enjoyed the friendship of doctors, school-teachers and professors, and I have had opportunity to observe men in public life as well as many engaged in private business. It is my profound conviction that the best things which have been done in the world have been impelled by higher motives than the desire for gain."

There, in a nutshell, is the faith on which Joe Eastman has based his whole adult life. During his twenty years of public service, there has never been a time when he could not have gone into private employment at a salary far in excess of his government wage. If he were thrown out of office tomorrow, it is a certainty that he would turn away from tempting offers and root around until he found some other opportunity to carry on his supremely placid but equally courageous and unceasing fight for the public interest.

Cartoon by C. J. Post

Joe Eastman is a nuisance to men accustomed to having their own way

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Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 17

"Lots of people aren't raising families of kids. I saw today," Fanny said, "that a woman who has been feeding twenty-five hundred men a day—think of that, twenty-five hundred a *day!*—has shut down her soup kitchen. She says that you can't reach the really hungry that way, and that the men who came to her were gambling with dollar bills, and came—some of them—in their cars! It said so in the paper."

"But there must be lots you can't reach, Fan," Chris offered, his hand clinging to her hand, as she sat on the bed beside him. "You see them in subways, you pass their tenements."

"Like this one, Chris. Anyone would pity us, seeing us. Here we are, college bred, and not scared a bit, and yet 'way up in the attic of a terrible old place, with only a candle to talk by!' "

"We aren't scared a bit?" he asked.

"No-o-o-o!" said Fanny. "Tomorrow," she went on, "you lose your night nurse. So make up your mind to behave, and sleep all night."

She carried the little blue trash can downstairs; returned in slippers and pajamas, with her belted blue wrapper enveloping her. The candle was blown out; blue moonlight flooded the windows; the city below was swimming in mystical light.

"Come over here, just for a minute, Chris, and look down. Here, I'll help you. Isn't it marvelous?"

THEY stared below at the lighted, little, insignificant streets, the moving eyes of taxis and omnibuses, the spangled arches of the bridges. Boats moved on the river; Brooklyn was a wide blur of soft iridescence.

"Isn't it wonderful to be here, Chris, to belong to it?"

Chris said nothing. His wrappered shoulder rested against hers; she kept a bracing arm about him. Even this little effort exhausted him; he was breathing hard when he got back into bed. Fanny straightened his covers, shook his pillow, went to her own couch. She slept in her wrapper these nights, for even the blankets borrowed from Mamma Behrmann were not enough covering, and she must always be ready, beside, to jump up and see to her invalid. Tonight they lay awake for a while, talking from bed to bed.

"Wouldn't we have been puzzled to see this, Fanny? Ourselves, I mean, just as we are tonight—say a year ago?"

"A year ago—" she said dreamily. "Hawthorn and flag-lilies in all the gardens, and acacia and Japanese quince. And college 'finals'!"

"Weren't we the kids?"

"We seem so, now. Yes," Fanny conceded with a laugh, "I never saw myself here at the Varsis', somehow, rooming with Christopher Thring!"

"Saving the comparatively worthless life of said Christopher Thring, you mean."

"Says you."

"Says me. And also says the doctor, and also says Miss Poett."

"Miss Poett takes poetic license."

"Fanny!"

"Well, it was too good a chance. Miss Poett and Mrs. Varsi think I'm a trained nurse, and trained nurses do it all the time—pull people through, and nobody thinks much of it. You can pay me two weeks' pay at regular nursing rates some day, if you like."

"I'll owe you a lot more than that. How much money have you sunk in this room?"

"Everything here came from the 'dime,' darling. Curtains, coffeepot and all. The coffeepot came in three pieces, bringing it to a total of thirty cents; all parts sold separately, though what you'd want of the percolator alone," Fanny went on dreamily, "I've often wondered. Curtains ten cents each, rods ten cents each, bowls five, napkins ten, glasses five. I *assure* you!"

"Fanny, some day—if I live—"

"Don't talk, Chris; it starts you coughing. We've lots of time. Good night. Go right to sleep."

"You can't put it off forever," he said, in a trembling voice. Fanny elaborately snored.

THE little scene that she dreaded, that she knew was inevitable, came a few days later. The cot had gone downstairs again, the blankets and pillow had gone back to Mamma Behrmann, and Fanny climbed the long stairs to the Varsi attic only once or twice a day. She came at nine, with butter and rolls, with fresh eggs, or a rasher of bacon, with a great, pale, hard, heavy grapefruit, or strawberries firm and sweet at five cents the box. At first Chris was always in bed when she came, and had his breakfast there; there was a great day

"I'll bet you've been working on it yourself!" *Bill Holman*

when, shaking and perspiring, he was moved to the window, and could look out on roofs and sky and billowing spring clouds. After that he was always dressed to meet her, pathetically slow and broken still, but patiently eager to help with dishes, to keep things as she liked them.

She told him of the theater; it was always "fun" backstage; it never lost its thrill for her. But the work had settled down to surprising routine; she went there at eight, waited, gossiped, walked into her part, said her few audible lines and babbled her share of the studio babble that had received so much favorable comment from the critics, and then she was done. The players went home one by one, as soon as their parts were finished, quietly slipping up the dark alley, losing themselves in the river of Broadway. It was still—it would always be—exciting, but somehow it was surprisingly simple, too.

"I'd like to be in a play some day when everyone had to wait until the last act."

"You like it, don't you, Fan?"

"I love it! Everything about it!" She told him she could sometimes get tickets for unsuccessful plays. "And flops are often darned interesting, Chris. You see what not to do!"

"Where'd you get the lovely coat, Fan?"

"Salvage Shop—thirteen dollars."

"It couldn't be!"

"But it *is*. Those rich Jewesses have the handsomest things in the world, and they all send them there."

He spoke steadily, but with a little rising color.

"Men's coats, too?"

"Racks of them!" She understood, and flushed too, as she smiled at him. "Want to go there some day?"

"Yes." Chris laughed in his turn, thickly. "But not with you," he said. And then later: "You seem to have crept into this town through some obscure channel of your own, Fan, like a mouse. I believe you revel in these things that scare everyone else."

"Maybe I do!" she said, and suddenly she knew that she was in for it. He was going to talk.

Propped in pillows, he was lying on his bed, and she sat in her big chair, relaxed and resting. It was a matinée day, but Fanny could be home at an early hour, and need not leave again until after their early supper. She thought of this supper with satisfaction; everything was in the house—oyster soup, corn muffins, cherry tarts from the bakery. And Chris was well enough now to walk slowly with her to the theater, or at least to the surface car afterward.

But meanwhile he had begun:

"Move your chair over here, Fan, as you did last night, so I can hold on to you."

FANNY obliged; surrendered her hand, looked down at him smiling.

"He has to have his mamma's hand."

"He has to have his mamma's hand, Fan—" Christopher began, in sudden difficulties with voice and lips, "this is something I have to say to you. It's the hardest thing I ever said to anyone."

"Don't—don't say it," said Fanny, very low.

"I've got to say it; you know I have. I was days getting onto it, Fan," Chris said, not looking at her. "I was days thinking that it was just—dreaming. I'd rouse up and see you—outlined against the windows, in your blue apron—"

He stopped. Fanny did not speak. She felt his hand patting her hand.

"Well," he began again, after a space, "then I began to realize what had happened—that you'd tracked me through the laundry—climbed up these stairs, gotten a doctor—ice—

"And I laughed at you because you 'forgot' your first chance!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Fanny, her eyes dazzled with tears.

"Listen, I'll begin it this way," Chris presently recommenced.

"Begin it? You've finished it! Why, Chris, I know how you feel!" Fanny broke in.

"No, you don't. I'll begin it this way," Chris repeated, slapping gently at her hand. "Some day I'm going to make good. Some day I'll have something—something to offer you. And then—"

He stopped. "And *until* then, Fan, there's nothing to say," he recommenced. "I can't—I haven't even a job. But other men have been down and out—

"Perhaps what I'm trying to say is that I'll remember it all—and that there'll never be any other woman—any other woman fit to black your shoes, as far as I'm concerned—

"You've got me crying again. I'm so—damn' *weak*—"

"How do you mean about—any other woman?" Fanny asked, clearing her throat.

Chris was looking at her now; looking straight at her. His thin fingers were still holding her hand.

"You know what I mean."

QUITE suddenly Fanny seemed to lose all her bearings. She slid to her knees beside him, and Chris put an arm about her.

"Oh, what are you afraid of, darling?" she whispered. "Why need we wait? Why wait until you've made a lot of money that I don't want—why lose all this wonderful time? I can't leave you now, Chris; I'd only worry about you!

"You'll find your job, and I'll go back to mine, and it'll be days—weeks before we see each other; it'll get less and less, as it did before. And everything I'll be doing will be cut in half, because you're not there; every time I find an old book store, or look at a view, or get up early to see the sun rise, or every time there's thunder—or snow—"

"Why, Fan, you complete little fool," Chris said slowly, gently, as she paused, "you complete little fool, what are you talking about?"

"Us!" she said recklessly. "It's been so wonderful, being here with you, Chris—even sick! It's where I belong."

"I haven't a job; I haven't a cent, Fan," he said slowly, his thin brown hand stroking her hair.

"But you *will* have!"

"You don't think I'm looking forward to living here without you, do you? It's killing me, to think of our not breakfasting together, of your not coming up these stairs every night."

"Well—!" Fanny laughed triumphantly, but her lashes were wet.

"Look what you've done for me, Fan! How could I take advantage of you now, let you marry me, and run the risk of hardships?"

"But don't you see, if we were together, Chris, there wouldn't be any hardships!"

"Here—you don't mean in this place?"

"Why not? I've come to love this room, Chris. I don't mind the faucet being out in the hall, and the candles. We'll buy a student lamp, with a green shade; we'll get things in second-hand stores. It'll all be wonderful—if only I don't have to be lonely again!"

(Continued on page 32)

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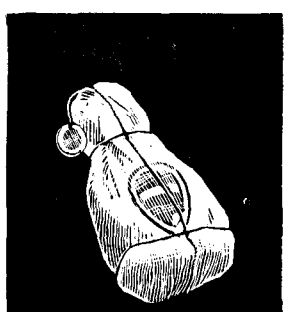
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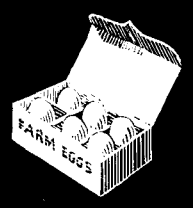

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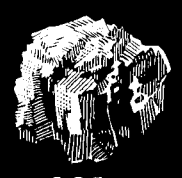
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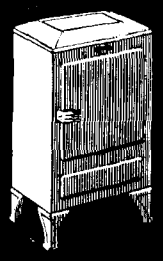
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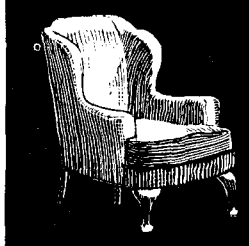
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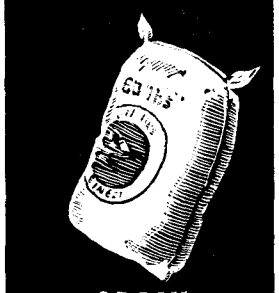
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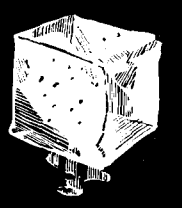
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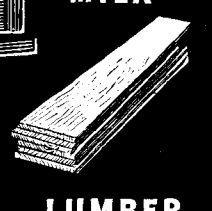
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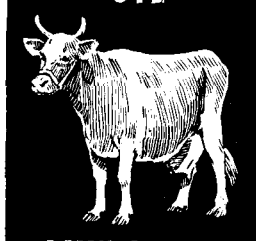
TIRES

OIL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SAVE WITH CHEVROLET SIX-CYLINDER OVERHEAD VALVE TRUCKS

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Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 30

There was a pause.

"Fan, isn't it just your incredible sweetness, my dear, your generosity? It used to be Mack, didn't it?"

"Mack! Chris, you poor sap," Fanny said vigorously, "it was always you. You used to talk of the four of us, and I used to marvel that you could carry it just so far, and then stop. You'd say that Mack loved me, and Madge loved Mack, and you loved Madge—and you never went on—you never finished it and said, 'Then who's left for Fanny to love?' It's always been that way, Chris—from the beginning. I can't think when I—when I didn't."

"Didn't what, Fan?" Chris asked.

"Love you, my dear," Fan whispered, her fingers tight in his, her eyes very close to his own.

"Oh, you can't, Fan," Chris said thickly. "You're such a—such a star; you've something! You've a job, you're a success—"

"This time next week I may not have a job. The notices are up," Fanny told him.

"You're the most wonderful woman I ever knew!" Chris said, watching her, thinking aloud.

"As wonderful as Madge?"

"Madge!" He smiled, his eyes narrowing as he looked away. "Doesn't all that seem long ago—kid stuff?" he asked, musingly. "Sundaes at Sticky's, picnics up on the hills under the oaks—*gosh!*"

There was a long silence. Then Chris smiled at her the smile she loved, and asked simply:

"How much money have we, Fan?"

"I have about fifty dollars, and salary Saturday night thirty-five more. What have you, Chris?"

"About six, I think." Suddenly he laughed. "Fanny," he asked, "will you marry me, dear? We seem to be the only survivors—we've got to hang together."

"Oh, Chris, I'm so happy!" Fanny laughed, her wet face against his.

"You mean you'll be here—belong here, getting breakfast with me, staying at night?" Chris marveled, still in the tone of one thinking aloud. "It's—it's crazy, I guess. But Fanny, I'll be able to start looking for something to do tomorrow. How soon afterward?"

"Oh, we'll be married today," Fanny told him, sitting back on her heels, drying her eyes.

IT WAS happiness, complete happiness, yesterday, today, tomorrow, and Fanny never thought beyond these three. She had been happy all her life; she told Chris that she needed new words for what she felt now. Her gayety of mood infected him, and the days of his convalescence, the first of their marriage, were a time of iridescent beauty—of quivering lights and exquisite discoveries almost too sweet for human hearts to endure.

In the beginning Chris was still her invalid; she made him obey orders. After his first hard days of job-hunting, when he came back exhausted for dinner, she made him go to bed, ran off to her theater in the early dark, leaving him busy with his supper and his book. They had a green-shaded lamp now, and a rug; Chris had a tobacco jar from the "dime," and Fanny a sewing-basket. And for the present the cot had come back.

"I'm running this marriage!" Fanny told him, on her wedding night.

"For the moment," Chris conceded, weary and content in his pillows. "I'll presently take it over."

"I suppose so!" She was very busy with her supper preparations, her plans. "We'll have a bookcase put up here, Chris, and when the show closes I'll sit here sewing in the evenings, and you can read aloud."

"Library books."

"Well, and books from the second-hand stores."

"When the show closes," he thought, "you won't have any job." But he did not say these things any more. It was too good to get well, to watch her moving about in the mellow light of the spring afternoon, to hear the kettle singing, and the mourning doves outside the window on the slanting roof.

"We could live for six weeks on what we have, so why fret?" she said once, calmly.

"How do you mean live for six weeks?"

"Well—! Our rent is ten dollars," she figured, "our food, at present, about a dollar a day; that's on account of your milk."

"How could it ever be less, Fan?"

"Less than a dollar a day—*food?*" she would demand, with widened eyes. "It could be half that! There's a Russian woman in the next house, Chris," Fanny told him one night, when she was busy at the dish pan, and Chris was lying idly watching her rounded young arms, the curve of her neck where the tawny hair was bunched, the fine straight line of her chin. "There's a Russian woman next door who boards thirty men at five dollars a month."

"Week, you mean."

"*Month.*"

"Good God!" Chris ejaculated under his breath. "What do you suppose she gives 'em?"

"Soup. It looked very good. It had beets and beet greens and beans and everything you ever heard of in it. And black bread and cheese and weak tea in thin glasses."

"Well, you could live on that."

"They *do* live on that!"

"But we haven't come to that yet, Fan."

SHE loved the "we." She loved everything that reminded her that she and Chris were one now. When he had gone obediently asleep in his broad bed, on their wedding night, she lay wakeful, steeped in unutterable peace. After a while she held her left hand up, and the moonshine that came in through the opened window touched the plain ring with a flint of light.

The days went by, and he was well. The happy night came when he could come home rather sheepishly grinning over his new job: fourteen dollars a week, and hard work, but it was a job.

"They asked me if I was married, Fan, and it seemed so funny to think of you, up here in this attic baking potatoes for dinner, and to say 'yes.' The man—Jackson, his name is—asked me if my wife could live on that, and I said yes, *my* wife could. Wasn't it decent of him to worry about it a little?"

"I TELL you, that's New York!" Fanny said.

"When does my nurse, with her doubly qualified cot, move out and my wife move in?"

"Oh—'long in here, some time. And don't use words like that!" Her tone, over her shoulder, was casual. Chris, beside her at the window sill, turned her face about with his big hard hand, and forced her lips to his, and Fanny felt that her ribs would crack under his embrace.

This window sill was one of her favorite places. She loved to idle there, looking down at the city, exulting in height and safety far above it.

"It loves us because we've licked it, Chris."

"But wouldn't that make it hate us?" There were hours in these amazing days when he felt himself as oddly unafraid as she; moods when he liked to dawdle up here at the window, idly smoking, complacently staring down at the world.

"No; it's so contrary that it makes itself love us!" His free arm was about her; her tousled bright head rested against his shoulder.

"A word in your ear, Madam. The cot disappears while you're at the matinée this afternoon."

"Say you so?"

"And I meet you at the theater after the show tonight, and take you to dinner."

"Oh, Chris, could you? Are you well enough? It'd be such fun—our first dinner together! I'm free by nine-fifteen."

"I'll be there at nine-fifteen."

"And how'll I know you? Will you wear a white carnation?"

"You'll know me all right!" Chris said. There was an odd look in his eyes; it brought the bright, happy color to Fanny's transparent skin.

"For the first time," she told him, "I'm beginning to fear this whole thing is a mistake."

"Think what you like," Chris said; "I'm running things now."

IT WAS only two days later that Fanny had a letter from Madge, forwarded from the Behrmann house to the theater.

She opened it in the dressing-room, in all the confusion that immediately preceded the play.

It was long, gossipy, confidential. It took no note of the breach that there had been in the relationship between them; Madge's hurried departure with no word to Fanny, her oddly unsatisfactory behavior before she left.

"Fanny dearest," wrote Madge on the seventh page, "all this will explain to you what I began with—that we're not married and not going to be. Mack's the darlingest thing alive; I know that, but I just couldn't do it when it came right down to cases. He's to go to New York—won't it be funny when we four are all together again!

"For, Fan, I'm coming back. Berkeley is simply too dead after all the excitement there, and I'm determined to go in for my puppet work in a big way this time; no more fooling.

"Chris'll be there too—may be there now. He wrote me in January from Australia that he was heading for home. And it was always Chris with me, Fan, even though I wasn't smart enough to know it. There'll never be anyone else, and what does money matter after all? I'm twenty-one now, and Grandma's three hundred a month will be lots; the main thing is to have discovered, and discovered in time, that it wasn't Mack, it was only Chris. And the absurdity is that Chris asked me—asked me twice, he won't mind your knowing that, darling. Only I didn't have sense enough to know what I wanted! And there are others—there've been several, just this winter, and it all helps me to know that there's no one but Chris.

"So expect to be a bridesmaid one of these days, and to be the person our family loves best. Oh, Fan, it will be fun! We'll have little parties, and go places together. Mother doesn't know all of this, but when Chris is back, and we've seen each other and made our plans, I'll wire her and she'll come on—probably on a long vacation. So meanwhile do look up some cute little diggings where you and I can be together, and believe me always your lovingest Madge."

FANNY stood still for a long time, the letter crushed in her hand, the confusion of the dressing-room surging about her. The light seemed to go out of the world slowly; she felt a certain coldness at her heart.

Madge again—and the little idyll that she and Chris were sharing shadowed by Madge's complacent three hundred a month! They had to work so hard for their little; she could take her much so serenely for granted! Madge—whom Chris had certainly loved, less than a year ago, whom Chris had asked to marry him—back in their lives again!

"I could stand ten depressions better than I can one Madge!" Fanny said half aloud.

"Listen, get a move on, honey," said old Rita Reynolds, who played the aunt. "First call ever so long ago!"

"Oh, thanks," Fanny said, rousing. "I'll be ready!"

(To be continued next week)

"Margaret, somehow I feel guilty listening to this program. We don't use their steam shovels, you know"

Gregory d'Alessio

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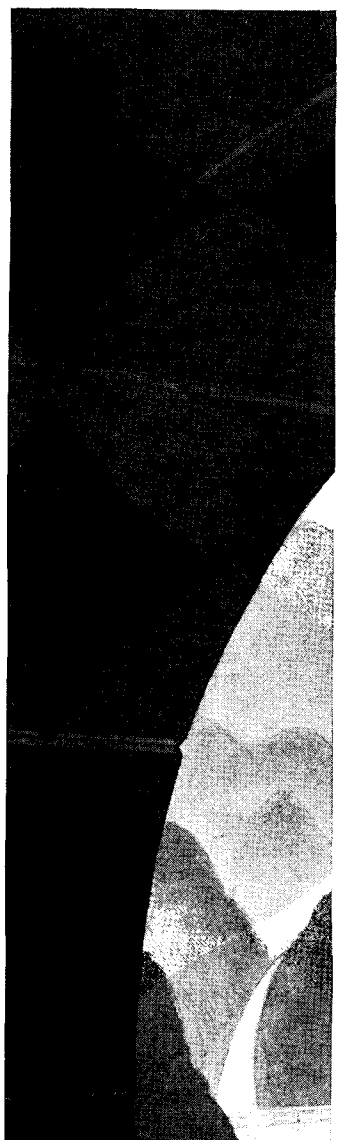

To people who know fine motor cars, the biggest good news of the year is the *value* of the 1933 Chryslers. *The finest Chryslers ever built are selling at the lowest prices in history.*

Chrysler Six Sedan, $785. The Six has 117 inches of comfort-giving wheelbase . . . a big, powerful 83 horsepower engine. It is smartly long and low-swung. It has a wealth of ultra-modern features like the all-silent transmission, Oilite squeak-proof springs, and alloy steel inserts that practically eliminate valve grinding.

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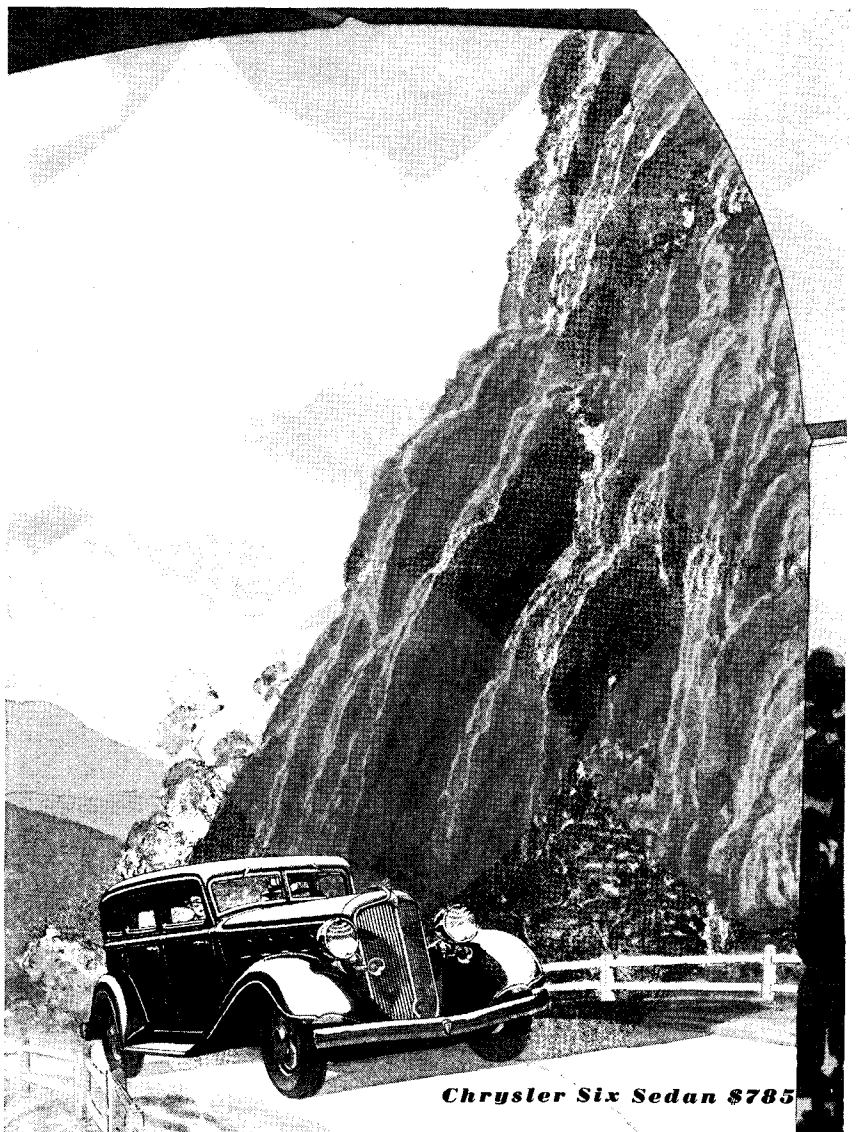
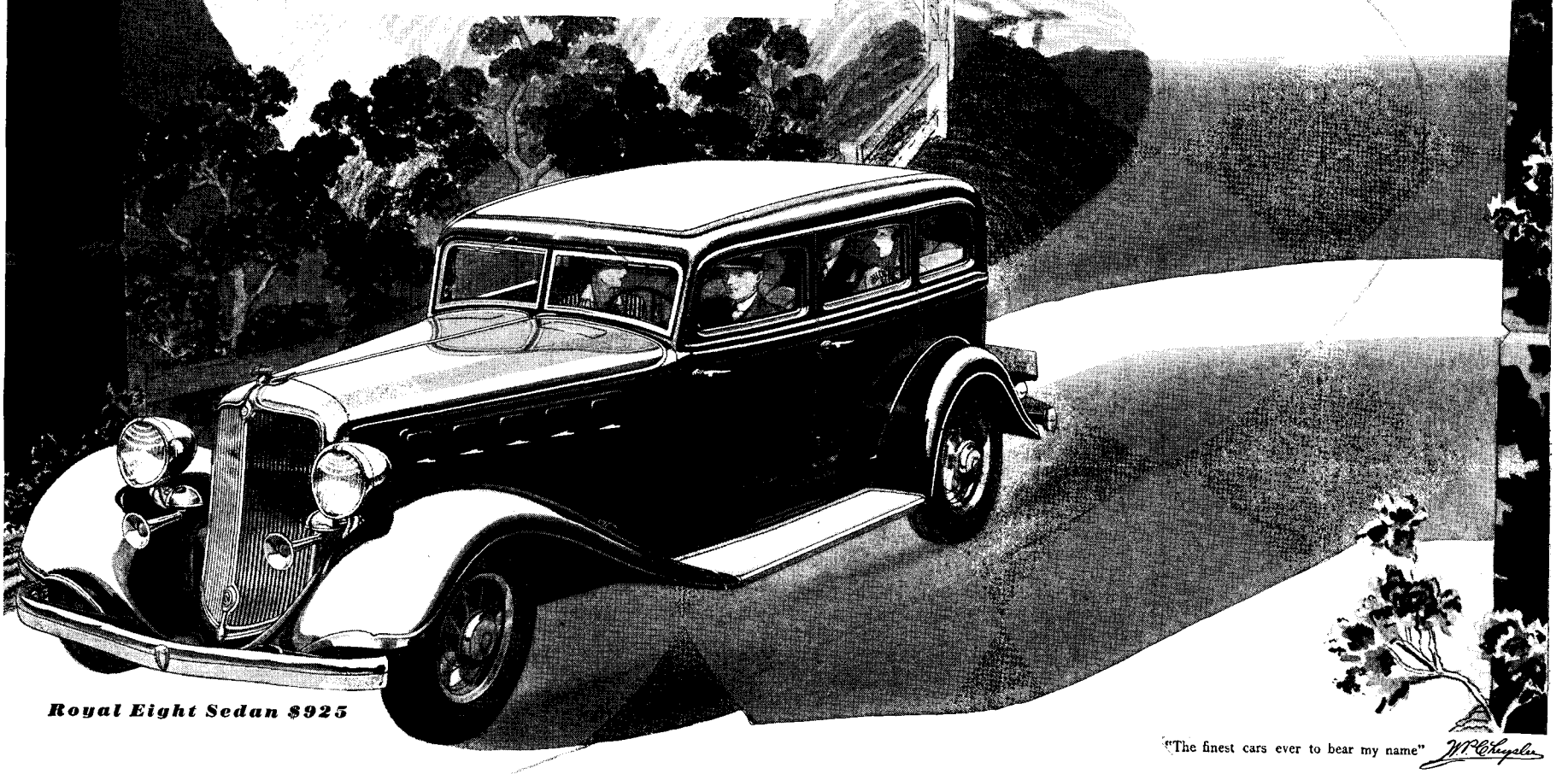


Chrysler Six Sedan $785



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"Time enough to consider it when we are clear," answered Hugh.

"Hugh, you wouldn't be running, would you, if I hadn't gotten in your road? No, I'm pretty sure of it. You'd be circling the edges, waiting to hit back."

"Presently occupied doing just that," said Tracy.

"See what trouble a woman can make," Lynn murmured. "Yet all I can say is that I am in your hands—and glad of it."

"Forward."

Out of the distance lifted the thin echo of a distant shot. Only one, fading down the sides of the peak. It brought the startled look back into the girl's eyes; but Hugh, alert, nodded his head slowly. "That places part of the bunch. Right behind us. Here we go, Lynn."

Going along with his attention fixed outward, he reflected that this girl, whose perceptions were so direct and to the point, had laid the situation clear enough; but for her presence in his affairs he would not now be pointed southward out of the fight. In effect, he was running away—and would continue to run as long as she had need of him.

Yet with this fact so definitely established, Hugh Tracy felt neither regret nor resentment. He knew that he would go on with the girl, see her to safety. Turning, he found her eyes fixed on him with an oddly level, steady light. When he resumed his frontwise survey it was to feel a sweeping access of energy and anger.

Her voice came ahead with a small musical lift: "Was that scowl for me or for the universe, Hugh?"

"Was I?"

"Didn't know you were? That means some long-range thinking. What about, Hugh?"

"Better not say."

"Good or bad thoughts?"

"Sort of like a mirage—mighty nice but not permanent."

There was no answer for a long while. But, deeper in the shaded silence, she said, wistfully: "Usually some foundation for a mirage, Hugh. That water floating in the sky comes from a river somewhere actually running."

"Too far off for a thirsty fellow."

"Hugh," she said, "there's a streak of unhappiness in you. Why?"

IT WAS some little time before he answered that, and then very slowly: "I should like to believe in many good things and can't see my way clear to do it. Ever notice a horse barred from a green field, looking in with his lips puckered up?"

"You've had to fight fire with fire too long," said the girl thoughtfully. "And I wonder it hasn't made you more bitter than you are. Listen, Hugh, if you believe in the Powder philosophy of strong hand winning, and if there is something you want real bad, why don't you reach out and take it?"

"Things worth having don't come that way," replied Hugh promptly.

"Then," said Lynn, voice quickening, "you are not the savage you think you are."

"Which leaves us right where we started."

"No," said the girl, "it doesn't."

"About this being a savage. What if I were?"

Lynn Isherwood said quietly, "It would make no difference—to me."

"Wait here."

The trail pitched up to a square clearing not more than an acre in extent. Halted on the margin of it, Tracy studied its edges cautiously, glance digging into the farther alleyways of pine. After a moment he went across it, saw nothing and motioned for the girl to come along. By degrees the trail fell off from the south to the southwest; and

Starlight Rider

Continued from page 21

ahead of them, masked by the timber but nevertheless indicated by the contour of the earth, was the beginning of a pass that struck directly through the up-thrust terrain. By ten o'clock they had arrived in the heaviest of the Mogul country; at noon, going at no more than a walk, they came to the lower stages of the pass. Tracy turned off and led the way up a stringer of land that ended in a shelf. The country through which they had traveled all that morning ran away below them, gulch criss-crossing gulch. Out of the depths came a swift and passing beam of light. Instantly Tracy focussed his attention on the spot.

"Sun hit some bright metal," he muttered. "Now look yonder at that little meadow."

She saw them, following his outstretched arm; a column of them, single file, going without haste over the open. "Hugh," she said, "it doesn't look to be such a big party."

"That's the trouble," answered Tracy. "Tade's split his men. He knows he's on the right track and he suspects what I'm aiming to do. Unless I'm wide of the mark, he's figuring to get around us."

Meanwhile his running glance passed slowly off to the westward—to the heaving summits in the yonder distance.

"What does Tade think you're going to do, Hugh?"

"Cross over this summit to the west and fade into that country," replied the man, eyes narrowed against the down-plunging sun-shafts. "Over there the timber runs on for better than fifty miles, clear to the state line. If we make it we're out of the Powder complete and Tade can't afford to follow. We're clear. Otherwise—"

"Otherwise we're going to run into something different on to the south?"

Suddenly he lifted his long arm to the west. "Away ahead. Above this snag. Follow past it to that patch of yellow you can just see."

But she shook her head after a prolonged inspection. "Don't see anything."

"Nevertheless, there's a party filing into Fremont Basin, which is where this pass lets out. If we tackled the pass we'd run right into them. We've got to continue due south, which is not so good."

"Why?"

"There's a stretch of open desert away ahead of us. If we can't cross this peak country and go west we'll have to cross the desert. That's what Tade is working for right now."

A LONG riding silence fell between them as they traveled through the afternoon, on and on into the sustained quiet of the trees. All that broke it was the slow stamp of hoofs, the slight squeal of leather and the little jingle of bridle chains. Once, around two o'clock, they arrived at a bubbling spring and stopped for a drink.

Afterwards, resuming the flight, Tracy left what seemed the fairest trail and began a venture along one half-obliterated runway and another. Now they were tending steadily downward, by degrees the underbrush lessened and they passed into an unending prospect of sienna-red pine trunks shooting up from a thick carpet of forest mold.

Finally Lynn understood the meaning of the apparent zigzag advance. Along a vista she viewed the up-slanting sides of a butte; Tracy motioned her to stay in place and spurred forward to quick slopes that achieved a bare and broken top partially in sight.

He came back a good quarter-hour later, fine sweat cropping out on his forehead and heavy angles around the lip corners. "Onward, Christian soldiers. By any chance do you happen to miss breakfast and dinner?"

"Hadn't given them a thought," lied Lynn.

"Good girl! It's a long time between drinks and we're going to move a little faster."

"Trouble in sight?"

"Nothing to speak of," said Hugh.

But she was not deceived, for when they got into motion again she saw the direction change. Hugh veered off from the east and pointed directly south once more. Passing by the butte, they went between the walls of a rocky gulch and on into a changed terrain. It was such a country to which the west often applied the label "devil's garden," with ample fitness. There was no apparent open trail through this maze of strewn slabs and great barriers of basaltic rock

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Thirsty camels in the desert often develop an almost unbelievable "nose for water." When given a free rein, they have been known to lead lost caravans straight to oases more than 100 miles away.

The achievements of mankind worthy of historical record through the ages have taken place in only a few small sections of the world. In fact, 90 per cent of all history books are about Europe, which comprises only 7 per cent of the earth's land area.

India has a novel business system in the "management agency" which handles the financing, buying, advertising, selling, auditing and litigation of competing and non-competing companies. It is so successful that in Calcutta alone 36 of these agencies direct the affairs of 385 large corporations.

America's most voluminous patent was granted to the inventor of a calculating machine on August 4, 1931, nearly 19 years after the application was filed. It comprises 245 pages—including 40 of drawings and 99 of specifications—and makes 975 claims. *—By Mrs. John Butz, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

The Christian world has never adopted one uniform Bible. Even today there are ten different versions in use: Roman Catholic, Orthodox Greek Catholic, Syrian, Abyssinian or Ethiopian, Egyptian or Coptic, Gregorian or Armenian, Latter Day Saints', Episcopal, Lutheran and Protestant.

After whales in the arctic regions have breathed fresh air for about 12 minutes, their blood is so aërated that they are able to go to sleep under the ice for several hours—without breathing.*—By Dr. E. I. Ives, Little Falls, New Jersey.*

Despite the fact that cultured pearls sell for about half the price of natural pearls, technical experts using chemicals, X-rays and ultra-violet rays have been unable to detect any difference between them.

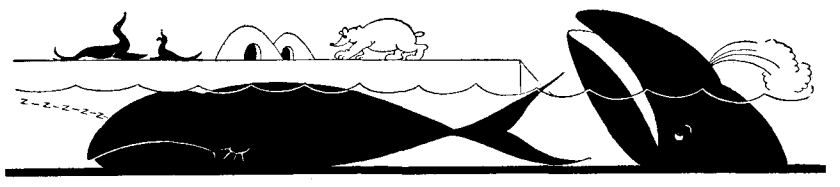
In Abyssinia every man before marriage must obtain a "guarantor," an older man who swears under oath that he will financially compensate the wife throughout her life whenever the husband fails to fulfill a promise or mistreats her in any way. *—By Anne Dorrance, Dallas, Pennsylvania.*

Not only are all our professions overcrowded but colleges can no longer handle the rapidly growing number of students seeking professional degrees. For example, the medical schools of the United States and Canada are not prepared to admit more than 7,000 of the 16,000 candidates who wish to enter them this autumn.

The most picturesque old-world festival held in America is the Feast of St. Anthony, which is celebrated every September in "Little Italy" of New York City. The feature of the parade is a gigantic, seven-story monument—with a statue on its top and a brass band on its base—that a large body of men carry on their shoulders.

Infectious diseases are known to have long periods of latency during which the bacilli do not manifest any signs of existence or even incubate in the infected person. One of the most remarkable cases on record is that of a man who became leprous 40 years after his one and only exposure to the disease.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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cliffs lifting from thirty to a hundred feet above them. One narrow chasm after another marched to an obvious blind end; yet at each such end Tracy always swung into some sort of avenue or tunnel that led forward.

In spite of the tortuous route, Tracy kept the ponies at a trot, charging down the straightaways, idling around the bends until Lynn's head grew dizzy with the constant strain of anticipated trouble; and so wrapped up in it was she that sundown came unawares and dusk followed the blue-shot summer's twilight. Tracy left her again to climb a more accessible promontory. When he returned his body was only a faint silhouette above the horse.

"Tired?"

"No," said Lynn.

"You're not deceiving me any," said Tracy gently. "But we'll have to go on for a while yet."

FULL dark dropped without warning and there was only a faint strip of starlight above—a crooked strip cut out by the narrow gorge rims. For a space she tried to rein the pony after Tracy but it only seemed to make the animal stumble, so she gave up the attempt and let it have free head. Weariness arrived soon enough, leaving her spine numb and her arms heavy. Once she thought she slept, for Tracy's words came to her with a sort of continued effect, as if he had been speaking before.

They reached an open area where the color of the night turned gray and a gust of wind struck them slantwise. But it was of short duration and after that they appeared to descend into still greater depths of this tortured land. A rolling, spraying sound came from ahead and Tracy said, "duck." Immediately afterwards the fine film of a waterfall covered her, shocked her out of the lethargy into which she had fallen.

They were stopping a great deal and in each pause she vaguely saw Tracy's body bending forward in the saddle as if to penetrate the pall ahead. And each time they pressed on, his voice would run gently behind him. She knew he was reassuring her, buoying her up.

These thoughts rose in her slowly over the long interval, to provide a kind of anæsthesia against the strain of the flight. Thrown back upon herself she lost all sense of the passing hours and thus at last woke with a start to find the forward motion stopped. Her pony stood jaded on the sightless trail. Tracy was gone. It was with some effort that she repressed the quick desire to call out and dispel the feeling of being utterly alone; yet she did, at last catching a sound of Tracy roving somewhere ahead. When he returned it was to drift beside her, his shape quite blurred in the black.

"We camp here," he said.

Plainly there was a disappointment in his voice and she fought back her weariness to answer him: "If you're worrying about me, don't. I can go on."

"Not now. We've traveled as far as we dare without sight of something. Follow me."

He went ahead slowly for a hundred yards and Lynn, close behind, felt some great shape envelop her. If anything, the density of the night increased. Tracy was down. His helping hand reached up to her and guided her to the uncertain ground. "Stay here," he murmured. He was away again, this time with the horses. Cold wind poured like water along some natural crevice to cut through her clothing; looking above she saw a wider patch of sky and from that judged they had reached a more open area. Tracy's murmured reassurance arrived ahead of him. He touched her and drew her with him. The bite of the wind suddenly ceased and his talk rang back with a hollow, sounding-board effect.

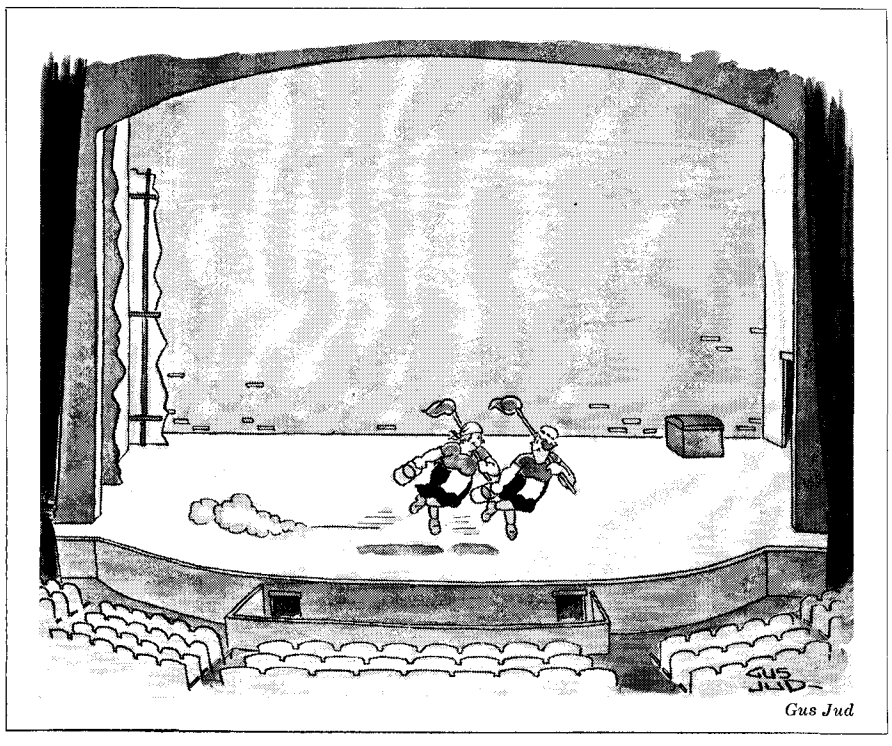
"Natural room in the side of the cliff. Duck your head, Lynn."

Her shoulder points scraped the jaws of a narrow aperture. Inside, she somehow felt that the ceiling of this vault swept away from her. Tracy led her on, placed her against a wall. "We can afford to have a little fire in here. I'll only be gone a moment."

BUT the moment stretched out dismally. The oddest of sounds filled this cavern, a subdued muttering and bubbling and groaning that appeared to rise from beneath her feet. It was nothing more than the wind currents playing across the mouth of the cavern and making a sort of vast musical jug out of it. Tracy tramped noisily along the corridor and entered the vault, dropping something to the floor.

Match-light burst the black and a little raveling flame shot upward from an arranged pile of sage stems and pine branches. But the incipient fire immediately dropped back to a sulky glow, finding no draught of air to fan it. Tracy tried again, grumbling to himself. Presently the pitch particles on the pine branches caught and sputtered

(Continued on page 36)



Gus Jud

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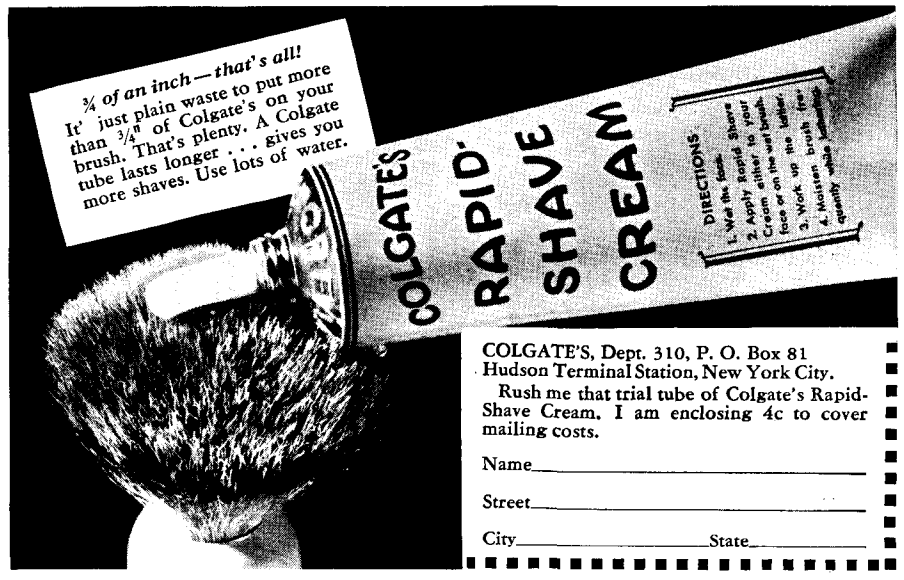
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HE'LL NEVER BE ASKED AGAIN

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Everybody was glad he came—until two or three days later.

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(Continued from page 35)

and the girl saw Tracy's face outlined in the thin blaze with a sort of saturnine care on it. Going over, she dropped to her knees and watched his fingers feeding in the more inflammable twigs.

"The Good Lord," went on Tracy, squinting at his chore, "provided a natural line-rider's cabin here. But I doubt if there's anybody beside myself that knows of it. I ran into it one winter, badly needing some shelter."

"Won't the fire show, outside?"

"No. The passageway is crooked enough to block the light."

The blaze grew by fitful assaults on the wood. Tracy laid on half a dozen substantial broken jack-pine branches and went out again, presently returning with the saddles and saddle blankets. He laid both blankets neatly on the floor. "Your bed," said he. "And I'm sorry I forgot about the springs and mattress."

"One blanket for you," answered Lynn.

"I'll be outside, keeping an eye peeled," said Hugh after a silence.

LYNN rose suddenly and went around him. She took up one of the blankets, came back and laid it on the floor, thus making two beds, with the fire between them. "Hugh," she said quietly, "you are not being as direct as I expect you to be. There's no need of a guard and you know it. The subterfuge isn't really necessary."

Hugn Tracy looked up to her. "There's only the fire between those two blankets, Lynn."

"Even that isn't necessary."

"I'm not so sure," muttered Tracy, staring into the heart of the flames. Oddly brusque, he went on: "It is better than midnight. And we'll have to be on our way by four o'clock. Better rest."

She sank down with a small amused sound of discomfort and slowly pulled off her boots. "You'll sleep in here, Hugh, and I'll be the more comfortable for knowing it. Wouldn't it be silly of me to send you outside? I'm not an old maid."

Cross-legged by the fire, he rolled a cigarette and sorted out a glowing twig to light it. The girl struggled out of her coat, folded it for a pillow; she loosened the leg lacings of her riding breeches, pulled the blanket around her, Indian fashion, and clasped her hands about her knees. Blood-red shadows danced shutter-like on the suggestion of walls to either side of them; yet seemingly they were in the core of a sphere that had no definite circumference. All that was tangible was the fire and these two people about it.

The girl watched Tracy's face, finding the rugged bronze of its surface overlain by troubled imprints. Leaning forward she spoke gently to him: "Never worry. What happens will happen. We have had the day together—and that is something, to me."

"Ahead of us," said Tracy, reflectively, "is a bad piece. We've got within shouting distance of the desert. In the morning we'll have to cross—before clear daylight comes. It's only about a mile wide and there's plenty of shelter on the farther edge. But we wasted a lot of time coming along the rough country and it's likely Shadrow will have men posted out there now. That's why I didn't go on tonight. Couldn't afford to run into his crew on the trail."

"It's up to you. But will daylight be any better?"

"There's an old Apache trick of waiting till just before first light comes in the morning. Most Indians attacked at that hour, figuring the other side to be worn down to sleep. That's when we'll try. The TS crowd will be asleep—I hope."

"Otherwise we run and pray?"

"It's certain we'll run."

Tracy took to poking the ashes with a stem of sage. "Lynn, you have no relatives left, outside of Tade?"

"No."

A little show of amusement appeared on his face.

"Tade's got no kin except you. Ever stop to think, Lynn, that unless he wills it formally otherwise, you're the inheritor of that ranch?"

"What an encouraging thought," said the girl. "Have you a pencil and such a thing as a paper?"

He produced the pencil readily, but searched himself at length for the paper, finally producing a rectangular slip which he passed over with an accompanying explanation. "Long time ago I took that blank check and started for Antelope to buy some cows, which was to be the beginning of my own ranchin' ventures. I never reached Antelope. They nailed me with a 30-30 from the rim and Bill Vivian found me six hours later, same as dead. That was the shot which set off all this. And the check's still blank. Always will be now."

She made a few stray lines on the clear side and suddenly gave over the attempt. Unconsciously she put these things beside her blanket instead of giving them back to him. "Good night, Hugh."

For the first time this last hour, he allowed himself a full and free glance at her. The ash hair lay loosely beautiful on her head and she sat with her small, definite shoulders a little forward while the firelight brought out the robust, alluring symmetry of her throat and breast. The languor of physical weariness softened her face. Heavy lidded, her eyes met him squarely with the oddest of lights in them, enigmatic and warm; and her lips were drawn half apart, smiling.

"Good night," said Tracy.

SUDDENLY she held out her hand and he took it, gripped it and leaned forward, seeing the pulse in the hollow of her throat beat more swiftly.

"Lynn—" he muttered, and bore down on himself with all the iron pressure of his will. "I warned you," he said, roughly.

Her hand remained still; all her body was quiet.

"There's something in your mind," said Tracy and waited for an answer, black head bent at her, doggedly trying to read what was in her face. Yet what he found was elusive, smilingly hidden. And finally he drew back his hand. Her own dropped to the blanket. She said, gravely:

"I was wondering if I could believe you when you said that you took nothing by force—that nothing gained by force was permanent. Well, Hugh, I do believe you—now." Lying back, she pulled her saddle under her head, wrapped the blanket around her. Hugh leaned forward to fold it across her feet. The gray-blue regard reached up to him slantwise, almost closed out by her heavy lids.

"Lynn," he muttered, "never do that again. It might have turned out another way."

"So? Yet it didn't, Hugh, and this is the happy end of an unhappy day. You've a right to spank me. But I'll sleep soundly, knowing you're here. Wake me when you want."

She was asleep as soon as the words were spoken, half curled in the blanket and one hand stretched toward him. Over the dying fire, Tracy watched the faintly smiling face until the light grew dim. Afterwards he reached for his own blanket and put it over her. Bolt upright, he waited for the laggard day.

(To be continued next week)

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America Flies Ahead

Continued from page 11

to Boston, an equal distance, in two hours.

European airways, generally, take you wherever they're going at an average speed of less than 100 miles per hour. Britain claims for its new Atalanta type of transport 118 miles an hour; Holland boasts of 126 for its new Fokker. Here, the Curtiss-Condor cruises at 146, and the Boeing transport maintains a working average of 165, with a top speed of 182 miles an hour.

Comfort and reliability are important items in a businesslike transportation utility. I found the average of comfort higher in Europe, come as you please. The difference seemed to me to be the one always found, in every social aspect, when our stark, brusque way of living is compared with the leisurely pace of well-being over there. On many of our smaller lines the one object seems to be to crowd in as many "fares" as possible, and the devil take care of your kinks.

Europeans would not tolerate that sort of thing. Some of their planes look as though they were made by the pilot on his Saturday afternoons off; but you may be sure of plenty of leg room, comfortable head cushions, and seats wide enough for post-beer hips. Rising to the major operators, this average difference fades. The Imperial Airways' huge ships of the Heracles class do not surpass Pan-American's "Clippers" in comfort; the big 38-passenger Junkers of Germany, and the great ANT-14 of Russia, the largest landplane in the world, do not excel the new Boeings and Condors in luxury; and the Stinsons and Fords here are quite as comfortable as the comparable tri-motors there.

Year 'Round Superiority

In a plane flying one day from Rotterdam to Brussels, twenty minutes behind time, I was addressed by an American passenger. "Better late than never," he said. "I have never failed to get through while traveling by air in Europe, but the only two times I tried air travel at home I was put down in some outlandish place, and lugged in farmers' cars to the nearest railroad, and was longer getting where I was going than if I had gone by train in the first place." A little questioning developed that all his air travel in Europe was done in summer, the time of generally fair weather; whereas his unfortunate American experiences were in the winter.

In the percentage of scheduled miles completed through the year, the United States far exceeds Europe; and the superiority becomes brilliant when you realize that the American record is built up over twelve months' operation, almost half of it at night. If this man had reversed his flying time, he should have found summer flying at home seldom interrupted, whereas he might not have found his European lines flying at all! Run through a European air guide, and you will find surprisingly few air lines listed for all-year operation. Most, including important links, fly only in tourist seasons. The schedules of all are changing frequently, because of varying subsidies; and because you see a line in the guide you need not feel sure you can fly over it. Many are flown once, then abandoned; but are subsequently carried, for national propaganda purposes, on the guides for a long time.

In the United States, only two of our smallest lines curtail their schedules in the winter. Here, nearly all services are on a seven-day basis. In Europe, scarcely a ship is a-wing on Sunday. This is not due to reverence. Tourists like to stay put on Sunday, while the average native is a home body who walks in the Bois with his children on Sabbath mornings and drowses over a carafe of wine at his favorite café through the afternoons. If he has to be someplace on Monday, he will take the night train, thank you.

Additional proof, if you are stubborn, of the emphasis on business usefulness in American commercial aviation is to be seen, I believe, in the 48,000,000 miles that our air lines flew last year; while all Europe combined was flying less than two thirds of that total. In 1933 the difference should be far greater.

Passengers Here, Freight There

A recent phenomenal increase in passengers finds American airways, Pan-American and other leading operators reporting increases over last year of upwards of fifty per cent. Before you bloat up with national pride, however, let's go back to my friend of the schnapps in Amsterdam. There is one business phase in which European aviation beats us all hollow, and he will tell you about it: "If I do not travel by airplane, my business travels! That is, my goods. Our freight service on railroads is not so good and there is much bother with papers. So by air it is simpler and we have learned to send not only light and valuable things but everything on which quickness is good. For instance, from the seaport of Bremen to Kremnitz, a busy cotton-manufacturing town in Czechoslovakia, the planes go all the time filled with bales of cotton. Many times in the season I have seen the biggest passenger planes go out of here even to Vienna and Rome. with not one passenger, but the whole cabin loaded with my potted lilies so that you would not have room to spill a beer. To Batavia I have sent so many tulip bulbs that only the pilots could find room in the plane!"

In boxing air freight the Europeans use lumber where we would use a light paper carton. The reasons for this are threefold: The general thoroughness of European packers. A droll faith that studs and lumber will protect the goods in case of crack-ups. And the low rates. For example, you can ship freight from Stockholm, Sweden, over the Baltic to Abo, Finland, for 50 öre a kilo—about five cents a pound. Your fare for the trip would be $13. If you are a person of average size, therefore, it would be cheaper for you to wrap yourself in shiplap and play dead and go as freight. Judging from the shapes of some of the freight packages I saw in European air-liners, and from the manner in which they jiggled about on the floors, I think the custom is not unknown.

In the more important field of non-passenger flying, however, air mail, the poundage accepted as commonplace here is undreamed of in Europe. When I visited Le Bourget, the metropolitan airdrome of Paris, a gala celebration was on tap; the record air-mail load in the history of the field had been received that day—80 pounds or so. The exact figure has escaped me, but I remember thinking that if the average night mail flyer in America were asked to sign for such a load he would crawl disdainfully back into his warm bed. And that, mind you, was the day's business from all over Europe; from planes of many nations.

France has poured millions of francs annually into her air-mail subsidies

(Continued on page 38)

"Look Grandpa, it's *you*!"

Pictures you capture in a brief moment as the camera clicks . . . how excited you are when they come back as finished snapshots . . . each print a fresh miracle for the whole family to exclaim over.

Today's snapshots are so truthful, natural, lifelike . . . a new kind of film has opened up wonderful new opportunities. Kodak VERICHROME Film really makes picture taking quite a different thing. There is no need for stiff poses, or squinting at the sun. It gets fine, clear pictures in shade, or on cloudy days, or in early morning, late afternoon. Try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. You'll find you've become very much more skillful with a camera. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

● Verichrome is *the double-coated film.* Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

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If you could

SEE IT MADE !

ONE thing that would truly amaze you, were you to see Heinz Ketchup in the making, is the quality of the tomatoes that are actually *rejected* — tomatoes you would be glad to serve on your table.

Only big, luscious, red-ripe tomatoes are selected which means that everything but *prize specimens* are refused.

To tell you this is one thing — and for you to see it with your own eyes is quite another. But men everywhere are quick to recognize the difference it makes in the finished product — for Heinz Tomato Ketchup is the one brand they universally prefer.

The simmered down essence of garden-fresh tomatoes — sweetened with pure cane sugar and spiced to perfection — that's Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Order a bottle today.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP

ONE OF THE 57

THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

(Continued from page 37)

without convincing the frugal peasant, and his brother in small business offices, that it is worth a few centimes more to hasten a letter's delivery by an hour, or even a day. Other countries have had similar experiences. The handicaps to the growth of European air mail are a dozenfold: Reluctance of business men to add to overhead for doubtful value. Disappearance of time gains over rail on short hauls. Confusion of tongues, lack of a unified code, and the disinterest of minor officialdom. In Paris I was actually told three different postage costs, in three different post office branches, for the same letter to Lausanne, Switzerland. In each office it took the clerks ten minutes or more to look up the rates, from books two or three years old.

Coddling the Air Mail

One American expatriate, whom I met in Leningrad, has solved this difficulty to his own satisfaction. When he wants to send a letter by air mail, whatever the destination, he buys a dollar's worth of postage stamps, marks it "Par avion" and shoves it into a box, knowing such an imposing stamp display will win it air passage even in the catapult planes of the Bremen or the Europa. The only air-mail routes that have genuine interest to the European business man are the empire links of England to South Africa and India, and the Colonial route of the Netherlands to Java; here, from nine to twelve days are saved over steamer times.

All this does not keep air mail from having majestic importance in the eyes of minor officials throughout Europe. In Germany your bus to the *flughaven* always makes its last stop, outbound, at the railroad station post office. I do not know why the air mail is sent from the central post office to the railroad station, which is often less handy for the bus to reach, but it is. When the bus draws to a stop, whistles blow, bells ring, the driver and his assistant leap out and freeze to attention, there is a great throwing of rifles to salute; and presently bolts are drawn, and out marches an *unteroffizier*, flanked by guards. He is carrying a box about the size of the last one you got from your bootlegger at three o'clock in the morning when the party was about to break up. It is locked with great care in a compartment under the driver's seat. The ceremony is so terrific you have visions, from romantic books you have read, of crown jewels and uncut diamonds en route to Amsterdam. Nothing of the sort; it is just that whole day's consignment of air mail, from Munich to Hamburg and way stations, which include some of the Fatherland's busiest and biggest cities.

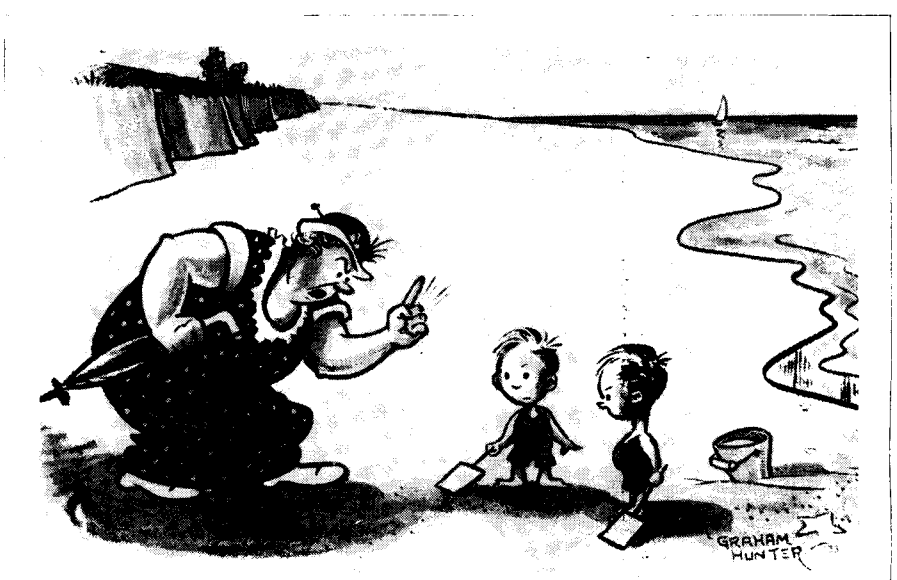
The final—and perhaps most crucial—test of a transportation operator's business rating is his ability to deliver service twenty-four hours a day, month in and month out. In aviation, this means night flying. American transport planes fly 40,000 miles every night of every week with passengers and mail. Lufthansa, greatest of the European lines, flies 20,000 miles daily all told. Several American lines equal or exceed that; and one, United, flies as much at *night alone*. In rural Pennsylvania, so it is said, men ask before they buy a farm, "Say, do the air-mail planes keep folks awake nights, hereabouts?" In Europe you never have to pray—as many a motherly American farm wife does—before you lay you down to sleep in stormy weather, heaven help the boys aloft on a night like this. You may count on your thumbs the boys who are up and flying. You may count one personally, in fact, as you take a flight with me over the only important night passenger line in Europe.

The *drei-motorige* "Rohrback-Roland" rises from Tempelhof Airdrome and turns northeast from the brilliantly lighted German capital to fly across the broad lands of Pomerania toward Königsberg in West Prussia, beyond the Polish Corridor. This plane is one of four, at most, winging over Europe tonight; whereas when midnight comes at home nearly a hundred great passenger planes will be weaving the constant pattern of the nation's business. We are flying with Deruluft, a company owned jointly by Russian and German interests, which has been in operation since 1921.

Flying in the Dark

A thin ground fog begins to blow in from the Baltic; in the light of the moon, just past full, it is as though a veil of phosphorescent lace has been drawn over the face of the landscape, torn here and there on the hilltop towers of the ruined strongholds of medieval German barons. A light rises into the clear void ahead; it is so brilliant, so apparently close, that you think it is the running lamp of another plane. Then you realize it is Venus, now morning star. It is the nearest thing to an effective light you have seen since we left Berlin and it serves to accent the difference between European and American night flights.

Lighted airways, as conceived, developed, standardized and installed over 20,000 miles within the United States by the Department of Commerce, are virtually unknown in Europe. There



"Mamma won't bring you to the beach again if you can't find where you buried Papa!" *Graham Hunter*

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are a few hundred miles of haphazardly lighted routes; but coöperation does not cross frontiers, and each country, if it has lights at all, has its own style and system.

Flyers landing at night in Germany use open magnesium flare torches, far out on the wing tips. You think they are dangerous and may easily set fire to your ship so that your landing swoop will blend into a swoop to eternal glory. You are quite right.

So much for lights. Beacons, all pilots say with not exceptional sagacity, are good only when you can see them. You have been speculating over the antics of a young man who, soon after our flight began, seated himself in the front of the passenger cabin at what looks like the pianola into which you dropped five cents to make it play for your best girl when you took her into Mort Peck's Ice Cream Emporium. Investigation reveals him to be the radio operator. He works hard at it. He plugs into various apertures, makes copious notes, scratches his head, bites his pencil and does a lot of figuring until you expect to see him turn around and hand out bills to the passengers. Occasionally he shrieks, then listens, through a piece of garden hose that runs into the pilot's cockpit.

Europe's Safety Devices

He is engaged in checking our position through triangulation with the cooperation of direction-finding stations on the land below. Germany has 12 such D. F. stations; other countries proportionately fewer. This is an adaptation of the radio-bearings method which came into marine use in recent years. It is a method which demands long experience, mathematical skill on the part of the crew personnel, and the carrying of extensive technical literature in the plane for reference. Europe has no radio ranges, those invisible and miraculous pathways that lead an American pilot through darkness and storm when all the world is lost to his senses. Nor has it standardized weather broadcasts, although the major countries have desultory provisions for broadcasting "safety information."

There is a primitive system on European airways of land lookout stations which report a plane's progress or its failure to appear. If you want to cross the English Channel, and have no wireless, you are strongly urged to circle a station on the side from which you start. That's a signal of your intention, which will be telegraphed to the opposite shore. Then, if you don't show up after a reasonable time, shipping will be notified to fish you out. If you do get across you are under a moral obligation to circle the station to signal thank you, don't worry any more.

We leave the pale upper light, and drift down through a hole in the clouds into rain and darkness over the Baltic. Then the picturesque and handsome capital of East Prussia looms out not a hundred feet below us; and on the hour we land at the Königsberg Airdrome. We must wait here for the Lithuanian consul to come around and give us visas. In Europe you must have visas for all countries over which you fly, even those in which no stops are scheduled. You never know when storms, motor trouble, or the whimsies of the pilots may set you down, and what would you say when the soldiers came if you didn't have a visa? In the United States you may fly when and where you please, if you are a licensed pilot and conform to the Air Commerce Regulations.

Europe, on the contrary, is full of prohibited areas. Neither private nor commercial planes may barge from France to Germany, for instance, as you might here from Canada to Minnesota. You must fo
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very end of the runway and run up each one of his motors in turn to make sure it is not going to choke up, before he begins his take-off. The European pilots, apart from the largest airports, take off as they please. On the Munich-to-Nürnberg run, our pilot took off from the landing apron, which gave him less than half the field, and without warming up his motors. We missed wires at the edge of the field by inches. In Europe you do not call up the airport if the weather looks doubtful, as you do here. Just go out. They will fly. Their pilots are marvelously skilled in bad-weather flying. And here, I believe, lies the key to the underlying difference between American and European aviation.

Europe Prepares for War

It is a difference of policy. In the United States, much commercial development has come from the military flying. In Europe the succession is reversed. Commercial flying serves mainly as a preparatory school for the military. Passengers are tolerated, but not essential; there is no incentive, therefore, for the improvement of services, because revenue comes along regardless. Imperial Airways, for example, is recognized as a laboratory for the Royal Flying Corps. French commercial pilots are under the military code.

Once a ship or an engine proves itself on the commercial lines, it is adapted to the military and its development is intensified and surrounded by secrecy. This is why Europe's commercial flight speeds lag far behind ours, while it continues to hold the Schneider Cup and all records for military flight speeds. This is why Europe does not develop lighted airways and radio beacons; both would be useless—even dangerous—in time of war, and all flying is toward that day. This is why European pilots may be said, in general, to excel ours in bad-weather flying. They are taught to accept all the responsibility. Our policy seeks to transfer the responsibility from the fallible human to the infallible scientific equipment and aids.

Your valiant reporter came home preferring the American way. He does not want to be a guinea pig for any war lords.

"Suicide, nothing! What would I be doin' with this fly swatter?"
Fred Neher

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They will Never Die

Continued from page 13

The two vessels dipped their ensigns. And again the Copley began to gain. Again she began to show her heels to Captain Prideau's old barque.

"But we've kept up with her so far," said a sailor.

"It's the old man's brains that done it," said another.

"That and the chance of wind and weather—and cracking on," said a third.

Prideau walked aft, looked at the compass, and stood there thinking.

"Might as well speak to them now as later," he decided. "I can't outsail that clipper of James'. Mister"—he raised his voice—"have all hands muster on the poop—cook, petty officers and all. I have something to say to them."

"Very good, sir. Lay aft here, all hands!" shouted the mate.

THEY mustered, wondering what was up. Captain Prideau faced them. "Men," he began, "there is only one way to beat the Copley that I can see. The Kenyon is my own ship, and I carry no insurance. Likewise the cargo—my own risk. If that was not so what I now propose could not be attempted. Because every insurance policy carries a clause against what's now in my mind! . . . You all know about the Strait of Magellan?"

The men knew. "Yes, sir! Yes, sir!"

"I see that you understand me." The old man smiled. "But it's a risk—of your lives. The straits of the Land of Fire—ye know! That's all, men. If you are with me, say so. Let one man speak for all!"

With a magnificent spiritual synthesis the men coalesced in one movement of acceptance. Then a sailor named Evans stepped forward, removing his sou'wester.

"The men is with ye, sir, through hell and high water. We will foller ye, Captain Prideau, through the guts of hell and back again! Just give us your orders."

Captain Prideau flushed with pride.

The Strait of Magellan. That bleak, deadly gap between Cape Horn and the rest of South America. With a history of heroism and daring not transcended by any part of the world. Magellan. Sir Francis Drake. . . . That gut of danger between the mountains. . . . If the place could talk, the stars would bend down and listen avidly to its tale. And now, an old Englishman, born somewhat west of Drake's own county of Devon, rekindling in his old blood a dream of his youth . . .

Ahead, somewhat on the lee bow, the Copley was showing her heels again. She passed out of sight at twilight.

Days of sailing—with the days growing shorter and shorter as the Kenyon neared the grim Land of Magellan. . . . Colder and more cold. . . . Midwinter in those latitudes. The great Pacific, a very lonely sea. After the Copley flirted her stern across the Kenyon's bows, like a well-shaped lady proud of herself, the Kenyon sighted never another ship.

"Cape Pillar is about fifty-two forty south," Captain Prideau told the mate. "Seventy-four fifty west. . . . James will buck east winds off the Horn. We'll steal a march on him. Have both anchors ready at the cathead. Sarmiento went through the Straits in a small ship, at this time of the year, from west to east, in seventeen days. Lord, about four hundred years ago. . . . Do you know, mister, that the route around Cape Horn discovered by Drake was guarded for thirty years as a state secret by the English government? . . . We will steer for Cape Pillar."

That bleak and ghostly Land of Fire, Tierra del Fuego. The test of the souls of so many famous men. The Kenyon came in upon it in the chill of a cloudy noon. She was making a nice five knots, the wind almost due west.

"Yes," Prideau said to the mate. "Wind west. But I'm thinking that James will find it east down below the Horn. Get the royals off her, mister. Haul up and furl the courses—we want to be very handy."

The wind dropped a bit as they took the sail off her. And in that lay a difficulty—to be able to navigate among rocks, mountains and currents carrying as little sail as possible. With Cape Pillar, the extreme point of Desolation Island, to starboard and Narborough Island ten miles to port, the Kenyon entered the Strait of Magellan.

"Alter the course to southeast," shouted the captain.

"Port fore brace," echoed the mate.

Entering the land-locked passage the air grew colder—a sudden breath of chill, seemingly coming from nowhere.

"Feels like the Styx," muttered the second mate, who was fond of reading things.

Prideau overheard him. "Yes, mister," he said. "And a nastier bit of navigation."

The boy blushed.

"Don't be ashamed, mister," Prideau smiled. "That cold air off the land, coming now across Desolation, might well be the breath of old ghosts—there must be a lot of such around here!"

Then, cunningly as a hungry wolf, a shower of bitter sleet came upon the barque.

"Stand by topgallant halyards."

But the wind did not increase greatly, and the sails were carried.

There had been no sight of the sun all day. The sky was a dull gray, and the icy sea the same color. It grew much colder. Not the bracing cold of the wide sea but a nasty, penetrating cold. The visibility became less. The land could be seen vaguely. A dreary land, lonely and haunted. Now and then a sea bird circled. As the short day waned there came upon the crew of the Kenyon an uncanny feeling. It seemed that their ship had no business in that place of dread. They felt as men might feel if they were sailing the last ship at the end of the world into an unknown sea in the evening of the Day of Judgment.

"We will come to anchor, mister," Prideau told the mate.

THEY came to anchor in the place that Sir Francis Drake named The Bay of the Parting of Friends—a place that might well numb a sailor's soul.

The night closed down.

"After supper let all hands turn in, mister," said Prideau. "You officers, too. I don't feel like sleep, so I'll keep the anchor watch myself."

"Yes, sir," gasped the astonished mate.

Then, while his men slept, Captain Prideau dreamed among the mighty memories of the lonely place in which his ship lay. He walked the deck. The wind talked in the rigging.

"Magellan first. . . . What men they were! . . ."

The wind veered to the north. The biting cold came in gusts over the frozen tablelands. The Kenyon strained at her cable, but the holding ground was good. The sleet began again, turning to snow.

(Continued on page 42)

1
After car is washed and dry, apply the cleaner. It dries to a white powder, easily removed with a soft cloth, taking all dirt, scum and dullness with it. Restores beauty without injuring finish.

"EASIER TO APPLY AND HOW IT LASTS!

I'm certainly sold on this wonderful new wax method for my car. It's so easy I don't mind doing the job myself."

2
Then protect the finish by applying a coat of the new wax. Remarkably easy to put on. Yet it forms a hard wax shield against wear and weather.

● It is hard to describe this amazing new wax method without appearing to be over-enthusiastic. Whatever statement we ourselves make for it, is tame compared with what many users say in their letters of voluntary testimony.

● So we invite you as a skeptical car owner to be the judge. Try these new Johnson products for yourself. Your dealer has a special offer to make you . . . a bolt of polishing cloth free with every combination purchase of both products at $1.10. Or, if you wish, send in the coupon below for trial sizes.

● This amazing wax method actually restores the lost beauty of your car . . . maintains that beauty, for old and new cars, with the least possible effort and cost . . . protects the finish against the destructive action of ultra-violet sun rays, weather, road film.

● The method uses two new Johnson products. **Johnson's Auto Cleaner** will surprise the most skeptical or hard-boiled car owner. It works so easily, does such a remarkable cleaning job without scratching the surface! It works on a new principle. **Johnson's Auto Wax** was designed scientifically to give maximum protection to the finish, under all conditions . . . yet it is so easy to apply it takes one-half the usual waxing time. Greatly reduces car washings . . . increases trade-in values $50 to $200.

● Wax is the *best* method for *protecting* the beauty or finish of your car. It is much more than a mere polish. Between waxings an occasional dusting or rubbing keeps the car shining . . . because the hard coat of wax keeps out the dust, dirt, rain.

FREE! For a limited time only, we offer one bolt of polishing cloth free with every combination purchase of these new Johnson's products . . . total cost $1.10. Cleaner sells for 75c a pint. Wax is 35c, enough for 5 waxings. At hardware, grocery, drug, department stores . . . auto supply houses or service stations.

JOHNSON'S
AMAZING NEW WAX METHOD

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. C-8, Racine, Wis. Please send me a generous trial can of both the new Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax. I enclose 20c to cover postage for both.

*Name*_____

*Address in full*_____

*Dealer's name*_____

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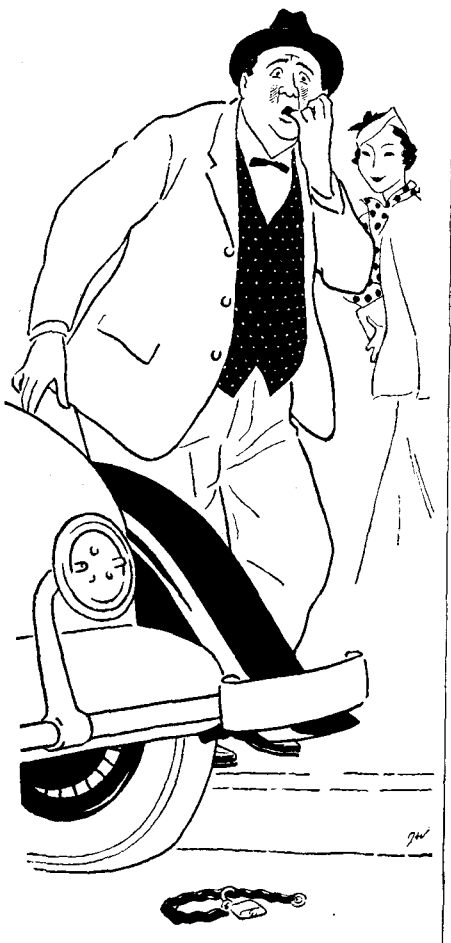
Somebody stole his spare!

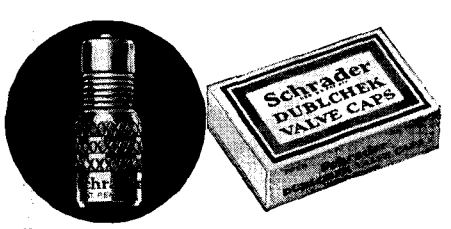


"GOOD JOKE!" thinks the bystander. "A crime!" says the victim. But what is it when, through his own neglect, he permits his tires to be stolen bit-by-bit by that arch-thief Improper Inflation? It's worse! For, isn't he a partner to the "crime"?

Here's insurance against that sort of theft: Schrader Dublcheks. Put them on your valve stems and you not only place an extra air-guard on duty, but you make inflating and gauging as easy as turning on a water tap.

Schrader Dublcheks are affixed permanently. Nothing to remove, replace or become lost. Just snap on the hose . . . the air whizzes in, *right through* the Dublchek. But it can't get out, even should the inner-valve become damaged. For Dublchek is a guaranteed-airtight seal in itself. And it also protects the inner-valve against dirt.

More than 100,000 tire, gas, accessory dealers and garages sell Schrader products. A few seconds are all it takes to install Dublcheks—and you're headed toward the saving of good, hard money. A suggestion: Ask the attendant first to check your tire valves and, if necessary, to put in fresh Schrader Cores. Then have the Dublcheks screwed on *tight*. A set costs no more than the average price of a good spark plug. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Toronto, Canada—*Makers of pneumatic valves since* 1844.



Schrader Dublcheks are made by the manufacturers of Schrader Metal Valves and Valve Parts, which are recognized as standard and used as initial equipment by tire manufacturers the world over. Millions of sturdy, dependable Schrader Metal Valves have outlived tube and tire. Designed to insure rigidity and efficient operation under all driving conditions.

SCHRADER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Tire-saving Valves, Caps and Gauges

(Continued from page 41)

"Lord," muttered the captain, stamping his feet to keep them warm, "how it is mucking up! . . . The Kenyon will look like a Christmas card by morning."

The night passed, old ghosts and memories drifting down the wind through Captain Prideau's mind. A mighty march of the dead. . . . At five in the morning he went forward and called the cook. Very much as Drake might have done.

"The men will have much work today. Don't limit the food, Doctor," he said, using the old name for a ship's cook.

And the astounded cook, who never before had been wakened by a captain, rushed into the galley and started the fire.

"It will be dark for hours yet," thought Prideau. "This is the place where Drake's cable snapped, and he drifted away in the tempest. . . . I will call the second mate and lie down for a spell."

Two hours later he came on deck. It was still dark, and it was blowing a living gale.

"Let go the other anchor, and veer out more cable," he told the mate.

"The winds were such as if the bowels of the earthe had been set at libertie, as if all the clouds of heavene had been called together to lay their force upon that one place. . . . The sea most mad. Our ship tossed like a ball in a raquett. . . . God supported us in that wofull state."

And Prideau, watching the short day dawn as if in agony, could see how excellent was Drake's description.

FOR twenty-four hours the Kenyon strained at her anchors in a blinding snow with the lead overboard to note if she was dragging. But the anchors held and the morning of the next day broke in crystal beauty, with the crew clearing a ship of ice in zero temperature.

The wind dropped to a smart sailing breeze. Then the big job continued, getting up the anchors, getting sail upon her, all by hand—"Armstrong's patent," as the men called it. . . .

"That strong tide that helped Sarmiento," said Prideau, as they got under way.

"Keep all hands on deck," said the captain, "for we are going to have difficult sailing all night."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the enthusiastic mate.

They left Jacques Island on the starboard quarter, and with a wind veering west to north steered through the narrow waters of the Long Reach, the stars and the moon making a wild magic of those narrow waters, and that strange tide lifting the Kenyon along: a ship of shadows between high mountains, a living spirit from a fairyland of romance.

Then, suddenly, the tide crossed her and the wind baffled.

With all hands at stations it was as if the barque were striving through a world unbitten by man, an abode of the elemental gods. Gusts of icy air, currents that twisted, rocks that threatened like the teeth of hungry dragons of the earth's childhood.

Captain Prideau went aft to the wheel grating. There were two strong men at the wheel.

"I will take her myself," he said quietly. "You stay at the lee wheel, Kelly. Jones, go and rest yourself."

Not for years had the captain handled a wheel spoke. Now he took his ship and worked her—as a master musician takes the bow of a violin.

He looked thoughtfully at the stars of the flaunting Southern Cross, studied the compass and the chances of change of wind. Then he straightened his old back in that thrill of a man who essays something no man ever did before.

The mate came and stood by his side. "No stopping, no anchoring unless we have to, mister," said Captain Prideau. . . . "Bring her up a point, Kelly," to the man at the lee wheel. "That's it! Use your strength, my boy . . . makes it easier on me."

A tide rip fretted across her bows—currents mating and fighting as they rushed through a hundred narrow sieves between titanic fragments of the world.

"Steady her, Kelly," said the captain.

And the young Irishman lunged his sturdy arms to sustain his captain's light, masterful touch of the wheel.

"We are doing well, now, mister. That tide mix-up is going to straighten out. It's doing it now. And the wind is holding." He raised his voice: "Jones, come back to the wheel. It's fair going now."

He surrendered the spokes to the able seaman, and walked forward with the mate.

"Straight sailing now, mister, all the way to Magdalen Sound. . . . But there were a few minutes a while back when things tasted bad."

They kept on, day and night, without having to anchor. "A most unusual luck," said the captain.

They passed Punta Arenas (then but a small penal colony, only founded in 1851) in a stark moonlit midnight, and the colonists came to the beach and devoutly crossed themselves, for the Kenyon loomed like a ghost ship, and no single man among those staring from the shore would have believed her real. For what great sailing ship could pass through there under sail? At night! Mother of God, but that white wonder with the snow on her rigging must be a wraith—a warning for their sins.

Thus, after many days and nights of toil and danger, the Kenyon won through the first Narrows, past the Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, and to sight of the open Atlantic.

And the stress and strain dropped from the crew, that relief which comes after waking from a terrible nightmare. They saw the loom of the Falkland Islands, the crisp sea breaking in deep water, and they looked at one another, proud of what they had done but hardly understanding the greatness of it.

Again Captain Prideau had all hands muster aft.

"I want to thank you, men. You have done something never done before in an iron sailing ship. Unless all my calculations mean nothing we have gained miles on the Copley. She should be held up by east winds off the Horn. You can tell your grandchildren that you sailed through the Straits of Magellan—but a lot of them won't believe you! Grog, ho, Steward."

"Steamer on the starboard bow, sir," shouted the man on the lookout, next morning.

"It's a small man-of-war, sir," added the mate.

The wind had dropped to a calm, and the old Kenyon lay on the ocean as if glad to rest.

"She's English," said Prideau. "The White Ensign. Hoist our numbers and dip the flag."

The little cruiser came along. She was doing ten knots under steam but she carried sails at the fore—the old order changeth slowly. She came close, and then, instead of passing, she lay to, and hailed the astounded Captain Prideau.

"You win your race," shouted the navy captain.

"What?" hailed the amazed Prideau. "What do you know about it?"

The cruiser edged closer.

"Just helped tow the Copley into the Falklands—dismasted," said the navy captain.

FOR a minute there was silence between the two ships. The men of both were on the rails, listening.

"Dismasted, eh?" said Prideau.

"Yes," said the navy man.

"Might be in an easterly gale?" asked Prideau.

"Exactly," responded the navy man. "How did you know?"

Prideau did not even smile.

"Sort of figured it that way," he answered.

"But how did you get up here north of the Falklands so quickly?" asked the navy man.

"Through Magellan's Strait," said Prideau.

"What?" shouted the navy man.

"Came through the Strait of Magellan," responded Captain Prideau laconically.

"You *sailed* through, in that iron barque?" The naval captain seemed unable to believe it.

"Yes—I have a good crew of men."

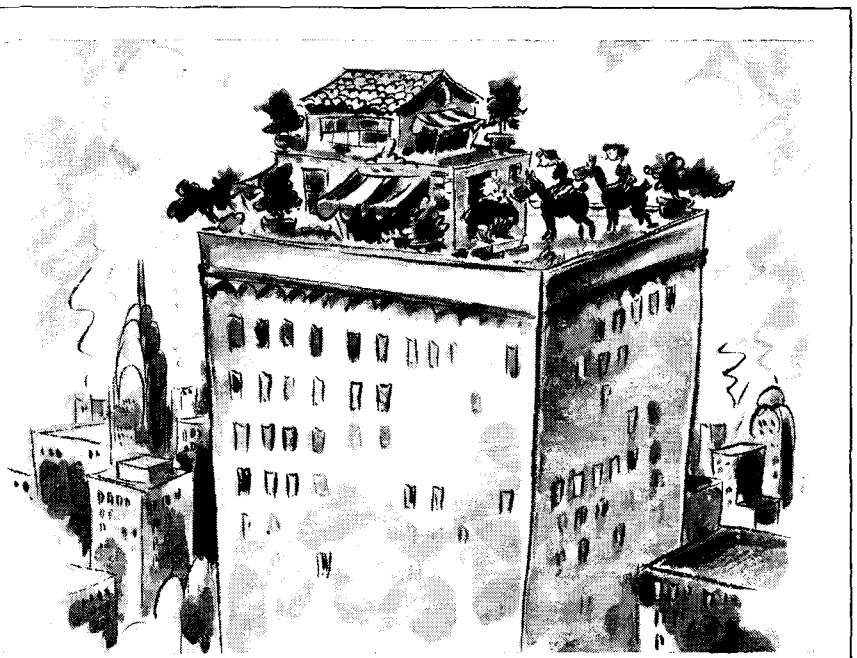
"You sailed . . . all the way . . . no tow or anything?"

"Yes," said Captain Prideau.

In a sudden, overpowering emotion the captain of the cruiser snapped to a salute.

"The race of great seamen will never die—thank God!" he shouted.

And his words were uttered in the tone of one who worships at a shrine.



"Just say Anne and Teresa called" *Reamer Keller*

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Strictly in Confidence

Continued from page 24

Observing him on the ball field or in street clothes, one would have a tendency to question the physical assets of Averill. Trimly built, weighing only about 160 pounds and appearing even lighter, Averill would never impress you as a home-run hitter. Yet last season he was among the "Big Four" sluggers of the American League. Ruth, Foxx, Gehrig and Averill composed the Big Four. For a medium-sized chap, Averill has a powerful chest and a pair of arms that at once tell the story of his power at the bat.

Four Important Ounces

Most ball players prefer a bat weighing about 35 ounces; only a few use a bat weighing over 38. It developed that the middleweight Averill used a bat far heavier than those swung by the mighty Ruth and Gehrig. He liked a bat weighing 44 ounces. He asked that I wire from San Antonio to the bat factory in Louisville, Kentucky, requesting that a dozen Averill model 44-ounce bats be rushed to our training camp at New Orleans. We were en route there at the time. The request and the information as to the weight of the bat immediately caused me much concern.

Could Averill get that 44-ounce bat, a bludgeon four ounces heavier than the one used by Babe Ruth, around in time to solve the offerings of such fast-ball pitchers as Lefty Grove, George Earnshaw, Fred Marberry, Rube Walberg and other star pitchers of the American League? I didn't think so. I decided to use some camouflage on Averill. I sent a wire from San Antonio, but it wasn't an order for a dozen 44-ounce bats, as he thought. Instead, it was a message to Manager Peckinpaugh of the Cleveland club, in training at New Orleans, telling him of my fears and asking for his reaction in the matter, with a request that he wire me at Houston. The answering telegram was awaiting me when our train pulled into the station at Houston. Peckinpaugh felt just as I did, a 44-ounce bat would prove too heavy for Averill against American League fast-ball pitching. We agreed that 40 ounces would be heavy enough. From Houston I sent the message ordering the bats, but the specifications called for 40 ounces rather than 44.

The heaviest of the twelve bats weighed 40½ ounces, while the lightest was one ounce less. In every respect the bats were perfect Averill models, except the manufacturer had lightened up on the wood a trifle to cut about four ounces off the weight of each bat. As is customary with ball players, the first thing Averill did was to examine the bats carefully. He picked out six that he liked best and one in particular as his favorite. This bat he gave a special marking so he would know it from the rest. It was the lightest bat of all, weighing 39½ ounces.

What Averill did at the bat in his first year as an American Leaguer is now history. In his first time at bat that season he hit a home run over the right-field wall at Cleveland, winning immediate favor, which he has continued to retain by his slugging activities. He used his favorite bat almost exclusively, for ball players are most superstitious. No other player dared use that bat. In some way one of the Cleveland pitchers took it to the plate by mistake and, as luck would have it, broke the bat. Averill was in the dumps. Forced to use some of the other bats, his batting slumped a trifle. In his opinion none of the other bats was just the same as the broken model. Could we rush that bat to the factory with a request that a half-dozen bats be turned out immediately?

We could. A few days later we gave him the six bats. This time three of them suited Averill perfectly. Using one of them that afternoon he made a triple, a double and two singles. The batting slump was over. In reality, the bats were out of the first dozen I ordered, but Averill didn't think that way about it and he was the one most vitally concerned.

For about four months Averill's great success at the bat continued and he was using a model four ounces lighter than he thought.

Many a time Manager Peckinpaugh and I chuckled over the secret. We were waiting for the proper time to let Averill in on it. We felt that he was now established, and to let him know that we had been hoaxing him as to the weight of his bat would have no detrimental reaction on his mental attitude, or in any way destroy his confidence.

The proper time finally arrived after a 17-inning game in which Grove, of the Athletics, beat Cleveland in one of the greatest games ever played. As fate would have it, Averill was up five times with men on bases. If he had been able to deliver a single in any one of these five trips, the game would have gone to Cleveland.

The following day Averill dropped into my office on a matter of business. I greeted him along these lines:

"What a day you had yesterday. Grove seemed to have you hypnotized."

"He didn't fool me much," Averill said with a smile.

"Not much," I answered. "Guess we will have to get you some 20-ounce bats to use against Grove."

"Don't worry about that. I couldn't have got a toothpick off my shoulder against that fellow yesterday. He was fast. The only two balls I really saw I swung at and missed."

"Looks as if we would have to take a few ounces off your war club, regardless. It should make you a better batter against all kinds of pitching." I was trying to create a spot where I could divulge to Averill the fact that he wasn't using a 44-ounce bat.

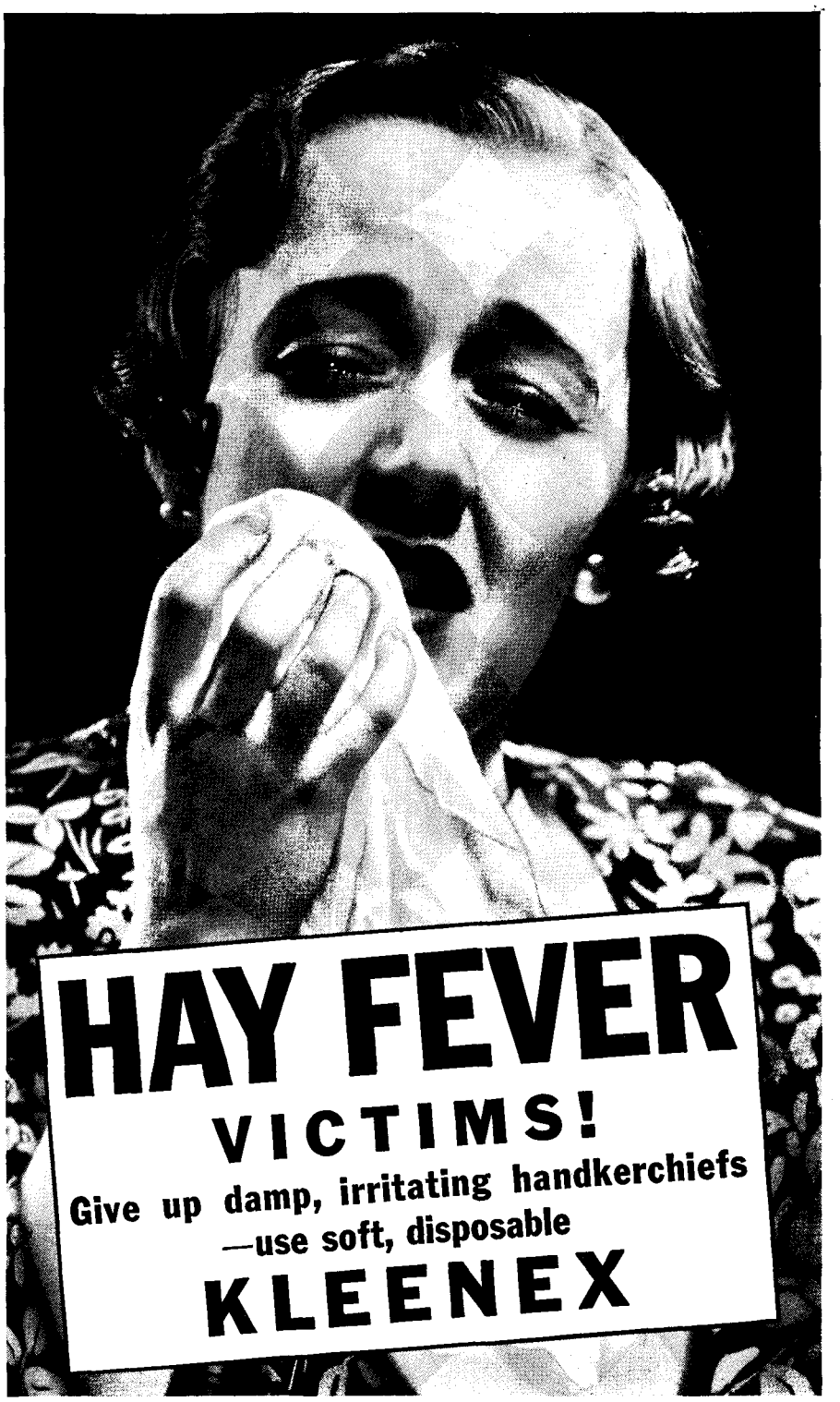
On-the-Bench Cissell

"Why worry about me?" asked Averill. "I have done pretty well with those 44-ounce bats against American League pitching. If I remember correctly, in the spring you told me the pitchers would have the fast ball by me."

"They probably would if you had used a 44-ounce bat, but you haven't. Those bats of yours weigh closer to 40 ounces than to 44." Averill was the most surprised man you ever saw, almost to the point of indignation. He wanted to bet real money his bats weighed 44 ounces. Nobody could "kid" him. I asked the office boy to get three of Averill's bats from his locker, picked at random, and bring them to me. We put them on the scales in my office. All were a fraction of an ounce less than 40. When he got over the surprise, he enjoyed a good laugh; thanked me for the change I had made and said he was sure 40 ounces was plenty of wood to use against the fast-ball pitching of the American League. He has since used some bats as light as 38 ounces.

Psychology had helped Averill regain his belief in himself. The moment that

(Continued on page 44)



Illustrations and text copr. 1933 Kleenex Co.

WHY multiply your tortures by irritating an already inflamed nose with a rough, damp handkerchief, soggy and astringent with accumulated nasal fluid?

Do as countless other hay fever sufferers have done — switch from handkerchiefs to Kleenex, and find blessed relief throughout the hay fever season!

Soft, dry, soothing

Kleenex is comforting, soothing, silky, because it is made of cellulose — the softest yet strongest of tissues.

Kleenex is more efficient, because it is so highly absorbent — far more so than linen or cotton. It is cleanlier, always fresh and dry, because you simply use and destroy, instead of carrying always with you that soggy, messy, revolting, mucus-soaked handkerchief!

And no more eternal handkerchief washing, the most disagreeable job you can inflict on yourself or anyone else! As for having handkerchiefs laundered —it costs less to use Kleenex. Double thick and extra strong, two Kleenex tissues do the work of four bargain-counter substitutes. *Remember this* when offered a substitute for Kleenex.

Try the new Pocket Packet

Hay fever sufferers especially will appreciate the new Pocket Packet of Kleenex. Each packet contains 12 full-size Kleenex tissues.

Use the regular 25c package in home or office. Carry the Pocket Packet with you. It fits your purse or pocket, always handy. And so easy, when you are out, to drop in at the nearest drug store and get a fresh supply — 2 packets for 5c.

THE POCKET PACKET
Take it with you wherever you go — indispensable, convenient
2 packets for 5c
New!...Kleenex Pocket Packet. 24 full-size tissues, 5c. Every druggist should have them on his counter.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

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YOU can trust Vicks Voratone to keep your mouth fresh . . . your smoke-appetite keen . . . your breath welcome anywhere. This delightful new mouth-wash, by the makers of VapoRub, is actually *stronger* than standard requirements for antiseptics . . . you can depend on it . . . full-strength or diluted. *Use it freely; the big 35c bottle holds more than three 25c bottles in other leading brands.*

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Antiseptic • Mouth-Wash • Gargle • Deodorant

CORNS
Pain Gone Instantly

Don't experiment! The modern, medically safe, sure way to treat corns and sore toes is to use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These cushioned, soothing, healing, protective pads end pain in ONE MINUTE; stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent blisters and keep you rid of corns. Used with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included at no extra cost, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads safely loosen and remove corns and callouses.

No matter how old the corn or callous—

Simply apply the Medicated DISK—

And then the PAD—

To loosen, remove corn or callous

Sizes for Corns, Callouses and Bunions

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are made in special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns. Get a box today at your drug, department or shoe store. *For every foot trouble there is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy.*

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

(Continued from page 43)

change took place, he was again a great hitter who could make base hits with most any kind of a bat.

About five years ago, the Chicago club of the American League paid $123,000 in cash and players for Shortstop Bill Cissell of the Portland club, of the Pacific Coast League. Great things were expected of him. It was early apparent, after he joined the Chicago White Sox, that Cissell had great natural ability but was inclined to be very erratic. The erratic player is usually a streaky player. He may play a half-dozen games like a star and, in the seventh game, perform like the veriest of bushers. That was Cissell's experience after he joined the White Sox. Playing for managers who didn't believe in him, it was the customary thing, when Cissell developed an erratic streak, to remove him from the game and let him sit on the bench for a couple of weeks, or until such a time as some other player blew up and it was necessary to return him to the line-up.

Against the Cleveland club Cissell always stood out. I admired and enthused over the dash of his play, believed he had the makings of a star. When I was made general manager of the Cleveland club, I at once sought to deal for Cissell. Chicago turned a deaf ear to my appeals, said Cissell was a star, not on the market, but somehow Bill never impressed the Sox officials quite enough to keep him in the line-up. Yet I wanted Cissell, felt that he would help make the Cleveland club, and a couple of times each year I would make the Chicago officials a new offer, only to be turned down. I refused to be denied. I finally made an offer that appealed to the Chicago club; Cissell came to Cleveland and I sent two players, Seeds and Hodapp, to Chicago in return.

Making the Grade

For two weeks after joining Cleveland Cissell sat on the bench waiting for his chance. It finally arrived. He broke in against Philadelphia, made four hits, one of them a home run, and handled fifteen chances in the field. He ended the 1932 season leading the Cleveland club at the bat. His mark was almost 100 points higher than the preceding year at Chicago.

It was during the two weeks that Cissell sat on the bench that several things happened which had much to do with shaping his career and making possible the sensational playing he later did for Cleveland. Shortly after he joined the club he came to my office to sign his contract and settle several other matters relative to his transfer from Chicago. Manager Peckinpaugh and I agreed that the most important thing to impress on Cissell was the fact that he was to be the regular second baseman, that we expected him to star, and to assure him that one or more bad days in the field or at the bat would in no way affect his status. In other words, there was no chance of his being taken from the line-up for erratic play. After shaking hands with Cissell I remarked:

"Well, Billy, I have been trying to land you for nearly five years and now I've got you. This is your big chance. You can make me look smart, also yourself. You should be a star. You will, if you make the proper effort. You will find Peckinpaugh a swell fellow to play under. He thinks you will make his infield. It's entirely up to you. You are the regular second baseman on this club. No matter how badly you may play, you will remain in the line-up. You have nothing to worry about other than making base hits and handling difficult chances."

"Don't worry about me, Bill," he replied, "I will make you look smart and Chicago dumb." Cissell did that very thing. His work was nothing short of sensational. At the close of the season he was generally regarded by the critics as the best second baseman in the American League. We had made Cissell believe in himself. Once he got the proper mental attitude, the rest was easy, for he always had the natural ability of a star.

The word "yellow" is probably the most abused word in sportdom's vocabulary. The player who has a habit of faltering in tight places soon earns for himself the sobriquet of "yellow." It is given as the reason for failure on the diamond, when often the player has both physical and mental courage but has never been given the proper chance to make use of these two very necessary assets. Improper handling has sent him into the fray lacking the proper mental attitude; he doesn't believe in himself, and invariably failure results while trying to work under such conditions. Yet there are some players whom the title "yellow" fits. I have in mind a pitcher whom I purchased for the Cleveland club.

Cleveland was in need of pitchers one season and I decided to take a gamble with a minor-league star. This player, after a brief trial in the majors, had failed. Lack of courage was given as the reason. Going back to the minors, he immediately began to star.

I had watched this pitcher work in the minors and knew he had stuff enough to be a consistent winner in the majors—a fine fast ball and a good curve. Did he have the courage? I talked to six of the managers in his league. All of them said he wouldn't help the Cleveland club, that he had a minor-league complex, that he had the ability but lacked the courage. Yet, all six minor-league managers asked that they be given first chance to buy him if he failed to make the big-league grade.

Feeling that possibly the pitcher had never been properly handled or given a real opportunity to deliver in the majors, I decided that I would try some psychology on him. I had him report to Cleveland, prior to leaving for spring training, and spent a couple of hours discussing his case with him. I told him I felt that he had never been given a thorough chance to make good; that Cleveland intended to carry him the entire season; that I wasn't going to weaken on him for a year no matter how poorly he started; that I knew he had the ability and it was simply up to him to make the proper use of it. The player thanked me for my consideration, said he appreciated my good opinion of his ability and, as he stepped out of the office, remarked that he would try his best and that he thought he could make the grade.

The words, "thought he could make the grade," are still ringing in my ears. I had hoped my talk had given him the proper mental attitude, satisfied him that I believed in him, and was hopeful I had made him believe in himself. I was expecting him to say, as did Bill Cissell: "Don't worry about me. I will make you look smart and Chicago dumb." Instead, these words, "thought he could make the grade," convinced me that he wouldn't.

No Heart, No Hope

Well, he didn't make the grade. Manager Peckinpaugh gave him every chance to deliver. In batting practice and while warming up he was superb, but when called into the game he left all of his stuff on the bench. Noted for his great control in the minors, he was just the opposite in the majors—always in the hole. He seemed to be pitching with an eye constantly on the bench, seemingly always afraid he would miss the signal from the manager to make his exit. The following year I sold him back to Double A company, and he proceeded to take up where he had left off. He won better than 20 games that year and has continued his winning ways ever since.

This pitcher, game enough in a rough-and-tumble fight, in any form of physical contact, just couldn't stand up under the mental strain imposed by the big leagues. He didn't believe in himself as a big leaguer and failed. He has always believed in himself as a minor leaguer and has been a success.

As a major-league umpire, having spent twenty-two years in the American League in that rôle, I was thoroughly familiar with the temperament of every player in the league. In those days I was pretty well convinced that you could help a pitcher by giving him the proper mental attitude through constructive advice, but was equally certain that if the pitcher lacked mental courage there was no hope; you couldn't supply a fighting heart. After six years of directing a big-league ball club, I am all the more convinced of that fact.

"Herman's helping Junior with his lessons until he grows up a bit!" *Frank Owen*

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The way of the Girl

Continued from page 15

The veins stood out upon Yarouk's bare arms. "Then let the sword be between us. Give me this one's sword, and we will try the judgment of Allah!"

Sir Alan smiled. "Nay, that would be no judgment between us! For if we cross swords I shall slay thee. Now go!"

He had no wish to kill the younger man. And he knew the frenzy of excitement that seized upon those nomads when swords were drawn. With Yarouk he had no quarrel; on the other hand he had no intention of giving up the girl.

"O man," cried Hassan, "thou hast heard the command—"

"Be silent, thou!"

YAROUK leaned his elbows on his knees. His eyes were closed but the veins throbbed in his temples, and Hassan waited for a moment when he could spring at Sir Alan with his knife. There was silence about the well, except for the slow breathing of the three men and the rustling of Nadra's garments as she moved uneasily. The gray mare lifted her head and paced forward daintily to nudge Yarouk's shoulder with her nose.

As she did so, the Arab's expression changed. "Have you enemies who would seek you here, Lord A-lan?"

"That have I. This is the land of Sultan Ibrahim, who would like well to roast me over a fire"—the blue eyes gleamed—"as he did one of my men."

Yarouk edged closer to him. "*Wallahi,* speak softly or he may hear thee. There are men hidden in the rocks behind thee."

But Hassan drew his bow from its shoulder quiver and strung it. "Fool!" he muttered. "Think ye to throw dust in our eyes with such talk?"

"Look!" Yarouk whispered urgently. "By Allah—look at the mare, if ye will not turn." Sir Alan did look at the mare, as she flung up her head with ears twitching. If there were foemen among the boulders, screened by the brush, drawing closer while he sat in talk by the well, they would have bows and they would loose their arrows without warning. If he ran to the horses with Hassan, their backs would be turned to Yarouk. . . .

Suddenly Nadra screamed, "*Aida!*"

And Hassan dropped to his knees, whining. An arrow in his back, another in his neck. With the snap of the bows a yell burst from the rocks: "*Yah kafir!*" Sir Alan threw himself back on the ground, reached for his shield as two more arrows flicked over him. Thrusting his arms through the straps, he sprang up, drawing his sword.

The boulders behind the poplars seemed to be alive with men scrambling forward. Five—six—seven. Instinctively the knight made up his mind.

Instead of standing his ground, he lowered his head, raised his shield and ran toward his foe. An arrow crashed against the iron shield and he leaped high. The first man, running swiftly, was taken by surprise and had no time to swerve. The edge of the shield struck the Moslem's throat and the pommel of Sir Alan's sword smashed down upon his forehead. He was thrown to the ground, unconscious.

"Kerak!" Sir Alan shouted. "Come ye and taste the sword!"

Two of them came—two who wore chain mail and bore leather shields and scimitars. They drew apart and darted in from the sides, the long curved blades shining in the sun. One slash Sir Alan took upon his shield, the other grated upon the chain mail that sheathed his ribs. And he struck once, with full sweep of arm and sword. . . .

"Bows!" screamed a voice. "Slay the devil with arrows."

Sir Alan kept his head bent, his shield high and close to him, so that only his eyes could be seen between metal and metal. An arrow whipped between his legs, and he ran forward again so that they would not make a mark of him.

But they had seen him strike once, and they dodged like hunting dogs at the sweep of a bear's paw. A thrown javelin thudded into the iron chains over his chest, the point of it grating against bone. He could not spare a hand to pull it out. A sword-tip raked his thigh and warm blood ran down into his shoe. With his sword he met the slash of a long scimitar and broke it, the steel tip whirring off.

"*Yah Muslimin,*" the same voice shouted. "Oh, Moslems!"

It was the one who had thrown the javelin and he came on now, with a swordsman at either hand. Sir Alan planted his feet—flung up his shield, and struck to the side. His blade caught an uplifted arm and swept on—while the severed forearm, clutching a scimitar, fell to the ground.

But the third man—he of the javelin—was untouched, a stabbing spear gripped in both hands over his head. Fleetingly Sir Alan glimpsed a jutting gray beard and slavering lips. And then the man stopped, rigid as if turned to stone in the act of slaying. From the gray beard protruded the feathers of an arrow, and Sir Alan saw that these red feathers were Hassan's—the shaft had come from the quiver of his dying sword-bearer. He dared not look behind him.

Another arrow flashed over his shoulder and ripped into the shield of the third Moslem. The man shouted and turned to flee. He was not quick enough. Sir Alan leaped and struck. . . .

"*Div—div!*" voices screamed in fear. "A demon—a demon!"

And they fled.

THEN Sir Alan went back. Straight to Yarouk, where the young Arab, chanting with excitement, was stripping shield and armor and sword from the body of the graybeard.

"Friend or foe?" Sir Alan asked, sword in hand.

"Look!" cried Yarouk. "Look, it is the king of the vultures, the scavenger of the caravans. He is slain—Ibrahim the sultan, the accursed, who followed after my people this day with his swordsmen. By Allah, this is his sword and now it is mine!"

"Didst thou slay this Ibrahim with an arrow?"

"Nay"—the Arab, in his fever of exultation, hardly heard—"I watched, knife in hand. It was a stray shaft. It was his fate. Ha—there are rubies in this clasp."

"It was an arrow from Hassan's bow."

"Do the dead bend a bow? What foolish words. Look!"

By the well Hassan's body lay outstretched, a cloak thrown over its head. Beside it sat Nadra, tying up her goats with the rope that had bound her legs. Near at hand a bow lay on the ground. Uneasily she lifted her head as the two men approached.

"O girl," said the knight curiously, "did thy hand speed the shaft with red feathers that struck the chieftain?"

Her eyes luminous with excitement, she nodded.

"But why? It gave me life."

"Truly, I feared for thee. If *they* had cut thee down, harm would have come to us."

Leaning on his sword, Sir Alan looked down at her.

"And how," asked the knight softly, "could you come hither and shoot arrows from a bow when you were tied upon the ground beneath yonder trees?"

Nadra shifted uneasily. "Eh, I untied the rope while I played with these little kids, when Yarouk came—"

"What is this?" The Arab gave heed at last. "Thou wert loose and free when we talked? And thou didst not flee? We could have escaped, thou and I."

"I know—but, O Yarouk, I longed to hear what thou wouldst say. If thou hadst not valued me more than the gray mare I—I—"

Her voice faltered. Here she stood, the young, veiled girl, the voiceless servant of the men of the Banu 's Safa, who had sat for hours at the threshold of her father's tent, longing for a single glance from Yarouk. And she had dared speak boldly to Yarouk, before a strange infidel lord who was certainly a hero. "I would have gone with this unbeliever," she whispered. "He wanted me."

YAROUK'S breath hissed in his teeth. "Thou, Nadra!"

But that day Nadra had been carried off by a man of steel. Yea, more, she had struck him with a dagger, and then had slain her father's foe, the sultan Ibrahim. By reason of her, Yarouk's arms had been loaded with spoil. If she did not speak now, when would she have the courage again? She stamped her foot and tossed back the black mane of her hair. "Yea, I, Nadra!" she cried all in a breath. "By Allah, this one is more of a man than thou—herder of mares. While thou didst stand shouting like a horse boy, he ran against seven. While thou didst sing about that bold heart of thine, he took me in his arms—"

She stopped, panting. And Yarouk stared at the girl he had never seen before—at this new Nadra with a will and a voice and a defiant beauty. Then he stepped forward, his arm went out, and he struck her with his open hand across the face.

His brow dark as if with fever, his eyes burning, Yarouk picked her up and carried her to the gray mare. He flung Nadra over the back of the mare behind the saddle.

"O girl," he said between set teeth, "be still. Tonight thou shalt be a woman and the wife of Yarouk."

Fleetingly Nadra glanced down at him, and laughed a little from sheer joy. She had seen his eyes. When he turned back for the bundle of armor she slipped down and retrieved her goats that were tumbling about the cord she had put upon them. With them under her arm she climbed back into her seat.

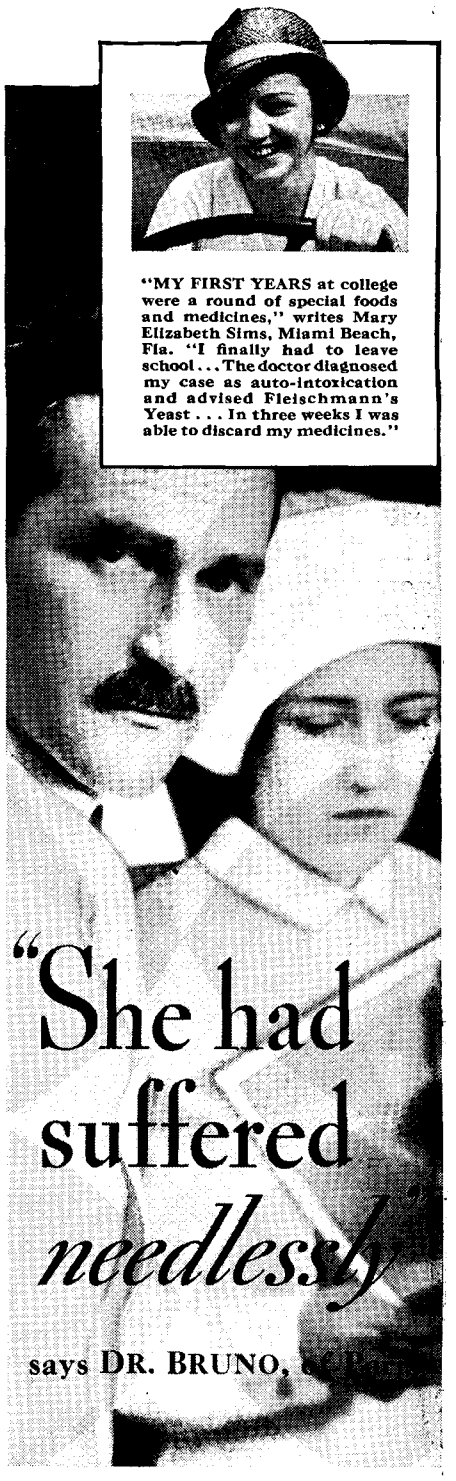
Sir Alan watched, motionless, leaning upon his sword.

A few moments later Yarouk turned in the saddle to look back at the well where the kites were dropping from the sky toward the bodies, and the solitary crusader, limping about his task, was piling rocks upon the dead Hassan.

"*Wallahi*—he is a man," Yarouk said.

But Nadra had looked back more than once. Now she tightened her arms about Yarouk's waist and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"But a man of steel unfeeling," she said contentedly. "And thou, O warrior, art lord of my heart."



"MY FIRST YEARS at college were a round of special foods and medicines," writes Mary Elizabeth Sims, Miami Beach, Fla. "I finally had to leave school . . . The doctor diagnosed my case as auto-intoxication and advised Fleischmann's Yeast . . . In three weeks I was able to discard my medicines."

"She had suffered needlessly says DR. BRUNO, [illegible]

THE CASE described below is from the records of one of France's most outstanding doctors . . . Dr. Alexander Bruno, attending surgeon and medical director, American Medical Centre, Paris. He writes:

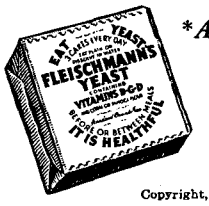
"This patient was suffering from a disordered digestion. She was also experiencing distress from constipation quite needlessly.

"As a surgeon, it is my practice to avoid prescribing cathartics and laxative drugs as far as possible. It was gratifying, therefore, to find that through the use of yeast* this patient was relieved of her intestinal sluggishness."

And he adds:—"I have found fresh yeast of inestimable value."

If your tongue is coated or your digestion bad . . . or if you suffer from any other evil effects of constipation . . . just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day. It will actually *strengthen* your intestines . . . soften and help clear away naturally the waste materials that are poisoning you.

You can get it at grocers, and at restaurants and soda fountains, and directions are on the label. Add it to your own diet—now!



**Ask for Fleischmann's*

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G, D—the kind famous doctors advise.

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On hot mornings you'll like better than ever to finish your shave with Aqua Velva. And now and again during the day, when the heat gets you, splash it on. It's mightily refreshing. Here's what Aqua Velva does:

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5 Distinctly improves your appearance.

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Feet First

Continued from page 22

very comfortable shoes. Greta came into a shop not long ago in a hurry—and when she hurries she takes steps two feet three inches long.

"Something brown, please," she said huskily. "With ties."

The salesgirls rushed to do her bidding, stumbling over one another in their eagerness to touch the Garbo foot. They were so dazzled by that languid look that they neglected to put her through the customary shoe-shop scrutiny of "Feet first." And, to their dismay, there wasn't a shoe large enough for Greta in the house. She glimmers, her fans might palpitate to know, in size 7½B.

Comfort Before Style

Good-looking shoes primarily are plain ones. No matter how well they fit, if shoes have more than one pair of bows, or too large buckles, or several colored leathers, they are not right. If you err, err on the side of plainness.

Opera pumps are always good, and some of the smartest women in Europe and America never wear any other kind of shoe. They vary only the cut, high or low. But you must know whether you can wear pumps. The elastic foot that stretches with every pressure never can wear them.

After you have selected your shoes, check up on comfort. That means over-a-long-period-of-time comfort. Shoes that rub at the heel after they have stretched, or bulge at the sides, or cut at the instep, no matter how beautiful their line, material or color, are investments that pay no dividends. Beware, too, of the shoe that curves acutely at the heel, so that its back resembles the fat side of half an apple. Real feet are more or less straight up and down at the back of the heel. You'll have to cut down the back of the too-curved shoe or wear heel lifts, to avoid a hard callus on the back of your heel.

Men understand better than women the importance of feeling right in their shoes. The ensemble idea is excellent but ought not to be applied too rigidly. First, because not all colors good in clothing are right for shoes. Light grays and beiges are not suitable for street wear. Vivid shoes are proper only in the evening or at the beach, race track or country club. If funds are limited—imitate men! Get two pairs of well-fitted shoes, just alike, except for color, and wear the black pair one day, the brown the next.

The importance of shoes to physical appearance cannot be exaggerated. If your feet bother you, you do not look well and your eyes have "shoe marks" around them: vague purple shadows that do not flatter the way eye-shade of the same color does. The most common foot trouble of womankind, the dropping of the anterior arch of the foot due to relaxing of the muscles, can distort a viewpoint, blight a romance, ruin a disposition.

Getting the right size is more important before the age of thirty than after. Until the mid-water mark of a woman's life, her feet have the plastic quality of babies' bodies: they can be molded for better or for worse. The weight of the body resting on them, the length of stockings worn over them, the amount of time they are in use daily, affect young women's feet irremediably. After thirty, they tighten up. Then it is harder to fit them into shoes. Shoes must be fitted on them, quarter inch by quarter inch.

The shoe that gets the Miss America cup is size 4½B. More good-looking women seem to have that size than any other. Yes, of course, last generation's size was 3½A. Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Spring Byington, Margola Gillmore, Mrs. Edward F. Hutton, Mrs. Dean Sage are a few of the typically American women whose feet are up—or down—to standard.

But it is no smirking matter to have size 6 or 6½ nowadays. Many's the deb in a size twelve dress who slides her toes unashamedly into size 6½ shoes. Measurements do not tell the tale; it's proportion and line and the clever use of what you happen to have. Katharine Hepburn, the screen's latest luminary, has an exquisite foot, size 6AA, but she moves like a sapling in a breeze—or like that pendulum, tick-tocking from head to toe with even step.

All a girl has to remember, when she has long feet, is not to wear very flat heels or very round toes. With short, wide feet, you mustn't wear long, pointed toes. Ann Pennington exaggerates the effect of her Latin feet deliberately, for stage purposes—but in private life it isn't very becoming.

What are Latin feet? Well, some shoe dictators can tell what country a woman comes from and what part of the country is her home, merely by running an eye and perhaps a speculative forefinger over the contours of the feminine foot.

The American foot is the best of the lot, but the walk that goes with it is not always the most graceful. Too much pep can spoil the contours of a walk. Something alive, yet controlled, must be in the steps. Lynn Fontanne, who is English, has the American stage's most beautiful walk, and she attributes it to care in the selection of her shoes.

English feet are inclined to be flat. French, Italian and Spanish feet—the Latin variety—are stubby, and often come with thick ankles. German and Swedish feet are big.

Within the United States, the most conservative feet are bred in New York and Philadelphia. Nothing can outpoint the long, narrow Boston foot, it is true, but it goes about undisguised in practical walking shoes with heavy heels, which with some costumes is a handicap. Cleveland and Pittsburgh feet are rather like New York's and Philadelphia's—modest, plain, well-proportioned. Chicago grows the best example of the Middle-Western foot. This is stubby now, where it used to be long and wide. The effect of higher heels and squarer toes has changed the type of foot most common in the Middle-West within the last twenty years. Southern feet are unmistakable. They are the girly-girly feet; short, with round toes and a springy instep. They resemble, in a way, the Latin foot. And the far West, because of the growing fad for aping Hollywood stars' foot styles, is rapidly developing feet like the South's.

These regional transformations cannot be accounted for by any trends or tendencies in other fields. Feet lengthen, spread, shrink and puff by podiatric laws of their own. Even the depression has failed to leave its mark on feminine feet.

Let's Go Barefooted

The best of shoes are bad for the feet, worn all the time. Feet have to have air and exercise, like race horses. Herman Scheimberg, the podiatrist, says perfect balance in standing and walking can occur only with the bare feet, "when all the delicate intrinsic motions of the feet are unhampered." Yet how far does the average woman walk barefooted in the course of a day? From her bedside to her bath and back, at the most! It would be well if mothers ran barefooted in the garden with their children for an hour a day, but the timid flesh shrinks from sharp stones and rough earth—and the fear of "spreading feet." Rising on tiptoe is good exercise, as is standing on a book and curling your toes over the edge twenty-five times a night. Or try picking up a rumpled towel, a pencil or marble with your toes.

Walking properly once the shoes are on would help some, Dr. John J. Moorhead, specialist in the cure of injured feet, believes. We should walk Indian-fashion, toeing in, resting the weight on the outer side of the foot.

"There ought to be a school for walking," he declared. "Babies two years of age, mimicking their elders, have been known to develop everted or flat feet.

"Normal walking involves three-point support of the foot: the bottom of the heel, the base of the big toe and the base of the little toe. If we hit all three, we are balanced. We are the forerunners, in principle, of the airplane with its three-point suspension."

Calisthenics for the Feet

For foot development and to stretch heel cords which are shortened by wearing high heels, Dr. Moorhead suggests these three daily exercises:

1. Walk barefooted fifteen feet on your toes, stepping as high as possible and bringing weight down on outside of toes. Repeat five times at first; gradually increased to ten times.

2. Walk same distance as above on heels, lifting each foot as high as possible and coming down on the back of the heel. Repeat as in first exercise.

3. Using a table as support, bend (a) as far forward as possible on toes, bending knees; (b) as far backward as possible on heels, straightening legs. Repeat this rocking-horse movement as above.

Perform these exercises against imaginary resistance and don't be alarmed if they cause tension and perhaps some pain in the calf. They should.

How far afield from the problem of "Does this shoe go well with my fox furs?" we have come! Surely the women whose ill-considered enthusiasm was responsible for some of the shoe fancies of other days might feel a twinge of guilt, remembering what flippancies were tacked to feminine feet! Those short six-button shoes with patent leather vamps and dull kid tops that were the height of elegance in the 1900's. . . . The pink and blue low shoes with sailor ties that were made "for the good old 1917 summertime." . . . The toe-pinching pointed shoe, twenty inches high, 1916's foot fashion. . . . The Sally sandals of 1917, cut out so that only toes and heels were covered, and the more holes the higher the price. . . . Round-toed shoes with grosgrain flat bows like Buster Brown's. . . . Floppy-tongued Colonial slippers with Cuban heels that came in on the bosom of post-war patriotism. . . . And now the ankleted modern version of a porcelain British shoe that stands in Nancy Haggerty's curio case, starched golden lacings forming a latticework over the toes!

Generations and generations of shoes. . . .

"But," says Miss Haggerty, "I never expect to see a perfect pair. Shoes are like women. Alone, good enough. Mated to feet, their defects show up."

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The Pay-Off

Continued from page 9

"Why, Al," Johnny said.

"I've got to see you when you're free," Al said.

"Al," Johnny said, "I want you to meet Ann Maybury."

Ann held out her hand. "Johnny's told me all about you," Ann said to Al.

Al looked at Johnny, and Johnny nodded.

"Johnny," Al said, "I've got to get away. I've got to get to Montreal. They're watching me. They're down the street now."

"I'll drive you," Johnny said. "I'll get you there."

"I thought you would," Al said.

Johnny turned to Ann. Her face was pale. "You understand, honey," he said. "This is my big chance to do something for Al."

"Yes," she said, "of course. But can't I go too? There's room for three."

Johnny shook his head. "No," he said, "you can't go."

"I'd like awfully to go," Ann said.

"YOU see, Miss Maybury," Al said, "it's like this: These birds don't want to do anything here in town. They'll follow us. They'll wait till we get out in the country."

"And then what?"

"Then," Johnny said, "we'll lose them. Once we're clear of traffic and towns they can't keep up with us."

He unlocked the coupé, kissed Ann goodby, and drove slowly up Fifth Avenue. He glanced at Al.

"Is it the Bronx bunch?"

"Yeah," Al said.

Johnny nodded to a cop he knew on traffic duty.

"They're coming," Al said.

"Yes," Johnny said, "I can see them in the mirror."

"They must know that a Tommy gun won't shoot through this car," Al said.

Johnny thought about that. But mostly he thought about Ann. . . .

Toward dusk, they were near the Massachusetts line. The road was straight and clear ahead. Johnny stepped on it. In the mirror he could see the car behind receding. But even as he smiled he heard the sound of something going by his car—something that went so fast it made a sound in the air as if someone were tearing a big piece of silk in two.

"That wasn't a Tommy gun," Johnny said. He heard a thump at the rear of the car. "That was a high-power rifle."

He looked in the mirror. The car behind had disappeared. Johnny looked at the gas gauge. The gauge was falling fast.

"They got us, Al," Johnny said.

There wasn't anything to do but stop and run for it. Johnny saw the car behind roaring down on them as they got out and started up a bare hillside broken by rock ledges. Johnny heard a rifle crack and Al pitched forward on his face. Johnny grabbed him and lifted him.

"Bad?" he asked.

"Shoulder," Al said.

Johnny heard another crack and felt something like a red hot iron in his right arm. He pulled Al down behind a rock ledge and looked back.

The attackers were deploying. Two of them had Tommy guns and the third had a heavy rifle.

Johnny stood up. He aimed at the man with the rifle—and fired. The man went down.

Johnny never could remember afterward exactly how the battle went. As it got darker he could only shoot at the flashes of the Tommy guns. After a while there were no more flashes. He got Al back down the hill and into the enemy's car. He drove to a hospital and got Al in.

"Now, sister," Johnny said to the girl at the switchboard, "you call the police and tell them there are three men back yonder who may be dead and may not. You'd better send your ambulance."

Then he ran out and jumped into the waiting car and drove south until he reached the coast. He drove to a fisherman's shack that he and Al knew. He washed the wound in his arm and swabbed it with iodine. Then he went to bed—and lay awake thinking of Ann.

It was all over now. The papers would have the story. They would play up Johnny Baker as a gunman the gangs were out to get. Ann's people would never believe he was decent—not after the newspapers got through.

The fisherman brought in an evening paper toward dark of the next day. The headline ran clear across the front page: *Beer Runners Try to Bump Off Pistol Shot!*

Al had talked. Al had talked his head off. Al said he happened to be riding with his friend Johnny Baker, the famous revolver shot, when the gang opened fire.

Johnny heard a big car coming. He went out to meet it. It couldn't make the last ten yards of sand. The wheels were spinning. Ann got out and came running toward him.

"I saw Al," she said. "He told me you'd be here."

"Why—why," Johnny said.

But there was really no use in saying anything in words. She was crying on his shoulder.

"Everything is g-g-g-going to b-b-be all right, Johnny," she said, through her tears. "I'll drive you to Montreal and you can get a boat."

"But I don't want to get a boat," Johnny said.

"FATHER said the gang would be looking for you."

"He's wrong," Johnny said. "The gang hasn't got it in for me. Some of them may lay for Al. We'll have to look out for Al. But I was just a bystander. I'm nothing in their lives."

"Even when you shot them?"

Johnny shrugged his shoulders. "When they were trying to get Al I was in the way. They'd have bumped me off if they could. But now it's different. I haven't anything on them and they know it. They aren't going to think twice about me."

"Well—" Ann said. "Of course I don't want you to go to England."

"Does your father know about us?"

"No—not yet. But after what he said when he read the papers he can't object. He walked up and down the terrace saying it just proved what he had always said—that one gun crank was worth three gangsters any day in the week. And then he said, 'If he'd only had my belly buster, he'd have killed them all. It just goes to show a .38 isn't big enough. Even if you can shoot like Johnny Baker, it isn't heavy enough. Those fellows are liable to get well. But if he had used my .45 they wouldn't get well.'"

"Good Lord," Johnny said, "is that the way he's taking it?"

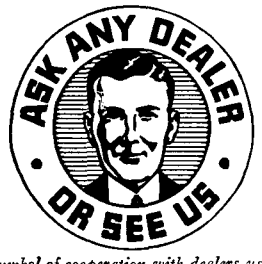
"He's writing a letter to the papers about it," Ann said.

"But your mother?" Johnny said.

"Oh," Ann said, "you aren't Al Adams' pay-off man any more. You're a hero. Nobody objects to a girl's marrying a hero."

The Appliance Dealer

. . . *Ally, Not Competitor, of the Public Utility*



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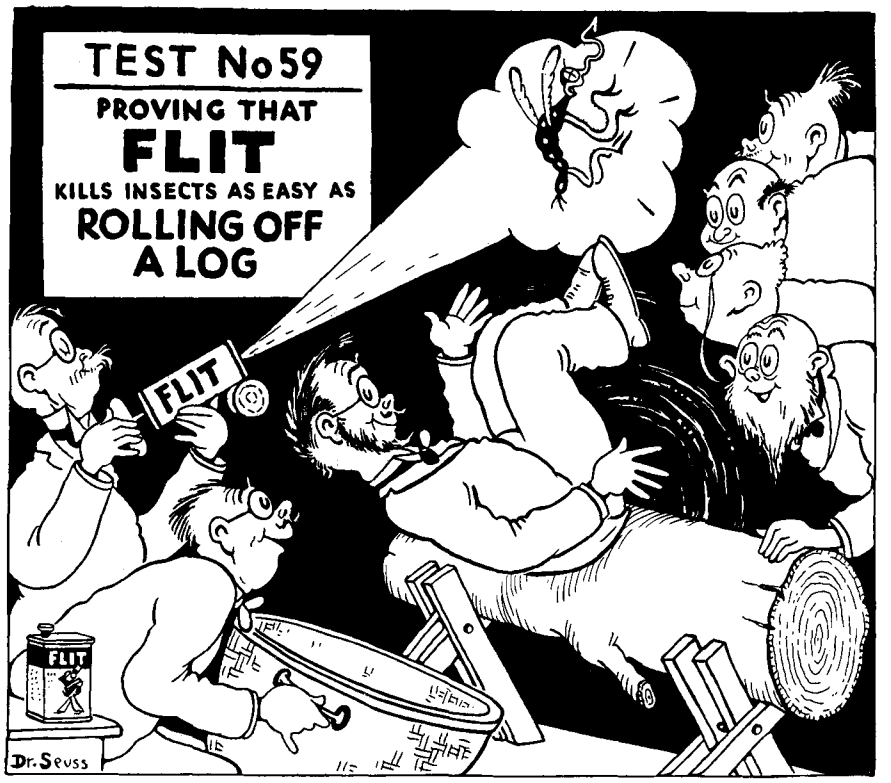

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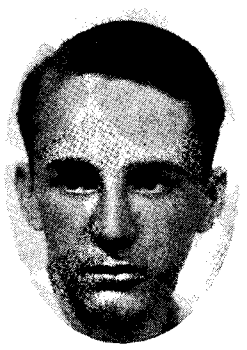

James Morrison
West Virginia

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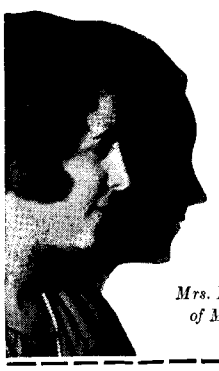

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Leave Me Alone

Continued from page 19

said Camilla—with flame practically curling from her nostrils.

"The poor kid's all tired out," Bobby explained in an embarrassed undertone.

Clem grinned. "She usually is."

He lighted a cigarette, and settled himself comfortably in his car, obligingly turning on his lights as dusk settled down around them, and calling out cheerful, encouraging comments now and then.

They were free of the mud at last, and crawled on, foot by foot, with Clem following close behind in their tracks.

But before they had crept a mile, the engine set up a series of ominous knocks and thumps.

"That's funny," Bobby reflected aloud.

THE knocks and thumps waxed louder, the engine grew hotter, the car pulled more and more slowly, and finally stopped.

"Maybe I'd better get out and have a look at it," Bobby decided. He was frankly glad when Clem came wading through the mud to join him. With masculine camaraderie they huddled over the engine.

Clem shook his head. "Sounds to me as if you're out of luck, Bobby."

"Must you," Camilla hissed, "be so infernally *cheerful* about it?"

She saw Bobby's shocked face, and heard Clem's tongue cluck against his teeth.

"By the way, Bobby," he said across her, in an undertone, "see what you can do about her temper, will you?"

She opened her mouth, then shut it, and subsided again into a smoking silence, chafing bitterly under the handicap of Bobby's tender presence.

Bobby got in again, and started the engine, with Clem leaning chummily in at Camilla's window. The racket was worse than ever.

"Burned-out bearings, as I live!" said Clem.

Eventually, of course, they walked to the nearest farmhouse.

"Hope you don't mind my coming along," said Clem—coming anyway. "Be pretty dark and lonesome down here on the road."

The telephone at the farmhouse was out of order. Mrs. Lane, the farmer's wife, suggested that they come in anyway, and let her get a hasty supper for them. After that one of them could walk down to Whipples', half a mile away.

After supper Bobby, his cheerfulness dimmed a little but still glowing bravely, set forth into the rain.

Camilla helped Mrs. Lane with the dishes, and then joined Clem in the sitting-room.

"Well, Camilla," said Clem conversationally, stretching his feet toward the stove, "I hope you're going to be happy, but I must say I doubt it."

Camilla's lip curled.

"Keep your opinions to yourself!" she said angrily. "Bobby has the sweetest disposition of anybody I know!"

"Well, yes. He wears long pants now, too, doesn't he? But is that something?"

"He's a gentleman!" she snapped. "That's something!"

"And you have to pretend to be a lady to live up to him? My poor Camilla!"

She groped in helpless, stuttering rage for the proper retort—groped in vain, and finally fell back upon an old stand-by.

"*What I ever saw in you. . . !*" she cried in desperation.

He yawned enormously, said, "Oh, it was just the moonlight, probably," and yawned again.

Her eyes narrowed. "The what?"

"The moonlight. Don't you remember how gorgeous it was up on the cliff that night, with the moon turning the whole lake to silver. . . ?"

"It was raining," she interrupted with painful distinctness, "the night you asked me to marry you."

"Oh, was that you?" he turned round interestedly. "That night in the rain?"

"I suppose you were aghast when I took you up on it!"

"Oh, my dear child, not at the time, no. Not at all," he assured her. "Er—naturally, I've had a misgiving or two since then."

"You beast, you!" said Camilla, in a voice that was perilously near to breaking. "At least you might have been gentleman enough not to advertise your misgivings to strangers!"

Clem lifted puzzled eyebrows. "Strangers? You can't mean Bobby!"

"Yes, Bobby!" she said furiously, and winked back scalding tears of rage and humiliation. "You made it pretty plain you didn't want to marry me. You practically told Bobby to his face you were glad to get rid of me!"

Clem's eyebrows went up again. His shoulders made a faint gesture of repugnance. "Why *should* I want to marry you?" he asked reasonably.

She stood staring back at him, eyes wide, mouth dropped open a little, shocked for a moment into complete immobility.

"You—you did—once," she offered.

Another faint movement of his shoulders. "I had known you a week," he said.

She woke from her horrid trance to discover that she was aching for revenge. Her mind lashed about frantically for a point of attack. At length, in desperation—

"You're jealous!" she flung at him suddenly. "You're a dog in the manger! You don't want me yourself, but you don't want anybody else to have me! You're jealous of Bobby, that's all that's the matter with you!"

IT WAS a wild shot, a shot in the dark. But Clem flamed up like a kerosene torch.

"Jealous!" he blazed. "*Me?* Jealous of that little ass—that ray of synthetic sunshine? Why, I'm grateful to him, you little sap! Life's too short to spend it with a red-headed wildcat like you!"

He was across the room by that time. His hands were gripping her shoulders, fiercely shaking her now and then by way of emphasis.

"While we're about it," said Camilla, white around the lips, her cheeks and eyes blazing, "let me tell you what I think about *you* . . . you . . ."

But his face was close over hers, his eyes were blazing down into hers. And suddenly, subtly, the atmosphere changed. His eyes changed, as if he were deliberately making himself aware of her nearness. Her fleeting glance into a mirror-like windowpane told her she had never looked better in her life. His lips weren't four inches from hers, and a wild impulse flashed through her whirling mind to win him back again, and taste the salty, altogether delicious pleasure of turning him down. Make him kiss her, make him want her—and then, triumphantly, snap her fingers in his face!

. . . Well, she was doing it. That same old tingling, almost electric something was leaping between them now, drawing them inexorably together. He was

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going to kiss her, all right, but she wished faintly that he'd hurry up and do it. Just once more . . . That look of his . . . the feel of his hands . . .

But in the very instant when she felt herself melting under his touch, felt herself gloriously surrendering (for the moment only, of course; simply in order to triumph a moment later), she also felt him withdraw. And opening her blissfully heavy eyes a little wider, she perceived the awful, devastating truth: He had beaten her to it! Triumph was his, not hers. He was putting her away from him, with a look of sardonic amusement, and in the next instant she realized someone was coming in the door.

"Foiled!" said Clem. "Our hero arrives in the nick of time!"

It was Bobby, of course.

"Say, look here, Clem," he exclaimed, "what have you been doing to Camilla? Anybody can tell she's all upset, poor kid."

CLEM protested. With an innocent lift of his shoulders, with an enigmatic smile. "I aim to please," he said mildly. "When a girl likes pepper, I feed her pepper."

Bobby had put a tender, protective arm about Camilla. Camilla, sniffling softly against his damp chest, was giving Clem a look of condensed venom on the side.

"I can see now, all right, why she couldn't bear the thought of marrying you," Bobby was going on sternly. "It's a crime the poor kid let the engagement drag on as long as she did. She . . ." he groped for the right phrase, and found it, "she has to have peace!" he finished triumphantly.

Clem coughed, choked, almost strangled.

"Yes, of course—peace," he murmured at last, wiping his face with his handkerchief.

Bobby ignored that. All the telephone lines were down, he said. There was nothing to do but spend the night where they were, if Mrs. Lane would keep them.

Camilla went to bed, some time later, in the only spare bedroom in the house, a downstairs front room, and Bobby and Clem, who were to take turns at the couch, settled themselves in the sitting-room.

Camilla lay curled into a fierce, squirming ball inside the voluminous folds of Mrs. Lane's pink flannel nightgown—reviewing in hot detail all the things she should have said to Clem. The room was unbearably stuffy. The feather bed rose about her in maddening, suffocating billows. Once or twice, exhausted, she almost dozed and woke herself by feeling involuntarily for her ring.

She saw now, with sharp regret, that she had failed to make the most of that ring business. She should have kept it, and calmly told Clem that she intended to sell it. That would have been far more insulting than to fling it back at him.

There was a line of light under the door that led to the sitting-room, and she wondered bitterly if Clem were in there peacefully sleeping while she lay awake and suffered.

When, presently, it dawned upon her that she would very likely never, in all the rest of her life, have a chance to tell Clem the things he ought to be told, she lay very still with the shock. The thought was simply insupportable. The rest of life was bleak and worthless unless she could tell Clem what he was in a few choice phrases.

She got up at last, wrapped her coat about her, and opened the door. Bobby was asleep on the couch, Clem in a chair. His collar was open, and his head, leaning against the chair-back, had rolled a little to one side at a boyishly weary, pathetic angle.

It was the first time she had ever seen him asleep. The sight of him like that—relaxed, unaware, with a lock of hair sliding comically, adolescently, down between his eyes—sent a distressing, totally unexpected pang through her heart.

She crept on across the room, but anger oozed out of her at every step. By the time she reached his chair and stood over him, a woebegone lump in her throat had grown to alarming proportions. Her finger tips brushed his coat, and clung there wistfully.

She bent over him in the half-light, and passionately studied his red hair—so much darker and prettier than hers, darn it!—his eyelashes, lying in russet smudges against his cheeks—his mouth . . . His mouth was almost too much for her.

"Looking for something?" said Clem.

She leaped backward, her heart pounding in her throat. "My—my ring," she quavered. And then, with horror, heard herself faltering on: "I—I can't—go to sleep without it."

"Lower left-hand pocket," said Clem, and apparently went to sleep again.

Blind with shame, blazing with new humiliation, she plunged a hand into his coat pocket and grabbed. But it was the right-hand pocket, and instead of a ring she brought forth a crumpled paper sack, which, when she pulled it out, showered a gritty powder over her hands.

She stood there and looked at it—startled, thinking, remembering. Burned-out bearings, and a gritty paper sack. Sally Burrows' wedding trip had been considerably marred by burned-out bearings, thanks to some too-prankish and probably too-convivial member of the wedding party. A simple matter, Clem had explained at the time, of pouring emery dust into the oil.

In one lightning flash all the mad incidents of this mad day fitted themselves together. Clem had had plenty of time to do this at the filling station, while she and Bobby had been eating lunch. He had emptied the emery dust into Bobby's car and hastily shoved the incriminating paper bag into his pocket. That bill he had thrust at the station attendant had been a bribe—hush money, and a bribe to put them on the wrong road.

SO IT was Clem she had to thank for all the disasters of this wretched trip!

She stood and looked at him, and the corners of her lips curved irrepressibly upward. A warm, rosy flood of ecstasy surged over her. Tired of her, was he? Wanted to get rid of her, did he?

His eyelashes quivered, and his eyes slid stealthily up to the telltale sack in her hands. Then, horrified, they met hers—for the merest instant, before they snapped shut again—with such a sheepish mixture of cockiness and alarm that he was simply irresistible.

Deliberately she stepped on the hem of her flowing nightgown, and landed almost head first against his chest.

"I—I must have tripped," she said breathlessly, and lay quite still.

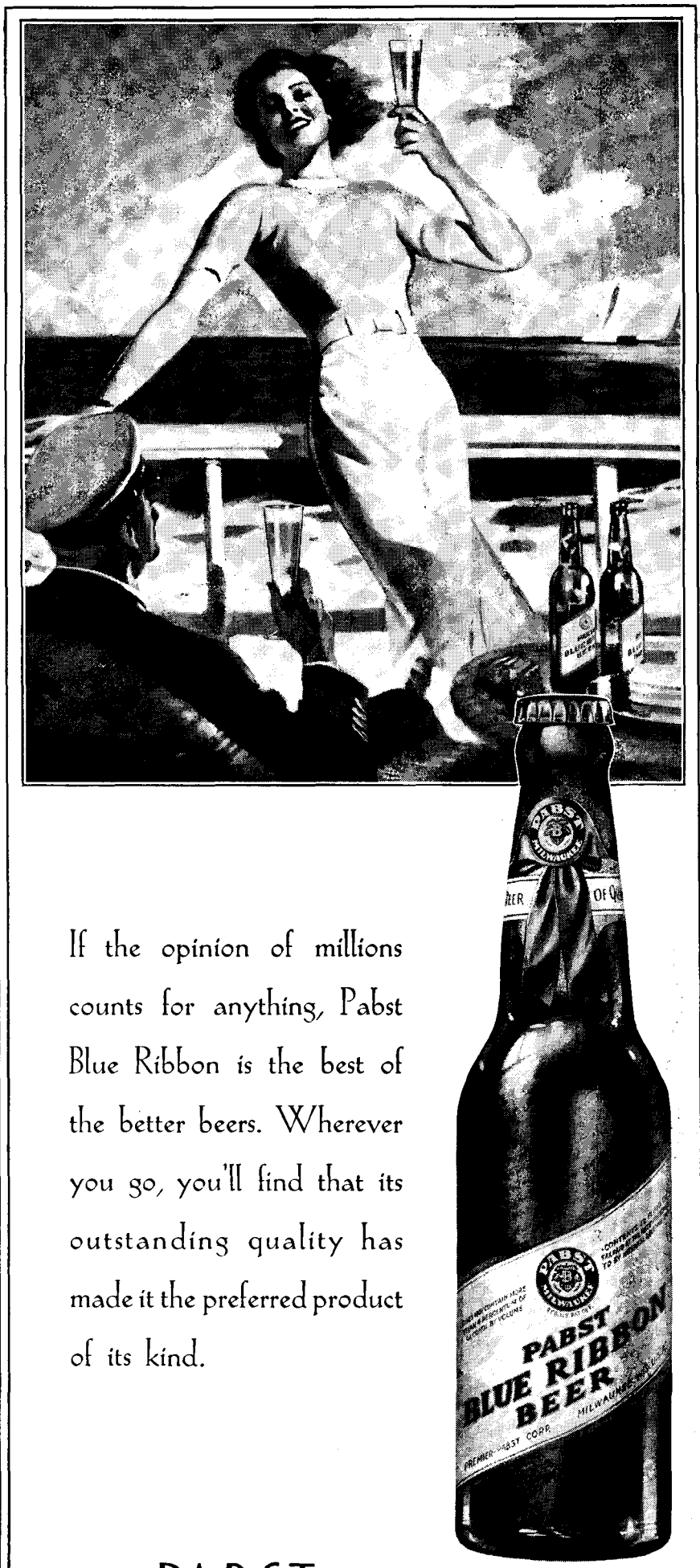
"Is that you—Lucy?" he murmured without opening his eyes.

She giggled, and squirmed impatiently. His arms came to life at last. He grinned that flashing grin of his—said fiercely, "You little moron! I was right the first time—I ought to drown you!"—and as fiercely began kissing the breath out of her.

Bobby stirred and woke, then abruptly sat up and stared at them—a tousled, bewildered cherub, with round, shocked eyes.

"Why, Camilla . . . !" he stammered.

"Mrs. Ross to you," said Clem haughtily, "after an early hour tomorrow!"



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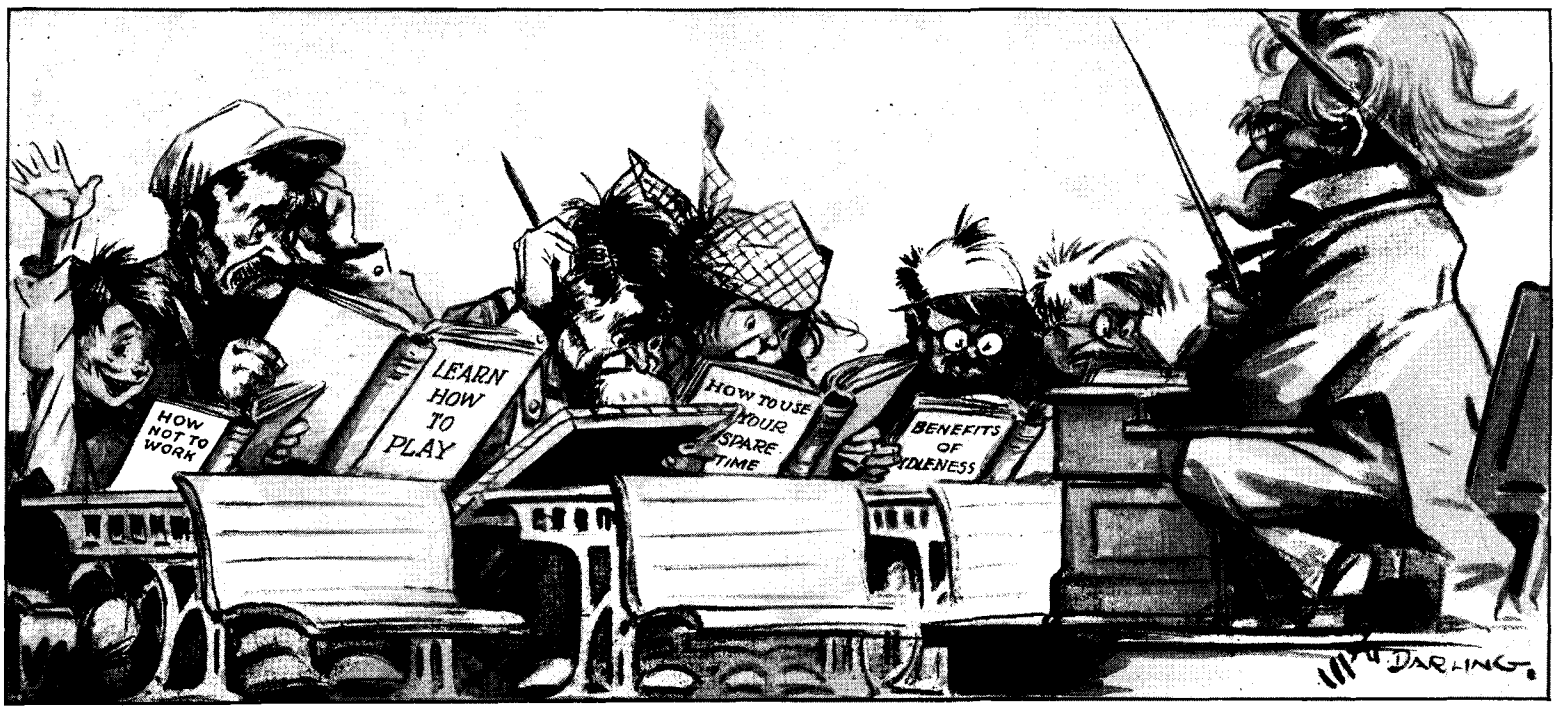

Time for Play

IF YOU had been born a hundred years ago almost anywhere in this country, your father would have taught you that work was the mother of all virtue. Today we have to tell our children another story if we want to be believed.

We have more leisure than ever before. Our children will have still more. Where textile mills used to compel men and women to work from early dawn to dark, now industry talks about the thirty-hour week. Five days of work produce enough. Even farmers who want to get government bounties for their crops must promise not to work too hard or raise too much. Everywhere the hours of labor are shortened. The result is leisure and a new problem.

Economically, too much work is just too bad. We are in the age of social control and excessive productive effort is on the way out. We must learn how to employ ourselves a considerable part of the time at things not called work.

The hardest work many of us have to do is to decide what to do when we are not working. We have not learned how to use our leisure pleasantly and profitably.

We won't find it too hard to make the change. Privileged classes always have taken their leisure seriously and worked quite as hard at their games as at making money. Now that machine production promises everybody leisure, play is destined to be much more important.

The best recreation is that which contributes to the development of the individual. Consequently, the time to prepare for leisure is in youth. Teach your children how to employ their free time fruitfully as well as to work competently and you will add measurably to their chances of happiness.

Much nonsense has been uttered about the necessity of teaching occupations in schools. Men, and women too, have to learn how to support themselves, but an education which is directed merely along vocational lines is poor in this age. Schooling should be along broader lines if it is truly to prepare boys and girls for the life they must live.

A good school and a wise parent do all they can to train children to deal successfully with all the problems they are likely to encounter. Certainly everybody in the years ahead will have to manage a great many hours of leisure every week.

One can't just trust to luck in these matters. In the cities, certainly, there are neither the facilities nor the space available for normal games and sports. The city streets are poor play places.

Too often the boy deprived of the chance to play naturally becomes later the gangster and the criminal. Some of the most intelligent police leaders have again and again recommended gymnasiums as a means of preventing crime.

Preventing crime is important enough if you calculate the billions in money and the thousands of lives wasted in it, but much more important is the need to look after the more normal who don't prey on society.

Sport of various sorts is, of course, one of the best recreations. Exercise, particularly through athletic games, is good for nearly everyone. If you are fortunate enough to have the skill, teach your son a sport. You will add to his pleasure and incidentally enhance your own.

You don't have to be an athlete, however, to enjoy leisure. The best of all recreations is reading. The boy or girl who learns early in life to find pleasure and companionship in books has a resource which lasts as long as life itself.

The opportunities to use leisure time advantageously are varied as civilization itself. The happy person has learned how to occupy himself pleasantly whether he is working or playing.

No man in the world has been busier than Franklin D. Roosevelt during the last few months. That he has been able to endure the strain and to carry the load dumped on his shoulders is due no doubt to the physique he built up during years of vigorous exercise. In spite of the terrific handicap left by infantile paralysis, he has swum continuously, with the result that his body is as strong as a heavyweight boxer's.

The first President Roosevelt also found health and strength and pleasure in strenuous exercise. His leisure hours were devoted to an endless variety of diversions in addition to the games he played with such enthusiasm.

Theodore Roosevelt was an amateur naturalist and some of his most interesting friends were drawn to him by their common interest in birds. With Sir Edward Grey he took long walks trying to identify the songbirds of the English countryside. With Jules Jusserand, the popular ambassador, he pored over old French songs. None of his leisure hours was ever surrendered to boredom.

The variety of interests which can be built up in spite of handicaps is amazing. John Muir was a farm boy, overworked incredibly, and yet his love of the outdoors made for him a happy and useful life. Incidentally, his recreation contributed to the hundreds of thousands who now visit the Western parks established largely through Muir's initiative. For recreation Jean Fabre went no farther than his own back yard, which provided the opportunity for his fascinating explorations of insect life.

Give consideration to leisure and you will find it to be a precious resource as long as you live. Master as many athletic games as you can. Develop avocations. Science, art, natural history, provide numberless avenues to be explored agreeably by the veriest amateur. Activity is the secret of the contented mind. Give your children positive interests in useful and entertaining avocations and you need have little anxiety concerning their future.

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Well, friends, you might as well join the stampede

by "Singin' Sam"

JUST take a look at this red, white and blue package I'm holdin' here and let me tell you something—

This is the fastest-sellin' shaving cream on the market, bar none.

Now, I'm not sayin' that by way o' boasting, but just as a hint that maybe you're missin' something good if you don't join the parade.

Ever since Barbasol came out with the idea that it was smarter to shave with a soothin', healin' cream that you just rub on and shave off, folks have been chucking their old friend the shaving brush and flocking to Barbasol.

And now, maybe you've noticed, even the dyed-in-the-wool brush and lather boys are singin' our tune. Yessir, they're in the brushless cream business too, and that just about makes the stampede complete.

We're mighty happy they agree with us, because it's the best proof you could ask that a brushless cream is the right kind of shave.

So let's pass right on to the biggest question, and that is—what's the best cream to use?

Well, that's easy. *Barbasol.* It's so kind and gentle to the skin that a whole passel of smart folks even use it for *sunburn.*

Considerin' all this, it seems sensible-like that *you* ought to be shaving with Barbasol and if you'll take a suggestion from your old friend, Sam, you'll step into the nearest drug store and get a tube of this famous cream that makes shavin' one of the big moments of the day. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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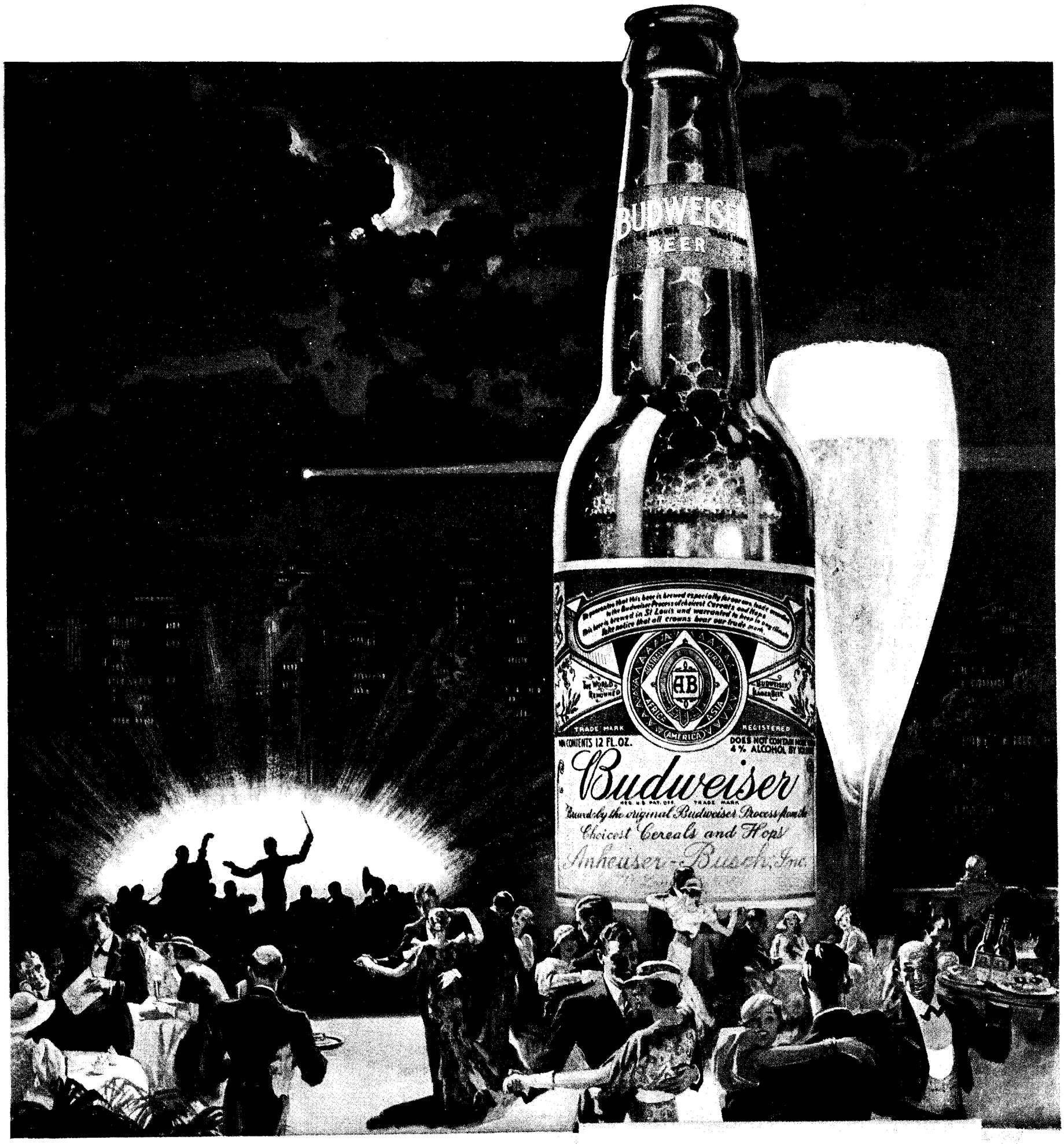

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